

# THE READER MAGAZINE

MAY

1905

25 CENTS



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS



## With Fresh Vegetables

and ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF you may, with little expense or trouble, make a delicious vegetable soup that will sharpen the most jaded appetite by following the recipe below:

### "EASY VEGETABLE SOUP"

Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef. Two quarts water. One-third cup carrots. One cup potatoes. One-half onion, chopped fine. One-half cup celery. Three teaspoonfuls tomatoes. One-half tablespoonful parsley. Two tablespoonfuls butter. One-half bay leaf. One-third cup rice. Salt and pepper.

**DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING**—Chop vegetables and add with rice to water with salt; cook until tender (about thirty minutes); then add Extract of Beef, parsley, bay leaf, and seasonings. Armour's Tomato Bouillon may be used in place of tomatoes—one or two tablespoonfuls Tomato Bouillon to each quart of soup.

The above recipe, taken from our "Culinary Wrinkles," is one of many that might assist you in giving variety to your daily fare—keeping down your table expenses and lessening the discomforts of hot weather cooking. "Culinary Wrinkles" will be mailed on receipt of your name, address, and a 2c stamp to cover cost of postage.

### IMPORTANT

Do not experiment with Beef Extract offered "just as good as Armour's," but insist on having

### ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

—the best extract of the best beef. Sold only under the Armour label, by all grocers and druggists.



## ASPAROX

ALL THE FLAVOR OF  
FRESH, JUICY ASPARAGUS  
FOR BASTING FOWLS  
AND GAME OF  
ALL KINDS

**FOR BASTING**—Use a tablespoonful of Asparox to a cup of boiling water and baste the fowl frequently while roasting. This gives a tempting flavor and makes the fowl more tender and juicy. Maryland fowls are the finest known because they are fed with a view to produce a high-flavored meat. You may give the same piquant flavor to the home-grown bird by basting with Asparox. Try it the next time you have a chicken, turkey, or duck.

Asparox may be used for preparing bouillon by using a teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water, and add rich milk or cream and season.

### OFFER

#### GOOD UNTIL JUNE FIRST

Asparox is sold by all grocers. If yours cannot supply you, send us his name and one dollar and we will send you prepaid a seventy-five cent bottle of Asparox and a seventy-five cent bottle of Armour's Tomato Bouillon, and a copy of "Culinary Wrinkles."

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# Armour & Company, Chicago

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER MAGAZINE"



May.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

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♦ ♦ ♦ BUT HE SAYS HE TAKES PART OF THE CARE OF THE CHILDREN ♦ ♦ ♦

"The Man of the Hour," page 740

# THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME V

MAY, 1905

NUMBER 6

## MY OWN STORY

CLOSING INCIDENTS OF THE GOEBEL TRAGEDY, WHEN WITNESSES  
WERE BOUGHT LIKE CATTLE, AND JUSTICE FORSOOK KEN-  
TUCKY'S COURTS—POWERS CONTINUES THE STRUGGLE,  
WITH FAITH IN HIS ULTIMATE ACQUITTAL

*By Caleb Powers*

### IV

**I**T will be remembered that the cases of Henry E. Youtsey, Dick Combs, Holland Whittaker, and Captain John Davis, as well as my own case, had been set for hearing at the same special term of the Scott circuit court. The cases against Davis, Whittaker, and Combs were continued at the instance of the Commonwealth, and the three prisoners released on bond. The prosecution having failed to force a confession from them by "sweating" and other processes, was forced, for political reasons, to liberate them. Youtsey feigned illness, and his case was continued. In September, the case against James Howard was called for trial in the Franklin circuit court. It lasted about three weeks, at the conclusion of which the solidly Democratic jury retired and brought in a verdict of guilty, and fixed the penalty at death. Strange as it may appear, Howard was charged with having fired the shot that resulted in the death of Senator Goebel, at the instance of Taylor, Finley, my brother, myself, and others, yet there was not a word of testimony introduced, either in How-

ard's or my trial, even tending to show that Howard and I, or Howard and Taylor; Howard and my brother; or Howard and any one else charged with the Goebel murder, had had the slightest connection with, or even knew, each other, prior to the killing of Mr. Goebel. The truth is that I had never seen Howard, nor had any connection with him, even in the remotest way, until after we had both been convicted of alleged complicity in the Goebel murder, and had both been transferred to the Louisville jail for safekeeping. Another strange feature about his and my trials was, that the prosecution had urged strongly against me the bringing of the large mountain crowd to Frankfort, claiming that their coming was part of a plan to kill Senator Goebel; still, when the principals were indicted, it was discovered that no one of them had come down with the large mountain crowd, or had had aught to do with its coming.

Youtsey's case came up for trial at the October term of the Scott circuit court at Georgetown. It was soon apparent that Youtsey's lawyers were not ready to

proceed with the case. There were, perhaps, many reasons for this. Chief among them was the strong belief in the public minds that their client had had some connection with the commission of the crime charged against him. Another, no doubt, was that the jury before whom their client would be tried would be selected with a view of bringing about his conviction. Seeing that a trial was inevitable, Youtsey's counsel turned its batteries upon the special venire that had been summoned, in the hope of avoiding a jury completely packed against their client. They sought in vain to have the names drawn from the wheel in the regular way. A jury was soon selected from the material on hand composing the special venire, which had been summoned from that section of the county where rankled the fiercest hatred for the men charged with the murder of Goebel. It is almost needless to say that the entire jury was composed of partizan Goebel Democrats. Mr. Campbell made the opening statement to the jury for the Commonwealth. Adroitly, and with a skill that was fascinating, he recounted the strange circumstances and facts upon which the prosecution relied for the conviction of the prisoner. He followed the damning thread of testimony, until the jurors seemed almost to feel that the wily lawyer was tightening the noose about the prisoner's neck. Youtsey's alleged scheme to kill Goebel from the office of the Secretary of State; his presence upon one occasion in that office with a gun; the purchase of the steel cartridges from a Cincinnati firm; his connection with the mysterious Doctor Johnson; his significant talk with Walter Day; his seeking the services of a number of people to do the killing; his nitroglycerin scheme; his panic-stricken condition immediately after the murder; lastly, the alleged confession of the prisoner in the Franklin County jail,—were woven into the narrative with a spider-like deftness by the profoundest "shyster"

in America. The prisoner was pale and pinched and wore a vacant expression, like an animal driven to bay. His wife, a brave little woman, with a heart as sweet and gentle as her fortitude is strong, together with other relatives, sat by his side. In the beginning, the case seemed to be progressing favorably to the accused; and for some reason, the prosecution seemed to be discouraged. Witness after witness was introduced, but nothing of importance was developed. The attorneys for the defense were elated, but like Napoleon before the Battle of Waterloo, their hilarity only presaged the horrible reverses that were soon to overtake them. The taking of testimony was suspended, and the jurors, with Youtsey accompanying them, were conducted to Frankfort to view the scene of the murder. In passing through the various rooms of the Executive Building, the prisoner, perhaps, in response to that sentiment of the soul which clusters about past associations, was visibly affected. When the jury had returned and the court had convened that night, Arthur Goebel took the stand for the prosecution. Early in the afternoon the news had spread throughout Georgetown that Arthur Goebel would take the witness-stand; so the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. A painful suspense pervaded the room when the name of the witness was announced; and the audience was eager with expectation as Goebel proceeded to the chair. In a clear voice and incisive language the brother of the murdered man began to relate a confession, which, he alleged, Youtsey had made in his presence while in the Franklin County jail.

While the witness was relating Youtsey's story of the crime he was interrupted by one of the most tragic incidents, perhaps, that was ever enacted in a court-room. The prisoner had arisen suddenly from where he was seated with his wife and relatives, and began a fierce denunciation of the witness and the statements he





POWERS AND HIS FELLOW PRISONERS IN LOUISVILLE JAIL

had made. He then seemed to be seized with a paroxysm of insanity and grew frantic with delirium. It took two or three deputy sheriffs to seat him; friend and foe alike ran for safety; court was adjourned in the midst of the wildest confusion, while the prisoner was removed to the jail, where several men remained with him during the night. At the convening of court the following morning, Youtsey's attorneys stated that the condition of their client was such as to make it impossible for them to proceed with the trial. Adjournments were had from time to time; statements from physicians regarding the prisoner's condition were made frequently. From the beginning of the paroxysm the attorneys for the state had been suspicious of the prisoner's conduct.

After several delays, the prosecution charged that Youtsey was "shamming"; and the court finally directed that the trial

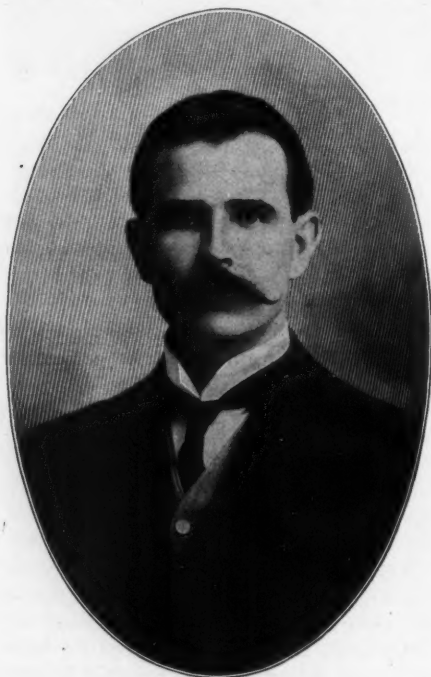
proceed. Youtsey had, in the meantime, been removed from the jail to one of the jury rooms in the court-house, where his wife and relatives attended him day and night. The prosecution closed the case for the state rapidly, making out, however, a strong case against Youtsey. When the defense called its client for the first witness, another dramatic scene took place in this historic trial; for the speechless prisoner was brought from the jury-room on a stretcher, to all appearances more dead than alive. Question after question was asked him; but no response came from his lips, and he lay on the cot before the jury limp and apparently unconscious. He did not testify, and the defense made the best fight it could under the circumstances. The jury was out but a few moments before it returned a verdict of guilty, sentencing the prisoner to confinement in the penitentiary for the term

of his natural life. In a short time after the conclusion of his trial, Youtsey recovered, and seemed to be as well as usual; and thus ended a case which, during its progress, was replete with incidents more tragic than any invention of fancy and as weird as any fiction or story.

Not a witness introduced either by the prosecution or defense gave any testimony that connected Henry Youtsey and myself, even remotely. Soon after his conviction, Youtsey was transferred to the Louisville jail for safe-keeping, and I became convinced from his actions and conversations that he was not going to prosecute his case further, but was going to accept his sentence. This contemplated action alarmed me. He had never testified, but had been offered immunity for testimony. Did his contemplated failure to fight his case mean that he was guilty of the murder of Mr. Goebel and was

afraid to risk another trial? Or did it mean that he intended to become a witness for the prosecution in exchange for his liberty? Or did it mean both? Whether he knew anything to implicate any one I did not know; but I did know that he was in a situation, if Campbell continued his tactics, whether guilty or innocent, to become a most dangerous star-witness, and especially was this true since he had never testified and was free to rehearse any story that would further the purposes of the prosecution. Realizing this, and knowing if I were tried again, and if Youtsey were in prison, that the prosecution would make every effort, by harsh and cruel treatment, if not by promise of immunity, to force Youtsey to become a witness (since it had on former occasions made desperate efforts to that end), I resolved, if possible, to secure a statement from Youtsey to the effect that he knew nothing incriminating against me. I approached him to obtain such a statement. Youtsey agreed to make it, but wanted first to obtain the consent of his lawyers, a thing which was right and proper and to which I did not object. Letters were exchanged between my lawyer, Mr. Robert C. Kinkead, and Mr. Youtsey's lawyer and half-brother, Mr. L. J. Crawford. After this correspondence and upon the advice of his lawyers, Mr. Youtsey made an affidavit in which he said he knew nothing incriminating against me. The accepting of this affidavit from Mr. Youtsey, on the advice of his half-brother and other attorneys who must have known that Youtsey knew nothing against me, strange to say, has been urged as most convincing proof of my guilt. A month or so later, Youtsey, as I had suspected, voluntarily went to prison for life.

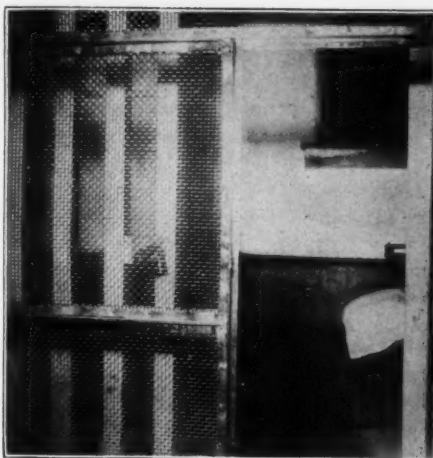
The following March (1901) the court of appeals granted me a new trial, but divided along political lines, the four Republican judges concurred in a majority opinion in favor of the reversal, while the



HENRY E. YOUTSEY

Democratic judges voted to sustain the lower court and handed down a dissenting opinion, in which the position was taken that I was guilty of the crime charged against me; and that my substantial rights had not been violated. The dissenting opinion, stripped of legal verbiage, said that whatever errors the lower court had made in the trial of my case were not of serious moment, as I was a guilty criminal and had received no more than my just deserts. This decision was a severe blow to me. If the Democratic members of the highest court of the state should put themselves on record as believing in my guilt, what could I expect of the average Democratic layman, who might, in the future, pass upon the merits of my case in the capacity of a juror? I do not state it as a fact, but I am told by lawyers of unquestioned ability that mine is the first felony case in the history of the state of Kentucky where any appellate judge handing down a dissenting opinion ever took the position that the appellant (defendant) was guilty of the crime charged against him and that his punishment was deserved. Did it ever occur in any other state in the Union? While it is true that members of the appellate court often differ upon propositions of law in felony, as in civil cases, yet rarely, if ever, have they thrown the weight of their personal influence, as well as the influence of their official position against a fellow creature struggling for his life. Besides the unfairness of such a procedure and the injury done the accused, they prejudge his case, concerning the merits of which, they may, in the future, be called upon to pass. They were called upon in my case. I submit to the legal fraternity of this and other states the question here discussed for a fair and candid judgment.

It was not long after I had been granted a new trial until Judge Cantrill again appeared upon the scene. In the midst of his campaign for a United States senatorship, he instructed, in his own peculiar



POWERS' CELL IN LOUISVILLE JAIL

political wisdom, one of his grand juries. He said in part: "The pulpit, as a rule, sent up no supplication to the Throne of Grace that the life of William Goebel should be spared to their Commonwealth. If there were any prayers to the Throne of Grace, they were secret prayers that the life of that brave citizen should not be spared, but that the party which was making the contest against him for office should be his successor. I know whereof I speak." After referring to a certain portion of the public press, he continued: "It is not my purpose, nor do I intend to review any of these trials; but their conduct (the press) in making these assaults upon the officers of the courts, upon the sheriffs and the police, upon the juries, upon the Commonwealth's attorneys, and upon the judge, I do not hesitate one moment to denounce as the conduct of a lot of lecherous, cowardly, libelous curs, that no community ought to tolerate."

My second trial came up soon afterward, before this very judge; and I was transferred from the Frankfort to the Georgetown Jail. Immediately upon my arrival in Georgetown, Judge Cantrill had an order served on the jailer forbidding him to allow "either women or

preachers" to see me. As soon as my case was reached my counsel filed a vigorous affidavit, attempting to remove Judge Cantrill from the bench. He refused to vacate it, said he proposed to try the case, and the selection of the jury was begun. The prosecution resorted to the same old tactics in the selection of the jury that had been used in the selection of all the former juries in these cases, the sheriff failing and refusing to summon practically any Republicans, or Independent Democrats. Out of the two hundred names drawn from the jury-wheel, five only were Republicans. These were excused by the Court and the Commonwealth from jury service. A hundred and sixty-seven more talesmen were summoned before the jury was completed. There were but three Republicans among them. The result of the whole affair was that the jury, when finally completed, was composed of twelve partizan Goebel Democrats.

The prosecution had lost its perjured

Weaver, its lying Noakes, its dishonored Anderson, but had added to its ranks a gifted recruit, who bore the euphonious name of Ike Hopkins. Hopkins was his mother's name. He had been charged with almost every crime in the calendar, and convicted of many of them, but what mattered it? Would not his testimony be as convincing as Holy Writ to a jury determined to believe it? The trial lasted some three weeks, at the end of which time the jury returned a verdict sentencing me to life imprisonment.

Another appeal was taken by my counsel; the court ordered me to Frankfort. Two of the jurymen boarded the same train. On reaching their station, one of them arose from his seat, and I heard him say to his companion: "I intend shaking hands with that young man before I leave the train." He advanced toward me, grasped my hand warmly, and said:

"Good-by, my friend; may God bless and protect you."

"May He not forget you," I replied, "for there is no doubt you need His mercy more than I do," and so we parted. That night, he slept under the roof of his home, surrounded perhaps by wife and loved ones, while I lay behind the bars of a bastille, fettered and branded as a felon.

Long after this and after my case had been argued and submitted to the court of appeals, which was some time prior to the November election, 1902 (at which four Democratic judges of the court of appeals had been elected), a full bench had scarcely ever been present in Frankfort; so my case had not been considered. During the interval, or at least, before my case was passed upon, Henry Youtsey, who was in the state penitentiary, made two other "confessions." In the third confession, Youtsey accused James Howard of shooting Mr. Goebel from my office, at the instance of Governor Taylor, myself, and others. My friends were alarmed; my enemies delighted.

"Ere the snow flies before advancing



COL. "JACK" CHINN



spring, there will be a rattling of dry bones that will shake the Commonwealth from one end to the other," said one paper.

"The evidence now in the possession of the Commonwealth will be absolutely damning against Howard and Powers," said another. Still another said: "They will not live till the flowers bloom again."

Many of my friends urged me to dismiss my appeal, go to the penitentiary, save my life, and await my vindication, which must come some day. They insisted that, however innocent I might be, I was liable to lose my life in the whirlpool of political necessity, corruption and revenge before the frenzy of the times subsided. They urged that the Democrats would have a majority on the appellate bench after the first of January, 1903, and that, in all probability, its Democratic members would affirm any sentence that might be returned against me in the future; and that the Democratic governor was already pledged to its execution, whatever it might be. It was evident that Youtsey had gone over to the prosecution, body and soul, and would, in the hope of gaining his freedom, or relieving the horrors of his situation, rehearse on the witness-stand any part in the drama which might be assigned him. He had been made to suffer the tortures of the damned in the penitentiary before he "confessed." He had shoveled coal into the fiery furnace by the side of two negro companions during the sweltering days of July and August, 1901, when the thermometer was ranging from 95 to 110 degrees; he had, for eight consecutive Sundays, according to the statement of his faithful wife, been locked up in a dark cell and fed on bread and water, while other prisoners enjoyed the freedom of the grounds and their Sunday dinner; at other times, he was forced to wear the ball and chain, and subjected to even greater torture and humiliation. He was carried from the life-killing boiler room to a dangerous machine-shop, where



J. C. W. BECKHAM, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY

he became entangled in the machinery, losing part of one hand and almost his life. He began to die; he told the warden that he could not live without better treatment and better food. The warden urged him to "confess"; increased his labors and hardships, and told Mrs. Youtsey that her husband knew how his burdens could be lightened. Youtsey told her he could not live. She implored him to act honorably. From the time of Youtsey's arrest, the country looked at him with a suspicious eye. His alleged confession to Arthur Goebel and Tom Campbell on the night of his arrest took from him whatever respect he had gained for himself through life. According to his alleged confession, which, at that time, was not fully credited, he was either both a mur-

derer and a traitor, or was telling a falsehood upon innocent men to save himself from punishment. He did not gain much in public opinion in the months which followed his arrest.

When my first trial came up, July, 1900, and conference after conference was held between Youtsey's lawyers and friends and lawyers of the prosecution, for the purpose of agreeing upon terms to gain immunity in exchange for Youtsey's testimony, the faith of those who had believed in his integrity received another blow, although these conferences and their purpose were kept, to a great extent, *sub rosa*. When, on a plea of illness, Youtsey had succeeded in evading trial till October, 1900, and then in the midst of the testimony for the prosecution, had a "con-niption fit," and during the remainder of his trial, lay on a couch in an apparently comatose condition, many lost confidence in his innocence; and when he refused, after conviction, to prosecute his appeal, and accepted imprisonment for life without protest, the consensus of opinion, even among Republicans, was that he was guilty. After his incarceration, it was persistently rumored that he was going to become a witness in the Goebel cases, and, as he had never testified in his own or any of the other cases, he was in a position to tell a fresh story woven by the inimitable Tom Campbell to fit the matured theory of the Commonwealth. As the private secretary of Auditor Sweeney, he had, necessarily, since the contest began, come in contact in a social or business capacity with many men, and, possibly, some prominent in the councils of the party. At such times and places as he chanced to see them, he could easily put in the mouth of any one of them any statement regarding the assassination of Senator Goebel that was desired by the prosecution.

This might be done regarding any man who stood high in the Republican party, even men who had never been indicted. If

men who had never been formally charged with Mr. Goebel's murder stood in danger, what shall be said of me who had been tried and twice convicted for alleged complicity in it and who must be kept convicted in order to substantiate the charge of a Republican conspiracy? The prosecution could not afford to admit that I had been twice sentenced to life imprisonment, when, in reality, I was innocent of the charge brought against me. Such an admission would shake the faith of the country in the Goebel jury trials, and brand the courts as engines of oppression. I knew that the prosecution was compelled, through Youtsey, to make good its charge of a conspiracy, or confess to the public that it had committed a series of monstrous, unspeakable wrongs; this it would never do. Never would it permit Youtsey to say that he had killed Goebel on his own volition; and that no Republican official was responsible for the murder. With its reputation (?) at stake, and the saving of it dependent on the action of a weak, villainous convict, who was completely in its power, and at the same time chafing at prison-life, dying from its effects, and longing for freedom, it was easy to determine what would be its course. Youtsey, as has been said, confessed. His second confession did not meet the approval of the prosecution. It was sent back to him; he burned it, and also his short-hand notes of it. His second confession, like his first, did not implicate me in the remotest way. Youtsey's torture was increased, and it was not until he had made his third and satisfactory "confession," to which reference has been made, that his hardships were mitigated. Then he was not only relieved from labor; excused from work; put in the hospital; fed on the best the prison afforded, but was relieved of stripes and practically made free of the prison. I was not unmindful, then or now, of the danger to which I exposed my life by refusing to dismiss my appeal and go to the peniten-

tiary, but I resolved, let whatever fate befall me, to stand firm and unfaltering and to contend for my rights and my liberty, my integrity and my honor, if it cost me my life. I was, and am yet, determined never to appear guilty by failure to fight my case, or in any other way. I will never bring shame and disgrace upon the state and a dead father's name by a weak acquiescence in a dastardly charge of which I am innocent.

I was satisfied both before and after Youtsey made his third "confession" that I would be tried again, because I felt sure that the court of appeals would grant me a new trial, which it did; the Democratic judges, however, again handed down a strong dissenting opinion. When my case was called for trial the third time a new face occupied the judge's seat. It was that of Joseph E. Robbins. Some time previous to this, a Democratic legislature, at the instance of the prosecution, had passed a law giving the governor the power to appoint a special judge when for any reason the regular judge could not preside, provided the attorneys in any case failed to agree upon one. The majority of the attorneys at the Georgetown bar is Democratic, but is just and impartial, and I am sure that the members of the bar there would have elected an impartial judge to try me, had not the old law been changed.

This new law was enacted for the purpose of closing against me every possible avenue to a fair and impartial judge, a just and honest trial. It was meant to close the door of hope in my face. The lawyers of the prosecution were not willing to leave the selection of a special judge to chance. The power to appoint him was given to one, of all other men, most interested in fastening the stigma of the Goebel murder upon leading Republicans—the last man who could be expected to get away from his bias, personal interests and partizanship, and do right. The death of Mr. Goebel made Governor Beck-

ham the foremost Democrat of the state—made him governor. Judge Robbins had presided over the Democratic convention at which he was nominated to succeed himself in office. This was the same Judge Robbins whom Governor Beckham had appointed as a special judge to preside at my trial.

On his way to Georgetown he came by the city of Frankfort, and was closeted with Commonwealth's Attorney Franklin and Governor Beckham for several hours. On reaching Georgetown, he stopped at the Wellington Hotel, the rendezvous of the lawyers and partizans of the prosecution, and was imbued with, and partook of their spirit. He had held several offices at the hands of the Democrats of his district. He had indorsed the Music Hall convention, voted for Goebel, approved the contests and denounced the Republicans as assassins and murderers.

Upon the convening of court, my attorneys asked Judge Robbins to admonish the sheriff to summon an equal number of talesmen from each political party. This request was refused. My counsel then asked him to instruct the sheriff to summon the talesmen as he came to them, regardless of political affiliation. This he also refused. The deputy then proceeded to summon for jury service in my case one hundred and seventy-six men from the county of Bourbon which, in 1896, gave McKinley a majority of over four hundred votes over Bryan. Out of the one hundred and seventy-six men summoned, all but three were partizan Goebel Democrats.

Dennis Hanley was one of the jury-men selected to try me. He is the only Republican the prosecution had ever accepted in any trial of any of the Goebel suspects. The defense in none of the trials had ever rejected one, but in this case, the defense discussed the advisability of dismissing Hanley. It feared that he was not a Republican, but was masquerading as such for effect. It developed that Han-

ley was at one time a Republican, but had not voted with the Republicans since the assassination of Mr. Goebel, of whom he was a great admirer, and had hanging on the walls of his home a framed picture of the dead senator at the time he was trying me for my life. The other eleven jurors were outspoken Goebel partizans.

Henry E. Youtsey and Frank Cecil—Youtsey convicted, and Cecil under indictment for alleged complicity in Mr. Goebel's murder—were the leading star-witnesses for the prosecution. The old stars had faded—fallen. A short time before my trial, Cecil, who had been indicted at the January term (1902) of the Franklin Circuit Court and had since that time been a fugitive, mysteriously appeared in Frankfort, and, accompanied by his father, found his way to the home of Mr. Franklin, the commonwealth's attorney. Franklin needed his testimony; Cecil needed his liberty continued. He got it; Mr. Franklin got testimony in exchange for it; but Cecil's testimony was discredited, for his good name was much clouded. At the time he testified against me, he stood indicted for the offense of "unlawfully and wilfully taking and detaining Kitty Lane, a woman of, and above, twelve years of age, against her will, and without her consent and with intent to have carnal knowledge with her himself." Besides this, he also stood indicted for the offenses of robbery and murder. Cecil was the first witness in any of the Goebel trials who asserted that I had any knowledge that Goebel was going to be killed on the 30th of January. Cecil said that I told him on the day before that there was a man coming to Frankfort the next morning to kill Senator Goebel, but that he left me after the alleged conversation without even inquiring who the man was. He said he was, therefore, entirely ignorant of the plans or ways by which the killing was to be accomplished, or the persons implicated in it. Youtsey, however, professed greater knowledge. On taking the witness-stand,

his usually dark, sallow skin changed to a ghastly pallor (always so terrible in a swarthy face), and he looked more like a dead than a living man. This death-like look continued all through the first day of his examination; and during the whole of the time he was on the witness-stand he had a maniacal expression, added to which, his low, receding forehead and criminal face, made him look more like a demon from the lower regions than a human being. He told at length of his various efforts to kill Senator Goebel—how one plan and scheme after another of *his* had collapsed. He said that he had approached me the day before Goebel was killed for the *first and only time* on the subject of putting Goebel out of the way; and that I agreed that he and a negro named Hockersmith could use my office for the purpose. According to Youtsey's story, as it proceeded, the negro, however, was eliminated from the tragedy, and James Howard, *a man then unknown to me, and of whom Youtsey fails to state that he ever heard me speak*, appeared upon the scene, and killed Goebel the next day. He said that on the twenty-sixth of January, Taylor dictated to him a letter addressed to Howard (although neither of them knew him), requesting him to come to Frankfort. His story is that Howard, a comparative stranger in the capital and a perfect stranger to him, arrived in Frankfort on January thirtieth, less than an hour before Goebel was shot, and came to his (Youtsey's) private office, and introduced himself, and in about fifteen minutes fired the fatal shot from the private office of the secretary of state, on a promise from *him* (Youtsey) that he (Howard) would be pardoned by Taylor for killing George Baker. Before Youtsey finally left the witness-stand, his story was badly punctured. The defense proved by seven witnesses—one of whom being a leading star for the prosecution—that the door to my private office was locked, which Youtsey said was open, and through



which he said he entered for the purpose of admitting Howard to do the murder.

Youtsey was forced to admit that on his own trial he pretended to have a fit, because he "believed it the best thing to do under the circumstances;" and that since he had been in the penitentiary, he had talked to its warden, to Robert B. Franklin, Commonwealth's attorney; to Judge James E. Cantrill, before whom he was tried; to Mr. Thomas C. Campbell, and had even sent for and had a talk with Governor Beckham, as a "feeler," before becoming a witness. He said that Governor Beckham did not promise to pardon him if he became a witness for the prosecution, but did not say that he wouldn't do it. He was forced to admit, too, that he had lied when he said in his first "confession" that he had admitted Berry Howard, Dick Combs and Frank Cecil to my private office a few moments before Goebel was shot. He also testified that he had misrepresented the facts when he said in his first "confession" that *he* had "selected the secretary of state's office from which the shot could be most safely fired," and that he did not "speak to Caleb Powers about this." It will be seen in the first statement Youtsey ever made concerning the murder of Senator Goebel, that he positively denies ever having talked to me concerning it. After he had been in the penitentiary nearly two years, subjected to the tortures of hell, he swears that the killing of Senator Goebel from my office was the *only thing* that he ever did talk to me about.

Youtsey admitted also that he had not only deceived his wife, and his lawyers, but had deliberately sworn to falsehoods since his arrest for Goebel's murder. Yet, if the jury relied upon testimony at all for my conviction, it was mainly upon the testimony of this perjured scoundrel that it returned a verdict of guilty, and sentenced me to death. I made an argument before the jury in my own behalf, and though I knew that it had been chosen to

convict, and that a failure to do so would brand the prosecution as a monstrous fraud, still I was inexpressibly shocked at the appalling infamy of such a horrible verdict. It shocked the state and the nation, and focused the attention of the public upon Kentucky jury trials, Kentucky courts and Kentucky methods of wreaking vengeance upon hated political foes.

But this verdict did not stand. A majority of the members of the appellate court—two Republicans and two newly elected Democratic judges—decided that my trial had been illegal and unfair, and that I had been wrongfully and unjustly condemned; while three of the Democratic judges handed down a dissenting opinion, as usual, in which they called me the arch-conspirator in the murder.

During this long fight my enemies have been bitter and relentless, my friends loyal and true. I have been the fortunate recipient of unflagging solicitude at their hands. They have formed committees and leagues to raise means for my defense—aye, even for my personal comfort; they have contributed unstintingly of their time and means; they have upheld my cause and maintained my innocence when business disaster and social ostracism resulted from their loyalty. Friends, faithful friends, press and personal, let me extend to you my warmest and deepest gratitude; and to those of you who may expect to find in these pages a little literary merit, I address a word for indulgence, while I explain the circumstances under which they were written. As I write these closing lines, my table is directly beneath a grim, barred prison window. The room in which I am accorded cot-space contains fourteen other prisoners—murderers, thieves, burglars, pickpockets, delirium tremens convalescents, confidence men, and others with records no more enviable. The senseless babble and yowling of a score of negro jail-birds well up from the inner corridor. Three prisoners are now

clumping back and forth across the well-worn wooden floor, in the ceaseless prison plod—the privilege that keeps men from going crazy. Behind a thin partition, an old inmate is quarreling with a recent arrival over the latter's disinclination to submit to certain of the jail rules and regulations. The flap, flap, flap of playing cards, while the guttural voice, "I made high," and the piping one, "I made low," together with the discordant notes of a ceaseless mandolin, waft over to the lone corner where I sit. Three prisoners are sitting on a long wooden bench, one of whom, in a boisterous voice, is relating to attentive companions his deeds of criminal adventure, puffing the while the noxious and ever-present cigarette. Five years have thus passed since my unstained hands first felt the pressure of manacles and I began to view life through a grated shadow. Technically, these five years have brought me no nearer to the veiled finale of this tragedy of persecution than I was

when I first broke prison bread. I am still at the starting point—in jail, awaiting trial. I feel, however, that time and truth have served me, in a measure, by partly quenching the fires of misguided hatred and bringing to my cause many friends who were once bitter and outspoken foes. My pulse still beats high with hope. The consciousness of innocence, the world-old adage that right must triumph and murder must out—these are the props that have borne me up under the crushing weight forced upon me by the most blood-thirsty political cabal of modern times. I know that there is a tremendous power residing in innocence and that truth and justice, sometimes slowly but always surely, are marching toward victory. Whether in this case they will arrive in time to prevent the havoc wrought in their name, I can not tell, but they will not fail in the end; and I have the consolation of knowing that my name, at least, will be vindicated.

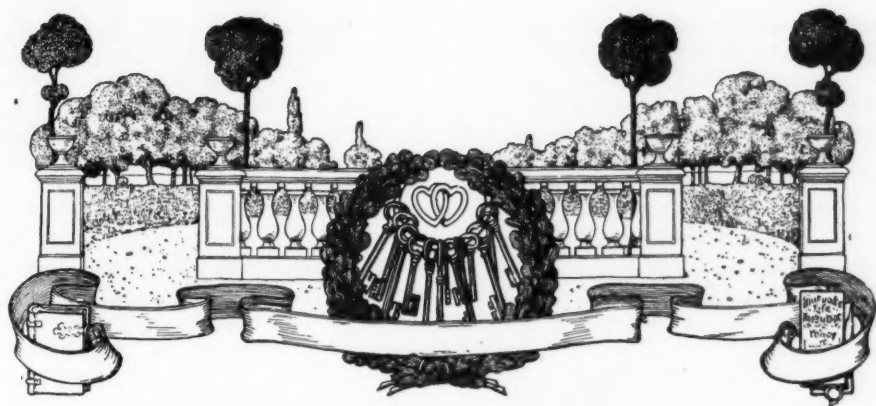
## TRUTH

*By Paxton Hibben*

MY soul is like my fingers—stained with ink  
Of toil and pleasure's yellow smoke.  
I know there has been all too much of drink  
And quick desire that gripped—then broke  
To shame. Yet work is guilt's good cloak!

So, let there be no blindness of your love.  
I would not have you close your eyes  
To one gross fault. If I can climb above  
The ancient sin that in me lies,  
No kind deceit will help me rise.

For truth is Truth—your love must learn it all.  
Such as I am, I come to you  
And bring what was not lost through fear or fall,  
But kept close-hid from coarser view—  
The one sweet faith my soul holds true.



## AN INCIDENTAL FAILURE

*By Elliott Flower*

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILSMAN," ETC.

**A**DOLPH Schlimmer's wink was of that self-satisfied variety that plainly says to the person at whom it is directed, "They're mostly fools in this world—except you and me, and I'm not quite sure about you." Adolph Schlimmer was a small man, but he thought he had enough worldly wisdom and sharpness for a giant. "You bet you, I don't get fooled very much," he boasted.

Just now his wink was directed at Carroll Brown, an insurance solicitor.

"How much iss there in it for you?" he asked.

"Oh, I get my commission, of course," replied Brown.

"Sure, sure!" and again Adolph winked. "You don't need it all, maybe."

"Why not?" asked Brown with disconcerting frankness. "I'm entitled to what I earn."

"Sure, sure!" admitted Adolph, somewhat annoyed. "It's vorth something to you to make the money, ain't it, yes? I gif you the chance. It might be vorth something to me, perhaps, maybe."

"Oh, if you want me to divide my commission with you," exclaimed Brown, "we might as well quit talking right here. It

would cost me my job, if anybody found it out."

"Who iss to find it out?" asked Adolph. "I bet you, if people could find out things, we'd haf more people in jail than out. Some big men, vorth millions, would haf to live a century to serf their time out. The boss discharges hiss clerk for doin' what he iss doin' himself."

"It's against the law," argued Brown. "It's a rebate on premiums and is prohibited."

"Sure, sure!" conceded Adolph again. "But you got to do something to make business, ain't it? I gif premiums and I get discounts. There don't nobody fool me very much."

"Well, I'm taking no chances with either my job or the law," announced Brown, "even if I wanted to sacrifice part of my legitimate commission. I'm offering you a policy in a first-class company on the same terms that we give them to all others, and that's the best I can do. If you're looking for an advantage over your neighbors, you'll have to go elsewhere. The very first rule of straight business is to treat all alike."

"Sure it iss," returned Adolph. "Look

at the railroads and the big shippers." Again he winked wisely. "I bet you, your boss ain't such a fool as you. Make the big money when you can, but don't run away from the little money. I give you a chance for the little money because I'm smart; some other feller let you haf it all because he issn't."

Therein lay the measure of Adolph. It was beyond his comprehension that any man should treat all fairly; some one surely was "on the inside," and his first thought in any transaction was to make a quiet "deal" with some interested party that would give him a shade the better of others. He was shrewd in a small and nearsighted way, and he had an idea that all men, except fools, looked at things as he did. He believed there was "graft" in everything. That being the case, it was the duty of a sharp man to get a share of it, even if, as in this instance, it only lessened his own expense somewhat. So Adolph Schlimmer went to see Brown's boss, who happened to be Dave Murray.

"I get me some insurance," he announced.

"All right," returned Murray, agreeably. "You look like a good risk."

"Risk?" repeated Adolph. "No, *nein*. I'm a sure thing."

Murray laughed.

"That's bad," he said banteringly. "Sure things are what men go broke on in this world; they're the biggest risks of all." Then, explanatorily, "I mean, you seem to be in good physical condition, so that our physician is likely to pass you."

"You bet you," returned Adolph, "but it's my wife what counts. If I die, I leaf her the money; if she die, she leaf me nothing."

"Oh, you want to get a policy on your wife's life," said Murray, more thoughtfully, for he was not favorably impressed with the commercial tone of Adolph's statement. "How much?"

"Zwei t'ousand dollars."

"Not very much," commented Murray. "A man of sense would prefer a good wife

to two thousand dollars any day. Is she a worker?"

"You bet you, yes," replied Adolph, earnestly. "If she die, I loose money on her at that price. I figger it all out. She safe me the wages of a clerk and a cook and some other things. I count up what she safe me and what she cost me and she's vorth fifteen dollars a week easy in work and ten dollars a week in saving. I can't afford to loose that. I insure the store and the stock, and now I insure this. I watch out for myself pretty close."

Murray was both disgusted and amused. Such a character as this was new to his experience, but the risk might be, and probably was, a perfectly good and legitimate one.

"Well, you bring your wife in," he said after a moment of thought, "and I'll talk to her."

"Sure!" said Adolph. Then he winked in his wise way. "I safe you the commission. What iss there in it for me?"

"What?" exclaimed Murray.

"I haf a talk with Brown," explained Adolph. "It's vorth something to him to get the business, but he don't make it vorth nothing to me to give it."

"If he did," said Murray sharply, "we'd discharge him."

"Sure, sure!" returned the imperturbable Adolph. "We got to watch the boys or there won't be nothing left for us. So I safe the commission for you. What iss there in it for me?"

"Not a damn thing!"

"You play it that way with the fool," advised Adolph complacently. "It's a bully bluff for the feller that don't know how things was done in business. Then we go splits, yes?"

The ignorance and effrontery of the man so amazed Murray that he forgot his indignation for a moment and undertook to explain.

"There is no commission on business that comes to the office," he said.

"Sure!" laughed Adolph, again resort-



ing to that sagacious wink. "You let the company make it, yes? I stay home, you send man to tell me get insured, I say yes, man get paid—ain't it so? I come here to get insured, and you give that man's pay to the company, the men worth millions—oh, yes, sure!" Adolph laughed at the absurdity of the thing. "Iss there anything in my eye?" he asked suddenly.

"You sit down there!" ordered Murray, for Adolph was now leaning familiarly over Murray's desk. "I ought to kick you out, but I'm going to tell you a few things. Sit down and keep still. I'm several sizes bigger than you are and it's my turn." Murray spoke so aggressively that Adolph promptly returned to his seat. "Now, to begin with, you make a mistake in judging everybody else by yourself; there are a lot of decent people in this world. A good many may worship the almighty dollar, and that's bad enough, but God help the few who get down to worshipping the almighty cent. A good many keep a pretty sharp lookout for graft, but you are the first one I ever saw who seemed to think everybody was crooked."

"No, *nein*; only business—"

"Keep still! You insult everybody you try to do business with by acting on the assumption that they are in your class. You have absorbed some of the tricky commercialism that is prevalent these days, and you've got the idea that there isn't anything else—not even common sense. You are willing to break the law for a trifling gain. What you propose is morally wrong, but we won't discuss that, because you can't understand it."

"I don't like—"

"Keep still! I'm doing you a favor, but I've got to tell you what a libel on the average human being you are first. The law that you want to break was made for the protection of just such financially insignificant people as you. It prohibits giving rebates in any form on insurance premiums and provides that the accept-

ance of such a rebate by the policy-holder shall invalidate his policy and that the giving of such a rebate by a company or any of its agents shall subject the company to a fine. Do you understand that?"

"Sure! but who iss to know?"

Murray was discouraged, but he had set out to drive a lesson home to this dull-witted fellow who thought he was smart, and he valiantly held to his task. He could feel nothing but contempt for the man, but he had become rather interested in convincing him how foolish he was. Besides, Murray was a bitter opponent of the rebate evil in all lines of business—every one knows how it fosters monopoly—and he attacked it whenever and wherever he could.

"If rebates on insurance premiums were not unlawful," he asked, "do you think people of your kind are the ones who would get them? Well, hardly. The millionaires, the rich men, the men who take out the big policies would get them, and you little fellows would pay the full price, just as you do wherever else the rebate evil exists. This law was made to protect you, and you want to break it down. Well, I suppose there are others just as bad. The men for whose benefit a law is made frequently insist upon playing with it until they drop it and break it, and then they wonder why the splinters won't do them as much good as the original law." Having warmed up to a subject that interested him, Murray was talking for himself now. Adolph could understand in a general way what he meant, but many of the remarks were entirely beyond his comprehension. "Look at it in another way," Murray went on. "As a speculation, the insurance rebate is a mistake. The man who gets or accepts a rebate is taking a risk. 'Well,' he argues, 'so is the man who buys wheat or stocks or undeveloped real estate of problematical future value.' Quite right; but when you speculate you want to be sure that your probable or possible profits bear

a fair proportion to the risk and your possible losses. It's all right to make a secured loan of one thousand dollars at five per cent., but when you put your one thousand dollars into a scheme where there is a chance of losing every cent of it, you also want a chance of making a good deal more than the legal rate of interest. Russell Sage is said to look as closely after the small profits as the large, but Russell would shy away from an investment—a real safe *investment*—that promised only a ten-cent profit on five dollars; and if it were a *speculation*, where he might lose the whole five, he would want to see a possibility of winning at least half as much. The man who accepts an insurance premium rebate is going into a speculation—a flimsy, cheap speculation, with a chance of loss so entirely out of proportion to the slight advantage he gains over other policy-holders that no man with a grain of sense would consider it for a moment. To secure a discount on his premium he risks his whole policy. Why, in your case you would put a two-thousand-dollar policy in danger to save a few miserable dollars. It isn't cleverness, it isn't shrewdness, it isn't business, it isn't sense; it isn't anything but damn foolishness. Do you understand?"

"Sure, sure!" answered the unmoved Adolph, who was as impervious to invective as he was to reason. "If we iss found out, I loose the policy and you loose a fine. We both loose."

"That's it exactly."

"Vell, if we both loose by telling, who iss going to find it out?" demanded Adolph triumphantly. "You bet you, I take the chance. Go ahead and get her ready."

Murray leaned wearily back in his chair.

"You'd better get out of here," he said. "This company wouldn't issue a policy in which you had any sort of an interest on any terms. I was curious to discover if I could not stir up just a glimmer of busi-

ness sense in you, and my curiosity is satisfied. You seem to me like a man who would risk all his money to win a fly-speck, if he thought he was going to win it by some underhanded deal. Get out as quick as you can! But I tell you again, Don't fool with rebates!"

Adolph stopped in the doorway.

"You got to haf the whole commission, yes?" he remarked with accusing bitterness. "I take you for a hog!"

Then he disappeared very suddenly, for he feared Murray would pursue.

Here again was the measure of Adolph. In spite of Murray's explanation, he could see nothing except a chance to win, by saving a part of the commission. He could not comprehend that he was running any unusual risk or doing anything that another would not do, if the other had the sense to see the chance. In fact, he was fully convinced in his own mind that Murray was merely talking for effect and really desired the whole commission for himself. This made him the more determined to gain this small advantage for himself—partly because his little world was made up of such devious methods, and partly because it would be an evidence of his own cleverness.

Now, occasionally a solicitor for a company of high standing, acting on his own responsibility, will divide his commission in order to get some one to take out a policy. If he is trying to make a record, the temptation is considerable. If the policy is large, his half of this commission may be more than his whole commission in most other cases. He does this secretly, but he is inviting three kinds of trouble: his own discharge, a fine for his company, and a loss for the policy-holder. These three things will follow discovery, but he takes the chance. And there are irresponsible or unscrupulous companies or agencies (so it is said) that will tacitly approve such a course in some instances, taking the necessary risk in order to get business. Of course, no first-class or reli-



"WHAT'S THE USE TO ME?" SHE PERSISTED



able company will sanction or even tolerate such methods.

Nevertheless, Adolph, the shrewd fool, finally found the man for whom he was searching. A man may nearly always find trouble if he searches for it industriously, and Adolph was industrious. Unfortunately for him, however, he treated several other solicitors to his knowing wink before he met the one who agreed to his proposition, and, when it was learned that Adolph was taking out a policy on his wife's life, they were quick to reach conclusions. But it was none of their business, and they said nothing. What they knew merely made it easier to prove the case, if the question should ever arise. The solicitor who finally entered into the deal was one who had done the same thing before. He was "broke" a good part of the time, and, when in that condition, he did not question closely the ethics of any proposition that promised an early, even though small, cash return. He was an outcast among such of the many conscientious men of the fraternity as knew him, but the local agent of the company that employed him was not particular, and there were rumors that the company itself might have been more strict.

Anyhow, Adolph got the policy he wanted. His wife was disposed to object at first, for she had not been consulted until Adolph had made his bargain. There was no use, he argued, in telling her about it until he knew what he was going to do.

"I buy you a policy," he finally told her, in a tone that a man—another man—might tell his wife he would buy her a sealskin coat.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It pays *zwei* t'ousand dollars," he explained.

Mrs. Schlimmer was not enthusiastic. Perhaps she knew her husband.

"When?" she asked.

"When you are in the *grafe*," he answered, after a pause.

"What's the use to me?" she persisted.

"My dear," he said, with such gallantry as he could command, "it shows what you *iss* vorth."

Somehow, she was not flattered. She was a good wife, who worked hard, and she herself thought she was worth \$2,000, but she was selfish enough to think she ought to realize on her own value.

"No, *nein*," he argued, "it ain't the way it's done. You got yourself, ain't it, yes? When you ain't got yourself, you ain't here, but I am. You don't loose yourself when you die, but I loose you, and you're worth a lot."

"There's other women," she retorted.

"But they ain't vorth what you are by *zwei* t'ousand dollars," he insisted, and this delicate bit of flattery won the day. After all, it made no difference to her. She rebelled a little at going to the insurance office to be examined, however.

"You tell 'em I'm all right," she urged. "You know."

But a new gown—a cheap one—gained this point, and she went.

Adolph prided himself very much on this stroke of business. His great aim in life was to pay a little less than the market price for anything, and he was never convinced that he was really doing this unless the deal had to be carried out in some underhanded way. When he could buy for less than others he was making that much more money, and it was his experience that the biggest profit lay in shady transactions. In others he had made, or saved, much more than in this, but the difficulties he encountered in this instance convinced him that it was an especially notable achievement. He was proud of his success.

"You bet you, they don't fool me very much," he asserted frequently.

And, in time, he told how clever he was. Not at first, however; he was very cautious at first, for Murray's words had made that much of an impression on him. But, after he had paid a few premiums, the lapse of time gave him a feeling of secur-



ity, and one day, in boasting of his business shrewdness, he mentioned that he was even sharp enough to get life insurance at a bargain. After that, it was easier to speak of it again, and he finally told the story. The news spread in his own little circle. It was quite a feat, and he was held to have demonstrated remarkable cleverness. When another told of some sharp business deal, some one would remark, "Yes, that was clever, but you never got life insurance at a bargain." And, in the course of time—six months or more from the time the story was first breathed—it came to the ears of one Daniel Grady. This was unfortunate, for Daniel at once jumped to the conclusion that he had been cheated. Daniel had a small policy in the same company, and this policy was costing him the full premium without rebate of any kind from any insurance solicitor or anybody else. Daniel did not like this, and neither did he like Adolph; in fact, he would have been willing to pay a little higher premium for the privilege of making trouble for Adolph. Failing that, Daniel would like to get on even terms with him.

"It's th' divil iv a note," said Daniel, "that I sh'u'd be payin' more than that little shrimp, an' me only thryin' to take care iv Maggie an' th' childhern. I'll go down to th' office an' push th' face iv th' man in if he don't give me th' same rate; I will so."

But Daniel wisely did nothing of the kind, for he recalled that there were a number of clerks in the office and a police station not far away, and he had no wish to add a fine to his expenses. Instead, after pondering the matter a few weeks and growing steadily more indignant, he went to see a little lawyer who had an office over the corner saloon, right next to a justice of the peace. Daniel planned only to get his premiums reduced, but the lawyer saw other opportunities.

"It's a great chance," said the lawyer. "You're a policy-holder—"

"Who says so?" demanded Daniel, for this sounded to him like an accusation.

"I mean," explained the lawyer, "that you are insured in the company."

"What iv it?" asked Daniel.

"Why, the other policy-holders are the ones discriminated against in a case like this," said the lawyer, "and any one of them can file a complaint."

"I'm not th' kind iv a man to do much complainin'," declared Daniel. "I niver see that it did much good. If I c'u'd give Schlimmer a bad turn—"

"That's it, that's it exactly," interrupted the lawyer. "You can knock his insurance sky-high and get some money yourself."

"Say that wanst more," urged Daniel. "Me hearin' seems to be playin' thricks."

"The law," said the lawyer slowly, "fines a company for doing that—"

"How much?"

"I'll have to look it up. Pretty stiff fine, though, and the informer—"

"I don't like th' word."

"Well, the man who makes the complaint gets half the fine. Do you understand that? Let me take charge of the matter for you, and we'll divide the money."

"Will it hurt me own insurance?" asked Daniel.

"Not a bit."

"I'm not lukkin' to p'ave Maggie an' th' childhern without money whin I die, jist to land a dollar-twinty f'r me own pocket now. That's a Schlimmer thrick."

"Your insurance will be just as good as it ever was," the lawyer asserted.

"Will there be twenty dollars in it f'r me?" Daniel persisted.

"There'll be a good deal more than that—exactly how much I can't say."

"Go ahead," instructed Daniel. "Put th' little divil through."

The lawyer investigated and found his task comparatively easy, for Adolph had now personally told the story to several people. Indeed, by the exercise of a little

ingenuity, the lawyer got him to tell it to him. Then he acted.

When the news reached the local agency of the company, there was no indecision as to what should be done. Unnecessary publicity in a matter of that kind was the very last thing sought. The solicitor was called in, put on the rack, and promptly confessed. Then he was discharged without further questioning. Perhaps the local agent was afraid he might learn of other similar instances if he pressed the matter too far, and he was quite content to remain in ignorance of anything else of that nature, so long as the public also remained in ignorance. Then the company promptly acknowledged its fault, showed that it had cleared itself morally by discharging the offending agent, and proceeded to clear itself legally by paying the necessary fine.

When the news came to Adolph, however, there was wailing prolonged.

"I bet you," said Adolph, "that feller Murray put up the job. He iss a great hog; he iss like those monopolists that puts smaller people out of business and gobbles it all."

Then Adolph got a pencil and a sheet of paper and began to figure his losses.

"Zwei t'ousand dollar insurance," he groaned, "and maybe she wouldn't lif long. And I gif her a dress, too—a new dress. *Ach, Himmel!* it's hard when a man's wife beats him. A new dress for nothing at all but to loose money. That law iss a shame. It iss a—what you call it?—restriction of business."

Thereafter, for some time, the sight of the new gown would make Adolph morose and gloomy, and his friends found him unusually modest and unobtrusive.

## A TOUCH OF NATURE

*By Allan Updegraff*

UPON a sandy, stone-strewn beach,  
That opened on a little bay  
Whose outer points the sea made gray,  
I found an aged fisherman.  
He sat and looked across the reach  
Of gently-heaving, sunlit sea,  
Nor slightest notice took of me  
Until I ventured to beseech  
The shortest way to gain the town;  
He looked me calmly up and down,  
And smiled a slow apology;  
"The town? What's in the town?" said he.

I chose a boulder and sat down;  
A subtle sense of comradery  
Born, like the mists, of sun and sea,  
Came over us, though neither spoke.  
The sands were gold, the stones were brown,  
The sea was green and blue and gray  
And crystal clear, and far away  
The mists showed purple o'er the town;  
We looked on sands and stones and flood,  
We felt the sunshine in our blood;  
And neither having aught to say,  
We sat and looked and looked away.

# IS BUSINESS DEGRADING US?

By David Graham Phillips

AUTHOR OF "THE COST," "THE PLUM TREE," ETC.

EVER since the first tall chimneys unfurled the sooty banners of the new, the industrial civilization, we have had the cry that the power machine is a monster whose reign meant the debasement of the masses of mankind. And latterly, throughout the world, but most loudly in America, which has been foremost in promoting the new order, it has been charged that the men in control of the new order, the business men, are merciless and relentless; that in the struggle for markets and for profits they are trampling morality and all the other restraints and ideals. And now comes Thorstein Veblen, Assistant Professor of Political Economy at the University of Chicago, to formulate these charges upon a scientific basis. In his just published *Theory of Business Enterprise* he makes the following declarations of scientific principle:

First—That "the machine is a leveller, a vulgarizer, whose end seems to be the extirpation of all that is respectable, noble and dignified in human intercourse and ideals"; that "in the nature of the case the cultural growth dominated by the machine industry is of a skeptical, matter-of-fact complexion, materialistic, unmoral, unpatriotic, undevout"; that "the machine, their (the masses') master, is no respecter of persons, and knows neither morality nor dignity, nor prescriptive right, divine or human."

Second—That "the machine methods which are corrupting the hearts and manners of the workmen are profitable to the business man."

Third—That "the economic welfare of the community at large is best secured by a facile and uninterrupted interplay

of the various processes which make up the industrial system at large; but the pecuniary interests of the business men, in whose hands lies the discretion in the matter, are not necessarily best served by an unbroken maintenance of the industrial balance. Especially is this true as regards those greater business men whose interests are very extensive. Gain may come to them from a given disturbance of the system, whether the disturbance makes for heightened facility or for widespread hardship, very much as a speculator in grain futures may be either a bull or a bear."

Fourth—That, these being the facts, there has arisen a "class of pecuniary experts" who "have an interest in making the disturbances of the system large and frequent"; that, under the new civilization, industry being carried on for business, and not business for the sake of industry, such disturbances are as a matter of fact both large and frequent, are incident to a merciless struggle among business men for the supremacy which monopoly alone gives; that, while the business man, in common with other men, is moved by humane ideals, "motives of this kind detract from business efficiency, and an undue yielding to them on the part of business men is to be deprecated as an infirmity"; that, while sentiment has a certain force "in restraint upon pecuniary advantage, not in abrogation of it," the "code of business ethics consists, after all, of mitigations of the maxim, *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware)"; that, "under the system of handicraft and neighborhood industry, the adage 'Honesty is the best policy' seems, on the whole, to have been accepted and to have

been true. This adage has come down from the days before the machine's regime and before modern business enterprise"; that, under modern circumstances of lack of personal contact between business man and customer, "business management has a chance to proceed on a temperate and sagacious calculation of profit and loss, untroubled by sentimental considerations of human kindness or irritation or of honesty."

Professor Veblen's ideas have been given in his own language so far as has been permitted by his passionate professorial predilection for polysyllables—or, has he used long words and involved phrases from the prudent motive of screening from "the vulgar" the ferocity of his attack upon business men, rather than from the reactionary motive of scholastic snobbery? However this may be, to close study he makes it clear enough that, according to his reading of political economy:

First—The machine is a monster.

Second—It is making monsters of men—brutal serfs of the masses; bandits, liars, thieves and cheats of the managers and directors.

A savage indictment that! A terrifying topsy-turvy of the dearest beliefs and hopes of us who look upon steam and electricity as the advance agents of democracy, the strong and inevitable unshacklers of the bodies and minds of mankind. But Professor Veblen has stated only the extreme of what is said without denial every day; he is simply the courageous spokesman of the majority of the classes who write and speak; he is putting into scientific formula the sneer of every snob who professes contempt of business and, indeed, of all other forms of modern democratic activity. His book, therefore, serves admirably as a provocation for presenting a few facts and suggestions on the other side.

Is it true, either in whole or in part, that our industrial civilization is degrad-

ing the masses into mere appurtenances of the machine, mere mechanical aids to the heaping up of vast profits in the treasuries of the few? Is it true, either in the whole or in part, that our business men, whether great or small, whether captains of industry or sub-officers, are degenerating into dishonesty and the short-sighted selfishness of the slave-master?

A surface survey of our time reveals much that seems to compel a reluctant affirmative answer. To glance at a newspaper is to read of the cynical tyrannies of beef, oil, coal, iron, grain, railway magnates, who make their infamies nauseating by ardent professions of patriotism and piety. And from time to time the shameless adulterations of food and drink culminate in some sensational slaughter of people wholesale, suggesting vastly more slaughters effected quietly from day to day. And we see persons, grown enormously rich upon stolen privileges of various kinds, exhibiting themselves in luxurious ostentation, offering tempting rewards to sycophancy and pauperizing those fighting on the poverty-line by supercilious gifts and condescensions. We see rascality rewarded with wealth and honors, success bought with self-sale. We see corruption, conspicuous and hideous, everywhere upon the surface of the social body. And we turn away heartsick, convinced that the Veblens have stated the truth with moderation.

But if we turn away to read history—not the fables and fancies, the poetical romances and romantic poems from which the Veblens draw their "facts," but the true story of the mankind that was—if we read that painful recital, we turn again to the mankind of our day, and it is like a landscape from which the storms of winter are rolling away. The corruption which revolted us is still there, just as hideous as before, but we now see that it is the poison which was working in the veins and arteries of the patient and is now at the surface, on its way out of the

body before the victorious legions of health.

Professor Veblen, and his like, are prone to use, in writing and speaking, words of many meanings; they unconsciously play upon these words, and so fall into grievous error. For instance, Professor Veblen talks of ours as a "machine" civilization—as if the machine were its new and characteristic factor, determining its form and its destiny. In fact, civilization from its very inception has been "machine-made." It began when our remote ancestor snatched the bough of a tree and decided thenceforth to walk erect, using the bough as staff and club—that is, as a machine. Every tool of every kind has been a machine; and the progress of the race has been determined by the number and efficiency of its machines, both those designed to compel peace and those designed to further the arts of peace. If you wish to measure the actual value of any civilization—value in producing healthy minds in healthy bodies—you need only inquire into the kind and number and efficiency of its machines. Why? Because the machine represents the effort of man to adjust himself to his environment, his environment to himself. It gives power to him, whoever he may be, that learns to use it; it leaves him who does not avail himself of its aid, whether through idleness or ignorance or intemperance or incapacity, about where he would have been—certainly no worse off than he would have been—had mankind remained in the helpless, machineless "state of nature".

Evolution has so unevenly affected the human race that, fortunately for us in the foremost files of progress, we need not rely upon history and cautious conjecture for our encouraging and inspiring knowledge of the world of the past, which enables us to see how far and how high we have got, and that the journey is still swiftly, if steeply, upward. There is hardly a stage of human progress that is

not now represented on the earth, inviting any man with a passion for the "glorious past," to disillusionize himself and to cheer his pessimism. And we are enabled easily to reconstruct any period of the past. Thus, we have visual confirmation of the truth about Athens which history can only suggest. We know that the Athens of Plato and Praxiteles was no more the true Athens than is the intellect and condition of Booker Washington a true type of the intelligence and condition of the overwhelming mass of our eight million negroes. We come to understand what Athens' twenty-five thousand free citizens and many hundred thousand slaves really meant; we penetrate into the profligacy of the Athenian rich, the degradation of the Athenian masses; we realize why Aristides was banished for being just and Alcibiades carried on the shoulders of the Athenian democracy (!) because he was a degenerate and a debauchee. And so on through all the past.

In like manner, we need not rely upon the poets and poetical historians, as Professor Veblen apparently does, for knowledge of what the "handicraft" civilization meant. We can study it, as it survives practically unchanged in the miserable hovels of Bohemian and Italian and Spanish peasants, where men and beasts rot together in conditions of sanitation that would not long be tolerated in any place where the "machine civilization" has inaugurated its high and ever higher moral and physical standards. We need not go so far from home. To get a picture of a prosperous handicraft city of the middle ages, go to New York's East Side, where are the fast-disappearing sweat-shops that were transplanted from "handicraft neighborhoods" of Europe. The poets have it otherwise; and so do those historians who like to paint alluring pictures for their readers—and hate to grub for facts. But there is the grisly truth. Contrast the average sweat-shop with the



average factory. No; contrast the best sweat-shop with the worst factory.

Partly because some men are so much shrewder and more persistent and more far-sighted than the masses of their fellows, but chiefly because the mass of mankind has not been long enough emancipated by the power machine to learn how to work intelligently and efficiently, the power machine, become enormously beneficent through steam and electricity, has not yet done all, or even more than a very small part, of what it can do, and shall do, for mankind. But already—in less than ten decades, less than seven—what a forward stride! In place of a world where all but a handful toiled early and late—from dawn until far into the night—toiled that others might reap all and they only blows and the meager bread of bitterness, we now have a world where millions upon millions are comfortable. And as for the masses of toilers still in the shackles of the old regime, are they not better off than they were under that regime where wages were alms, and alms of the scantiest; where the only lights in the black darkness of utter ignorance were the will-o'-the-wisps of Superstition, drawing man farther and farther into the morass of slavery to king and noble and priest?

In writing works of political economy, professors should not study the conditions of labor before steam and electricity in poems and romances and from orchestra stalls at productions of "Die Meistersinger." There is not a serf toiling in the deepest depth of the most hell-like mine in Silesia, upon whose shoulders, and upon whose soul, the burden is not lighter for the modern expansion of the civilization of the machine.

The truth is, steam and electricity have made the human race suddenly and acutely self-conscious as a race for the first time in its existence. They have constructed a mighty mirror wherein humanity sees itself, with all its faults

and follies, and diseases and deformities. And the sudden, unprecedented spectacle is so startling, is in such abhorrent contrast with poetical pictures of the past, painted in school and popular textbooks, that men of defective perspective shrink, and shriek: "Mankind has become monstrous!" But not so. Man, rising, rising, rising through the ages, is still nearer to the dark and bloody and cruel place of his origin than to the promised land toward which his ideals are drawing him. His diseases and deformities are of the past; and virtues that were, up to a few decades ago, almost unattainable ideals, are now so nearly a part of his natural adornment that hope of the nearness of the luminous penumbra of the Golden Age seems not unjustified.

What our grandfathers regarded as the natural and just demands of employer upon employé are now regarded as rigorous and tyrannous exactions of a brute. And in trying still to continue such exactions men slink behind the lawyer-constructed shield of the corporation, that they may be easier in conscience by trying to believe they are not "personally" responsible.

This brings us, naturally, to the charges against business men.

Professor Veblen does not, in so many words, assert that there was a time when business men were in business with other motives—presumably idealistic—more potent than profits. But he forces his readers to infer that this was the case—and that lofty view is always taken by the assailants of our present civilization. That is, man used to be an altruistic animal; democracy and the machine—for, you will find that these assailants are always hitting at democracy over the shoulders of the machine—have made him a selfish and cruel rascal.

False weights were found in the ruins of the oldest city that has yet been exhumed. And false weights will probably

be consumed when the earth drops into the sun and the heavens are rolled together like a scroll. Ancient records and ancient statute books are full of evidence that every new practical device—from capitalistic and labor monopolies, secret rebates and majority owners swindling minority owners, down to adulterations and crooked scales—was familiar to our ancestors of the plateau of Iran before the migrations. Vice is the old inhabitant; virtue is the new-comer, the immigrant, received with reluctance and compelled to fight for every inch of ground he gains. As for specific testimony as to past ages, we have the testimony of all the old writers that the mercantile classes, the business men, were "without honor," mean of soul, oppressors of their employés, robbers of their customers. We happen to know, also, that as for the other classes—the proud kings and haughty nobles and the rest—they certainly had a very quaint interpretation of that word "honor" when a murderer, a tyrant, a gambler, a practitioner of every vice that rots its slave and ruins its victims could yet be a "gentleman of unsullied honor." And we know, finally, that only with the rise of the business men to influence and authority did the standard of honor become what all the world now recognizes as "ideal." The very Biblical phrases in which honesty is enjoined are altogether commercial, are the language of the business world, of business men.

There are two vital facts about our new industrial civilization which its critics neglect:

First—It has created an unprecedented and infinitely great number of opportunities to dishonesty of the kinds that are, to as yet but slightly enlightened human nature, potentially tempting.

Second—It has created new conditions of the moral, as well as of the material, relations of man to the masses of his fellow men which are as yet imperfectly

understood and constitute a debatable ground for even the fairest and rigidest consciences. Men now see that large action of any kind involves large evil as well as large good; and the balance of right and wrong is not easy to adjust, except in the tranquil studies of critics and theorists.

To the first of these two facts may justly be attributed the unquestionably large amount of dishonesty—dishonesty clearly and generally recognized as such. To the second of these two facts is undoubtedly due the most of the wrongdoing by men who in their private relations are above reproach. These statements are not put forward to justify men for yielding to temptation to dishonesty and to justify men in acts, approval of which can be got from conscience by sophistry only, if at all. They are put forward simply to explain why it is that, when there is actually more honesty and conscientiousness, and they of a higher quality, than ever before in human history, there should be a seeming of more dishonesty and consciencelessness. Further in support of the same view, while wrongdoers of the past were hidden or veiled by the imperfect means of publicity, wrongdoers of to-day are at once searched out and pilloried by the press and by public opinion. Up to the middle of the last century men knew little of the large evil done them, and that little imperfectly; now, knowledge of individual acts of uprightness, once scattered everywhere by being immortalized in tradition, rhymed and prose, is lost in the vast revelations of huge and ancient wrongs persisting.

It is no new thing for a man to be admired and envied for wealth and station, regardless of how he got them. But it is a new thing in the world for the public conscience to be so sensitive that a man in possession of wealth or station, got not by outright and open robbery—methods not long ago regarded without

grave disapproval—but by means that are questionable and suspicious merely, should be in an apologetic attitude, should feel called upon to defend himself and to give large sums in philanthropy in the effort to justify and to rehabilitate himself. Steam and electricity have given to man a sudden, vast power. It is not strange that he should commit errors and crimes in working out its unfamiliar possibilities. It is not strange that abuses, as old as the selfish struggle for existence, should succeed in adapting themselves to the new conditions, should contrive to persist. But is it not strange that professors of political economy, supposedly familiar with the truth about the past, should be so narrow and twisted in historic and psychological perspective as to misunderstand these simple phenomena? And what must we think of them if, in support of their pessimistic and unwarranted jeremiads, they conjure the fantastic and preposterous and long-exploded myth of humanity's past Golden Age?

According to Professor Veblen, honesty is no longer the best *policy*. What an incredible misreading of the very sign-board of our time! Under the old régime of priest or soldier or prince, honesty was distinctly not the best policy. Strategy, dexterity, chicane, finesse, sophistry, cozening—these were the sure, the only ways to preferment. For, under those régimes preferment meant securing the right to live without work upon the toil of others. And, to confine ourselves to the mercantile classes, was not the successful business man he who got from prince or priest or tyrant the right to rob the people, he who got a monopoly or a license or a concession?

How is it under the new régime, the democratic, the "vulgarizing" régime of the business man? Our chief troubles come from survivals into the present of the tenacious roots of the past's methods to success, come from the persistence of

the idea that by wit and not by wisdom and justice does the truly strong man truly prevail. But slowly—and surely!—the "vulgar" régime is enforcing the laws and sanctions of "vulgar" morality. Even our robber barons demand honesty, strict honesty, among themselves in their conspiracies to monopolize to their own profit the benefits intended for all. When they violate the law of honesty, they do it in secrecy and make haste to deny their crime and to return to their allegiance to the law. Honesty is the very ground upon which a commercial civilization must rest. That our business men are, as a class, and with rare exceptions, honest, keeping their bargains, giving and receiving the value agreed upon, is proved beyond question by the fact that we as a nation prosper, that our abject poverty is almost confined to newly-arrived immigrants and to our only recently emancipated negroes.

Where a prince is armed with power arbitrarily to suspend the natural laws governing the intercourse of human beings, lies and dishonesty may, for a time, prosper; but not where the sole basis of intercourse is the voluntary belief of men in each other's integrity. And more than ninety per cent. of our business is done upon credit! Under the old order, the very laws and customs, the very morality taught by the church, was grounded upon the justice of the unjust distribution of the products of labor; under the new régime, under "business enterprise," law and custom and religion teach only value for value received.

Professor Veblen does well to criticize the misguided attempts of philanthropy and so-called charity to restore the old relations of superior and inferior. But his criticism that they are insufficient and not in keeping with the "machine civilization's" merciless demand for economic efficiency does not go far enough. They are also unnecessary, and in large measure productive of greater ills—of pau-

perism and dependence—than those they seek to mitigate. The ills are not machine-created. They are inherent in the imperfect nature of man. They will tend wholly to disappear only when the machine's "merciless" demand for efficiency is rigidly enforced. For, what is that "merciless" demand? What does the machine say to man? It says, "Work is not a curse, but a blessing. In a leisure class the only culture is of the germs of profligacy, superciliousness, snobbery and decay. All men must work, and must learn to work well. All men must serve that they may pay for service rendered. And where that order prevails, to the worker will come the full reward for his work. I, the machine, will make your burden into a blessing, your toil into labor, the noble, the dignified, the producer of civilization and self-respect. I will widen your horizon until you see that all men are brothers, brothers in the business of, by business enterprise, increasing and creating wants, and of, by business enterprise, satisfying them. I will give you ideals that are true and just—not loyalty to idle, thieving prince, not slavery to irrational superstition, not bondage to bloody soldier-tyrant, but intelligent loyalty to truth and justice and progress. I will make you master of nature and of yourself, servant of the true religion and the true morality."

Until now has been reserved the inquiry into how it happens that these critics of industrialism fall into their fatal errors. That inquiry will not long detain us. Professor Veblen naïvely gives himself and his fellow critics away. He confesses why he hates the régime of the business man, what he means when he calls the machine industry "materialistic, unmoral, undevout." "Business life," he says, on page 381, "does not further the growth of manners and breeding, pride of caste, punctilios of honor or even religious fervor." And he finds his hope for the future in militarism and imperi-

alism—which he, by the way, unjustly charges to the business men instead of to the politicians pandering to the still lively passions of man's inheritance from the past when all the world was militaristic and imperialistic. "There can be no serious question," says he, "but that a consistent return to the ancient virtues of allegiance, piety, servility, graded dignity, class prerogatives, and prescriptive authority would greatly conduce to popular content and to the facile management of affairs." Nor does he conceal under the ponderous sarcasm lurking in that statement the truth of his own fixed belief in at least a measure of those "ancient virtues." For his whole book, and the speeches and writings of practically all the critics of industrialism, show that these critics abhor the new virtues as "materialistic."

The motive in the mind of each critic is a little different from that of his fellow-critics. One wishes college professors and the like to be in control; another is for the supremacy of birth; another for the supremacy of culture, whatever that may mean. Another wants the preacher back at the helm, with mankind an open-mouthed, uncritical congregation. Each wants the particular class or condition to which he himself has the good fortune to belong, to have the chief say in affairs. But all agree in denouncing the business man who is actually in control—and will remain there. They profess to despise money, yet they hate him for his profits. They profess to prefer the intellectual and moral dividends which their own intellectual and moral enterprises declare; yet their dainty fingers twitch for the material dividends which his material enterprises naturally declare. They would deny him the gains which are the only—and, as they loudly profess, the poor enough—rewards for wasting his life upon the gross and sordid things.

The business man is in control, is there to stay, because the human animal is so

constituted that its material affairs—proper food, proper clothing, proper shelter—must always be primal. Not of the *highest* importance, but of the *first* importance. And if those material matters are well attended to—as they will be when the business instinct pervades the whole race—the spiritual matters, the growth of body and soul, must inevitably prosper. The business man, the business instinct, provides the right soil for a soul to grow in—a real soil, full of the natural and nourishing substances, not a fanciful, unsubstantial soil of false ideals, fraudulent culture and barren fiddle-faddle of closet theorizings.

For proof that the business instinct will provide the right soil we need only point to our own country as it is. In America, the great business nation of the nations, there lives a race of idealists, eighty millions earnest, dominated by the instincts for self-help and helpfulness to others, afire with the passion for improvement, for education, for knowledge of all kinds and from any and all sources. This

in America, where even the farmers, the professional men and the laborers are business men—those of them that are progressive.

The world has wandered in the swamps of vain and sentimental imaginings long enough. By all means, let us have it established on the firm ground and in the straight, upward roads of science and business. The sun shines upon those roads by day, the moon and the stars light them by night; the flowers bloom beside them—and within reach of the humblest wayfarer.

On a business basis, and primarily for a profit. For, that which does not pay materially will be found, on close examination, to be somehow wrong and rotten spiritually. This gospel will not be attractive to *poseurs* and to the lazy and the incompetent. But it is gospel.

And finally, in the cargo of merchandise, democracy and enlightenment always travel as stowaway missionaries; when the cargo is landed, they go ashore and begin to preach.

## THE BOND

*By Charlotte Becker*

YOU say he understands men's hearts,  
Sees past each mask of pride or scorn  
Into the need for sympathy—  
Know you of what his sight was born?

Of days so filled with sacrifice,  
So dowered with grief and pain and care,—  
His eyes must read in other eyes  
The fellow-knowledge written there.



## JAMES CARNACHAN—BOOKSELLER

*By J. J. Bell*

AUTHOR OF "WEE MAC GREGOR," ETC.

THE car started with a jerk, and Mr. Boynton's legs failed him. He sat down abruptly on the street and gazed after the car, with a pained and puzzled smile, till a man caught him under the arm and hoisted him to his feet.

"Hurt?" inquired the man, handing Mr. Boynton his silk hat, and leading him to the pavement.

"No, just a bit surprised," Mr. Boynton answered, recovering his breath, and donning his hat. "Many thanks, many thanks," he added.

"Welcome," said the man, and went on his way.

Mr. Boynton brushed some of the dust—fortunately the weather was dry—from his frock coat, and turned into the side street which, on leaving the car, he had been told was a short cut to the offices that were his destination. He had not proceeded far, however, ere he realized that although uninjured he was considerably shaken by his fall, and desired to rest for a few minutes. At sixty-one a man is apt to fall heavily, even if one be the reverse of stout and apparently in the best of condition, as was Mr. Boynton.

A small second-hand book-shop suggested the retreat he sought, and he entered the doorway which a more burly individual would have found difficult of passage owing to the piled up boxes of cheaply-priced and more or less damaged volumes. After the glare of the street the light in the shop seemed dim, and Mr. Boynton looked about him for a few minutes ere he perceived a short counter on which stood a desk, and behind which he distinguished the bowed head of a man, probably, he thought, the proprietor.

Mr. Boynton laid his hand on the back of a chair a little distance from the counter.

"Don't let me disturb you, and pardon my intrusion," he said, pleasantly. "May I sit here for a little while? I had a slight fall outside just now, and it has rather shaken me. I only want a seat—nothing else."

The man behind the counter—a small person, gray-haired and pale—had risen, and stood holding a book, making a place with one of his fingers. For an instant he stared at Mr. Boynton, checked an exclamation, and let his book drop. He stooped and groped for it, found it at last, and saying, "Certainly, certainly, sir; take a seat," he resumed his own, and once more bowed his head.

Mr. Boynton expressed his thanks, and feeling no particular desire for conversation, apart from the fact that the bookseller appeared to be engrossed with his own affairs, he seated himself and fixed his attention on a company prospectus which he drew from his pocket, unaware that the bookseller several times raised his eyes to gaze earnestly, if stealthily, over the desk.

In ten minutes Mr. Boynton felt himself again, and rose to take his departure.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said, turning toward the counter.

At first the bookseller appeared not to hear him. Then he raised his head as though politeness forced him to do so against his inclination.

"You're very welcome. Good-day," he said quietly, and bent over his book again.

Mr. Boynton hesitated, said "good-day" mechanically, and walked out of the shop.

On the pavement he halted, and looked up at the board above the window and door—"James Carnachan, Bookseller."

"Good heavens!" he muttered, feeling even more shaken than by his recent mishap; "to think of finding him here! Jamie Carnachan!"

He turned to reënter the shop, but abruptly changed his intention, and, hav-

mentioned, were anxious and fearful lest Mr. Boyton, whom none of them had met, should get the best of the bargain, as individuals are who want the best of the bargain for themselves, and they whispered virtuously, one with another, of his reputation for smartness and his lack of scruples, and agreed that their own nation's interest must be protected before



MR. BOYTON FIXED HIS ATTENTION ON A COMPANY PROSPECTUS

ing hailed and secured a cab, was driven to the great offices where half a score of prosperous gentlemen sat round a large table awaiting the advent of "Mr. Boyton of New York," whose signature would complete a financial deal calculated to increase still further their own prosperity and more than likely to wipe the names of a hundred or so less prosperous gentlemen from the map of commerce. The individuals round the table, it must be

everything. They need not, however, have excited themselves. Mr. Boyton arrived, drank a glass of water, and came to business, looking rather bored. The matter was carried through far more speedily than anyone had anticipated. The nation's interests were duly protected, and after Mr. Boyton's departure—he refused several luncheons on the plea of other engagements—the prosperous gentlemen congratulated one another and came to

the conclusion that he was not nearly as smart as they had feared, in that he might easily have cleared another hundred thousand pounds on the transaction.

It was some minutes after Mr. Boyton left the shop ere the bookseller raised his head. But he had not been reading. He laid down the book, and took up the morning paper, turning the pages till he found the "Commercial Notes."

"Ay, ay," he murmured presently. "It's just him. I was sure it was, though he didn't recognize me. No wonder—after nearly thirty years, and me with my gray beard. He's a great man now—a millionaire, so they say. . . . Ah! if—if my poor heart Beatrice had married him instead of me, she would have had—" He checked himself, and letting the paper slip to the floor, he dropped his head in his hands.

His shop boy, his only assistant, came in from dinner, whistling, and Carnachan rose, and with a nod to the youth went slowly up the back stair to his modest dwelling.

"Is your mistress awake?" he asked of a small but cheerful-featured maid who met him on the landing.

She replied in the affirmative, and he softly turned the handle of the door nearest him, and entered the room, smiling.

No passer-by on the street below could have dreamed that the dingy building held such a chamber. It was furnished in exquisite taste and with all regard to comfort; bright, yet full of solace; orderly, but not stiffly so. Skilfully concealed were arrangements for regulating the lighting, temperature and ventilation, and noiseless blinds controlled the sunlight to a nicety. Every most modern contrivance for the promotion of human comfort and the prevention of irritation seemed to have a place in this room or in the smaller room adjoining it, through the open door of which could be seen a little sturdy table on rubber-tired wheels,

covered with a snowy cloth, and daintily set with silver, crystal and flowers, as if awaiting the laying of a repast.

James Carnachan closed the door behind him, and crossed the room to the bed where his wife had lain for nigh ten years.

"Well, old lady," he said cheerily, taking the hand she gave him, and bending to kiss her, "you were sleeping the last time I was up."

She smiled back to him. What a lovely woman she must have been!

"Well, Jamie, seeing you come up every hour, you're bound to catch me napping now and then, aren't you? Are you ready for your dinner?" she asked, laying her finger on a bell-button convenient to her hand.

"In five minutes, Beatrice," he replied, seating himself by the bedside.

"How's business to-day?" she inquired.

"Capital!" He rubbed his hands together and looked at her with the air of a man who had just made a good bargain for himself.

"You're a wonderful man, Jamie," she said, with a sigh of contentment. "I don't know how you've kept things going so splendidly all these years, and I such a drag upon you."

"Whisht!" he murmured quickly. "There's nothing wonderful about it when a man has a good steady business and plenty of wealthy clients."

"And an endless knowledge of books."

"Well, if you like," he allowed, with a laugh. "Of course I ought to know a little by this time," he went on, "enough, at any rate, to take advantage of most buyers and sellers."

"I don't believe you've ever taken advantage of any one in all your life," she said warmly.

"Oh, haven't I? It's all you know, old lady! You've surely forgotten that little bit of business I told you about last week—the library. Eh?"

"No, I haven't forgotten. It was a

splendid profit you made, I know; but, all the same, my dear man, I don't believe you took advantage of Mr.—Mr.—"

"Carlton."

"Surely that wasn't the name. No; it was Fairley."

Her husband looked a little confused. "So it was. Funny my forgetting," he said, hurriedly. "Well, I think I'll have a bite now."

She rang the bell, remarking as she did so, "It is funny your forgetting the name of such a good client. I'm afraid you've too much to think about, Jamie. I'm a sad burden."

Carnachan regarded his wife very tenderly and reproachfully. "Please don't say that again, Beatrice."

Her lip trembled as she stretched her thin hand toward his.

There was a slight sound of dishes in the adjoining room, and presently the maid wheeled in the table.

"Now, Jamie," said Mrs. Carnachan, when the maid had gone, "I ordered a small bottle of the good claret, and you've got to take it. You've been looking rather white lately, and I'm a little tired of having *all* the luxuries myself."

Carnachan protested that he had never felt better and that he did not feel inclined for wine at the moment; also that it was creating unnecessary expense.

"You can well afford it," she returned, "so that's no excuse. Take it to please me."

"Of course I can afford it," he said cheerfully, and drew the cork forthwith.

The meal was just finished when word was brought that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Carnachan in the shop.

"Here's another thousand a year!" said the bookseller gaily, as he rose to obey the summons. "I'll be up again as soon as possible, dear." He kissed his wife and left the room briskly.

But going slowly down the stair he thought, "If it's that man from Causton Brothers, I can't possibly pay him."

At the foot of the stair he halted, and peeped cautiously into the shop. A tall, frock-coated figure, not altogether unfamiliar, was standing near the door, apparently engrossed in a box of old sermons.

Carnachan beckoned to the lad, who came to him at once.

"Who is the gentleman, Henry?"

"A Mr. Boyton. Said he wanted to see you particular, sir. Didn't mind waiting."

Carnachan's mind went back to the brief but bitter quarrel of thirty years ago that had ended only with his engagement to Beatrice and Boyton's sudden departure to the States. Before the quarrel the two young men had been as David and Jonathan.

"Bill Boyton," sighed the bookseller to himself. "I'm glad he has done so well." And he became lost in a reverie till his lad, wondering, inquired:

"Will you see the gentleman, sir?"

At that moment another person entered the shop and advanced to the counter, where he seated himself and drew from his pocket a slip of bluish paper. The bookseller winced.

"Tell Mr. Boyton," he whispered, "that—that I can't see him, but that—that—No, that's all. Just say I can't see him."

Was it shame or pride that decided his answer?

He watched Henry deliver the message, and it seemed as if the tall figure were bowed as it passed through the doorway. When he had at last got rid of his other visitor, who left with a threatening air, he asked Henry if Mr. Boyton had said anything.

"Said he was sorry—very sorry—not to have seen you, sir, as he's going back to New York soon."

"Was that all, Henry?"

"That was all, sir," said the lad.

He kept hanging about his employer, however, until the latter asked if he wanted anything.

"I—I wanted to speak to you, sir, about—about leaving."

"Ah! Go on, Henry."

"It—it's not me that wants to leave you, sir," the lad said, awkwardly; "it's father. He thinks I haven't enough to do here, and I don't get experience."

Mr. Carnachan nodded. "Things have been very quiet lately," he said somewhat apologetically, "but—well, perhaps your father is right, but—but don't leave me for a little while yet, my boy. I won't keep you long, and—you might run out and get me an evening paper."

Henry nodded, and somehow he was compelled to spend several minutes behind a book-case, before he felt fit to be seen on the street.

Carnachan was not left long to himself. A carriage stopped at his door, and soon he was greeting the occupant.

"Ah, doctor; I didn't expect to see you again to-day. Are you going up-stairs?"

"No. I was passing, and thought I would look you up for a moment. Your wife mentioned this morning that she thought I ought to prescribe you a tonic, but I didn't get the chance of telling you then."

"Oh, I'm not needing a tonic."

"Better let me give you something just to please your wife," said the doctor, smiling, but eyeing him carefully.

"Give me a hogshead, then," said Carnachan with a laugh. Then suddenly his face changed, and he led the doctor into the recess at the foot of the stairs. "Doctor," he whispered, in agonized appeal.

As though he were a father dealing with a boy in distress the doctor laid his arm round Carnachan's shoulders. "Don't—don't ask me to say it again, dear fellow," he said huskily.

"Only a few days," murmured Carnachan.

The doctor cleared his throat.

"Make them as happy for her as you have made the past years," he said

gently, "and thank God that you've been in the position to make the past years what they have been, for I tell you this, Carnachan, that of all the women I have known, your wife, with all her affliction, stands out as the very happiest."

"Do you mean that, doctor?"

"I do. I can offer you no greater comfort. I have done all I could, but it is as nothing to what you have done to keep her with you, by your loving kindness, and by the way you have surrounded her with every possible comfort and beauty and cheer. Now, I trust you to be strong. Realize that no human being, with all the world's means at his command, could have done more than you have done."

In a little while the doctor returned to his carriage, and Carnachan seated himself behind his desk and stared about him at the shelves which were stocked with volumes of little value, many of them mere rubbish. The strong-room was empty. A dozen years ago its contents had been valued at thousands of pounds. To-day business was dead. Year by year it had shrunk and withered, and now the bookseller had nothing to offer either collectors or sellers.

"Thank God it lasted long enough," he thought. "Perhaps it did help to keep her here a little longer than they said she could stay." His wife had outlived the most definite medical prophecies by nearly three years.

Henry laid the evening paper before him, and he took it with him when he went up-stairs to tell his wife of another grand stroke of business.

"But I mustn't forget the names again," he said to himself gravely. "I'll make it Hodge this time, and stick to it."

It was the last sweet lie he told her.

Two days later, as he sat by the bedside of his wife, who still lingered, a note was brought to him. It was from the lad downstairs and enclosed was a card. The note informed him that Mr. Boyton had





THE DOCTOR LAID HIS ARM ROUND CARNACHAN'S SHOULDERS

called several times, and the card was penciled on the back with, "Can I be of any assistance in any way?"

For the moment Carnachan was tempted to send back a word of friendship, but his pride flashed up.

"He has been making inquiries and has discovered my financial state. It's kind of him, but what can his money do? I don't want it. When all's said and done, I've been the gainer and he the loser in this life. I can't take his charity." And Carnachan sent down a polite message to the effect that he was much obliged, but could not see Mr. Boyton.

A week passed, and the beautiful chamber was vacant.

The bookseller sat at his desk, sheets of paper covered with titles and figures before him. He had been there for hours working patiently at a statement of his

affairs, and now he had come to the conclusion that he was solvent, but no more. His own future, however, did not concern him; he had not thought of it.

An hour ago Henry had departed, never to return, and it was probable that the shutters he had put up would not be taken down again in James Carnachan's time. His business was at an end.

The light failed, and at last the bookseller laid down his pen, and bowed his head in his arms.

"Oh, God, I'm very lonely," he whispered.

It grew dark, save for the glow from a peep of gas near the door, which the boy had lit before he left. The outer door had been shut but not locked, and the breeze had swung it partly open.

A tall figure entered the shop, and the bookseller raised his head.

Mr. Boyton approached the desk almost shyly.

"Forgive me intruding," he said nervously, "and forgive me being so persistent. May I go on?"

Carnachan bowed.

"I—I haven't come to offer help," Boyton continued. "I feel there is nothing I can do to help you at such a time. But I've come to—to *ask your* help."

"My help?" muttered the other in astonishment.

"I'm lonely," whispered Boyton.

"Lonely?"

"Yes. I've had no real friend for thirty

years, and, oh, Jamie! I haven't the memory that you have—the memory of a good woman—a good wife."

Carnachan hid his face again, and there was a long silence.

Boyton broke it. "I've been a busy man, a successful man, if you like,—and that's all. I've booked my passage for New York by to-morrow's steamer, but I wish I were done with the business there. If I had only one friend—one friend—it's the loneliness, Jamie, the loneliness—"

"Bill!" cried Carnachan in a choked voice, and stretched his hand toward his old friend.

## SPRING SONG

*By Rita Scherman*

SPRING came dancing down the glades,  
Her arms with violets laden;  
And Spring met Love, and Love was sad,  
Love vowed he'd never more be glad.  
Spring sighed,—the tender maiden!

Spring scattered violets through the glades  
And hid them in the blowing grass;  
And Love bent down and plucked a flower  
And hastened to his Lady's bower.  
Spring sang,—the happy maiden!

Spring whispered to the waiting birds  
To trill a roundelay;  
Along came Love, and Love was glad,  
He vowed he never could be sad.  
Spring laughed,—the witching maiden!

# THE TALE OF THE TANGLED TELEGRAM

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAIL TO BOYLAND," ETC.

JAMES Trottingham Minton had a cousin who lived in St. Louis. "Cousin Mary," Lucy Putnam discovered by a process of elimination, was the one topic on which the reticent Mr. Minton could become talkative. Mary was his ideal, almost. Let a girl broach the weather, he grew halt of speech; should she bring up literature, his replies were almost inane; let her seek to show that she kept abreast of the times, and talk of politics—then Jimmy seemed to harbor a great fear in his own soul. But give him the chance to make a few remarks about his cousin Mary and he approached eloquence. For this reason Lucy Putnam was wise enough to ask him something about Mary every so often.

Now, the question arises: Why should Lucy Putnam, or any other girl, take any interest in a man who was so thoroughly bashful that his trembling efforts to converse made the light quivering aspen look like a ten-ton obelisk for calmness? The reason was, and is, that woman has the same eye for babies and men. The more helpless these objects, the more interested are the women. The man who makes the highest appeal to a woman is he whose tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth and who does not know what to do with his hands in her presence. She must be a princess, he a slave. Each knows this premise is unsupported by facts, yet it is a joyous fiction while it lasts. James Trottingham Minton was not a whit bashful when with men. No. He called on Mr. Putnam at his office, and with the calmness of an agent collecting rent, asked him for the hand of his daughter.

"Why, Jimmy," Mr. Putnam said good-naturedly, "of course I haven't any

objections to make. Seems to me that's a matter to be settled between you and Lucy."

Jimmy smiled confidentially.

"I suppose you're right, Mr. Putnam. But, you see, I've never had the nerve to say anything about it to her."

"Tut, tut. Nothing to be scared of. Nothing at all. What's the matter with you, young man? In my day, if a fellow wanted to marry a girl he wouldn't go and tell her father. He'd marry her first and then ask the old man where they should live."

Mr. Putnam chuckled heavily. Mr. Putnam was possessed of a striking fund of reminiscences of how young men used to do.

"Of course, Mr. Putnam," Jimmy said. "But the girls nowadays are different, and a fel—"

"Not a bit of it. No, sir. Women haven't changed since Eve's time. You musn't get woman mixed up with dry goods stores, Jimmy. Don't you know there's lots of fellows nowadays that fall in love with the fall styles? Ha, ha!"

It was not all clear to Minton, but he laughed dutifully. His was a diplomatic errand, and the half of diplomacy is making the victim think you are in agreement with him.

"Yes, sir," Putnam chuckled on, "I'll bet that silk and ruffles and pink shades over the lamp have caused more proposals than all the dimples and bright eyes in the world. Eh, Jimmy? But you haven't proposed yet?"

"I did. You gave your consent."

"But you're not going to marry me. You want Lucy. You'll have to speak to her about it."

"Now look, Mr. Putnam, I can come to you and ask you for her, and it's the same thing."

"Not by a hundred miles, my boy. If I told Lucy you had said that, she wouldn't be at home next time you called. The trouble with you is that you don't understand women. You've got to talk direct to them."

Jimmy looked hopelessly out of the window.

"No; what you say to me and what I say to you hasn't any more to do with you and Lucy than if you were selling me a bill of goods. I like you, Jimmy, and I've watched your career so far with interest, and I look for great things from you in the future, and that's why I say to you to go ahead and get Lucy, and good luck to you both."

Mr. Putnam took up some papers from his desk and pretended to be studying them, but from the tail of his eye he gathered the gloom that was settling over Jimmy's face. The elder man enjoyed the situation.

"Well, Mr. Putnam," Jimmy asked, "why can't you just tell Lucy for me that I have asked you, and that you say it's all right? Then when I go to see her next time, it'll all be arranged and understood."

"Le' me see. Didn't I read a poem or something at school about some one who hadn't sand enough to propose to a girl and who got another man to ask her? But it wasn't her own father. Why, Jimmy, if you haven't courage enough to propose to a girl, what do you suppose will be your finish if she marries you? A married man has to have spunk."

"I've got the spunk all right, but you understand how I feel."

"Sure! Let me give you some advice. When you propose to a girl, you don't have to come right out and ask her to marry you."

Jimmy caught at the straw.

"You don't?" he asked.

"Certainly not. There's half a dozen ways of letting her know that you want her. Usually—always, I may say—she knows it anyway, and unless she wants you she'll not let you tell her so. But if I wanted a short, sharp 'No' from a girl, I'd get her father to ask her to marry me."

"Then you mean that I've got to ask her myself?"

"To be sure."

"I can't do it, Mr. Putnam; I can't."

"Write it."

"Why, I'd feel as if the postman and everybody else knew it."

"Telephone."

"Worse yet."

"Jim Minton, I'm disgusted with you. I thought you were a young man with some enterprise, but if you lose your courage over such an every-day affair as proposing to a girl—"

"But men don't propose every day."

"Somebody is proposing to somebody every day. It goes on all the time. No, sir; I wash my hands of it. I'll not withdraw my consent, and you have my moral support and encouragement, but getting married is the same as getting into trouble—you have to handle your own case."

"But, Mr. Putnam—"

"You'll only go over the same ground again. Good morning. I don't want to hear any more of this until it is settled one way or the other. I'll not help and I'll not hinder. It—It's up to you."

With this colloquial farewell Mr. Putnam waved his hand and turned to his papers. Jimmy accumulated his hat and stick, and left, barren of hope.

That night he took Lucy to see "*Romeo and Juliet*." The confidence and enthusiasm of *Romeo* merely threw him into a deeper despair of his own ability as a suitor, and made him even more taciturn and stumbling of speech than ever. His silence grew heavier and heavier, until at

last Lucy threw out her never-failing life-line. She asked him about his cousin Mary.

"By the way," he said, brightening up, "Cousin Mary is going through here one day next week."

"Is she? How I should like to know her. If she is anything like you she must be very agreeable."

"She isn't like me, but she is agreeable. Won't you let me try to bring you two together—at lunch down-town, or something like that?"

"It would be fine."

"I'll do it. I'll arrange it just as soon as I see her."

Then silence, pall-like, fell again upon them. Jimmy thought of *Romeo*, and Lucy thought of—*Romeo*, let us say. When a young man and a young woman, who are the least bit inclined one to another, witness Shakespeare's great educative effort, the young woman can not help imagining herself leaning over the balcony watching the attempts of the young man to clamber up the rope ladder.

After he had gone that night, Lucy sat down for a soul communion with herself. Pity the woman who does not have soul communions. She who can sit side by side with herself and make herself believe that she is perfectly right and proper in thinking and believing as she does, is happy. The first question Lucy Putnam put to her subliminal self was: "Do I love Jimmy?" Subliminal self, true to sex, equivocated. It said: "I am not sure." Whereupon Lucy asked: "Why do I love him?" Then ensued the debate. Subliminal self said it was because he was a clean, good-hearted, manly fellow. Lucy responded that he was too bashful. "He is handsome," retorted subliminal self. "But there are times when he grows so abashed that he is awkward." Subliminal self said he would outgrow that. "But there are other men who are just as nice, just as handsome, and just as clever, who are not so overwhelmingly shy," argued Lucy.

Whereat subliminal self drew itself up proudly and demanded: "Name one!" And Lucy was like the person who can remember faces, but has no memory at all for names.

## II

Cousin Mary came to town as she had promised, and she made Cousin Jimmy drop his work and follow her through the shops half the morning. Cousin Mary was all that Cousin Jimmy had ever said of her. She was pretty and she was genial. When these attributes are combined in a cousin they invite confidences.

The two were standing on a corner, waiting for a swirl of foot passengers, carriages and street-cars to be untangled, when Mary heard Jimmy making some remark about "Miss Putnam."

"So, she's the one, is she, Jimmy?"

"Well—er—I—I don't know. You see—"

"Certainly I see. Who wouldn't? Is she pretty, Jimmy?"

Jimmy saw a pathway through the crowd and led his cousin to the farther curb before answering:

"Yes, she is very pretty."

"Tell me all about her. How long have you known her? How did you meet her? Is she tall or short? Is she dark or fair? Is she musical? Oh, I am just dying to know all about her!"

All the way down State Street Jimmy talked. All the way down State Street he was urged on and aided and abetted by the questions and comments of Cousin Mary, and when they had buffeted their way over Jackson to Michigan Avenue and found breathing room, she turned to him and asked pointedly:

"When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"The wedding."

"Whose wedding?" Jimmy's tone was utterly innocent.

"Whose? Yours and Lucy's, to be sure."



"Mine and Lucy's? Why? Mary, I've never asked her yet."

"You've never asked her! Do you mean to tell me that when you can talk about her for seven or eight blocks, as you have, you have not even asked her to marry you? Why, James Trottingham Minton, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Where does this paragon of women live? Take me to see her. I want to apologize for you."

"Won't it be better to get her to come in and lunch with us? She lives so far out you'd miss your train east this afternoon."

"The very thing. Would she come?"

"Why, yes. I asked her the other night and she said she would."

"Then, why have you waited so long to tell me. Where are we to meet her?"

"Well, I didn't know for sure what day you would be here, so I didn't make any definite arrangement. I'm to let her know."

"Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy! You need a guardian, and not a guardian angel, either. You need the other sort. You deserve hours of punishment for your thoughtlessness. Now go right away and send her word that I am here and dying to meet her."

"All right. We'll have lunch here at the Annex. You'll excuse me just a moment, and I'll send her a telegram and ask her to come in."

"Yes, but hurry. You should have told her yesterday. When will you ever learn how to be nice to a girl?"

Jimmy, feeling somehow that he had been guilty of a breach of courtesy that should fill him with remorse, hastened to the telegraph desk and scribbled a message to Lucy. It read:

"Please meet me and Mary at Annex at 2 o'clock."

"Rush that," he said to the operator.

The operator glanced over the message and grinned.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "This sort of

a message always goes rush. Wish you luck, sir."

The operator has not yet completely gathered the reason for the reproving stare Jimmy gave him. In part it has been explained to him. But, as Jimmy has said since, the man deserved censure for drawing an erroneous conclusion from another's mistake.

It was then noon, so Jimmy and Mary, at Mary's suggestion, got an appetite by making another tour of the shops. In the meantime a snail-paced messenger boy was climbing the Putnam steps with the telegram in his hand.

### III

Lucy took the telegram from the boy and told him to wait until she saw if there should be an answer. She tore off the envelope, unfolded the yellow slip of paper, read the message, gasped, blushed and turned and left the patient boy on the steps.

Into the house she rushed, calling to her mother. She thrust the telegram into her hands, exclaiming:

"Read that! Isn't it what we might have expected?"

"Mercy! What is it? Who's dead?"

"Nobody! It's better than that," was Lucy's astonishing reply.

Mrs. Putnam read the telegram, and then beamingly drew her daughter to her and kissed her. The two then wrote a message, after much counting of words, to be sent to Jimmy. It read:

"Of course. Mama will come with me. Telephone to papa."

When this reached Jimmy he was non-plused. He rubbed his forehead, studied the message, reread it, and then handed it to Mary with the suggestion:

"Maybe you can make it out. I can't."

Mary knitted her brows and studied the message in turn. At length she handed it back.

"It is simple," she decided. "She is a nice, sweet girl, and she wants me to meet

her mama and papa. Or maybe she wants us to be chaperoned."

So Jimmy and Mary waited in the hotel parlor until Lucy should arrive. Reminded by Mary, Jimmy went to the 'phone and told Mr. Putnam that Lucy was coming to lunch with him.

"Well, that's all right, isn't it, Jimmy?" Mr. Putnam asked.

"Yes. But she told me to telephone you."

"Why?"

"I don't know. But won't you join us?"

"Is that other matter arranged, Jimmy?"

"N-no. Not yet."

"I told you I didn't want to see you until it was. As soon as you wake up, let me know. Good-by."

Jimmy, red, returned to the parlor, and there was confronted by a vision of white, with shining eyes and pink cheeks, who rushed up to him and kissed him and called him a dear old thing and said he was the cleverest, most unconventional man that ever was.

Limp, astounded, but delighted, James Trottingham Minton drew back a pace from Lucy Putnam, who, in her dainty white dress and her white hat and filmy white veil, was a delectable sight.

"I want you to meet Cousin Mary," he said.

"Is she to attend?"

"Of course," he answered.

They walked toward the end of the long parlor where Mary was sitting, but half way down the room they were stopped by Mrs. Putnam. She put both hands on Jimmy's shoulders, gave him a motherly kiss on one cheek, and sighed:

"Jimmy, you will be kind to my little girl?"

Jimmy looked from mother to daughter in dumb bewilderment. Certainly this was the most remarkable conduct he ever had dreamed of. Yet, Mrs. Putnam's smile was so affectionate and kind, her

eyes met his with such a tender look that he intuitively felt that all was right as right should be. And yet—why should they act as they did?

Into the midst of his reflections burst Lucy's chum, Alice Jordan.

"I've a notion to kiss him, too!" she cried.

Jimmy stonily held himself in readiness to be kissed. If kissing went by favor he was pre-eminently a favored one. But Lucy clutched his arm with a pretty air of ownership and forbade Alice.

"Indeed, you will not. It wouldn't be good form now. After—afterward, you may. Just once. Isn't that right, Jimmy?"

"Perfectly," he replied, his mind still whirling in an effort to adjust actualities to his conception of what realities should be.

The four had formed a little group to themselves in the center of the parlor, Lucy clinging to Jimmy's arm, Mrs. Putnam eying them both with a happy expression, and Alice fluttering from one to the other, assuring them that they were the handsomest couple she ever had seen, that they ought to be proud of each other, and that Mrs. Putnam ought to be proud of them, and that she was sure nobody in all the world ever, ever could be as sublimely, beatifically happy as they would be, and that they must be sure to let her come to visit them.

"And," she cried, admiringly, stopping to pat Jimmy on his unclutched arm, "I just think your idea of proposing by telegraph was the brightest thing I ever heard of!"

It is to be written to the everlasting credit of James Trottingham Minton that he restrained himself from uttering the obvious remark on hearing this. Two words from him would have wrecked the house of cards. Instead, he blushed and smiled modestly. Slowly it was filtering into his brain that by some unusual, unexpected, unprecedented freak of fortune

his difficulties had been overcome; that some way or other he had proposed and had been accepted.

"I shall always cherish that telegram," Lucy declared, leaning more affectionately toward Jimmy. "If that grimy-faced messenger boy had not gone away so quickly with my answer I should have kissed him!"

"I've got the telegram here, dear," said Mrs. Putnam.

"Oh, let's see it again," Alice begged. "I always wanted to hear a proposal, but it is some satisfaction to see one."

Mrs. Putnam opened her hand satchel, took out the telegram, unfolded it slowly, and they all looked at it, Jimmy gulping down a great choke of joy as he read:

"Please meet me and marry at Annex at two o'clock."

His bashfulness fell from him as a garment. He took the message, saying he would keep it, so that it might not be lost. Then he piloted the two girls and Mrs. Putnam to the spot where Mary had been waiting patiently and wonderingly.

"Mary," he said boldly, without a tremor in his voice, "I want you to meet the future Mrs. Minton, and my future mother-in-law, Mrs. Putnam, and my future—what are you to me, anyhow, Alice?"

"I'm a combination flower girl, maid of honor and sixteen bridesmaids chanting the wedding march," she laughed.

"And when," Mary gasped, "when is this to be?"

"At two o'clock," Lucy answered.

"Oh, Jimmy! You wretch! You never told me a word about it. But never mind. I bought the very thing for a wedding gift this morning."

Jimmy tore himself away from the excited laughter and chatter, ran to the telephone and got Mr. Putnam on the wire.

"This is Minton," he said.

"Who? Oh! Jimmy? Well?"

"Well, I've fixed that up."

"Good. And when is it to be?"

"Right away. Here at the Annex. I want you to go and get the license for me on your way over."

"Come, come, Jimmy. Don't be in such precipitate haste."

"You told me that was the only way to arrange these matters."

"Humph! Did I? Well, I'll get the license for you—"

"Good-by, then. I've got to telephone for a minister."

The minister was impressed at once with the value of haste in coming, and on his way back to the wedding party Jimmy stopped long enough to hand a five-dollar bill to the telegraph operator.

"Thank you, sir," said the astonished man. "I have been worrying for fear I had made a mistake about your message."

"You did. You made the greatest mistake of your life. Thank you!"

# EASTER

**V**OICE of Mankind, sing  
 over land and sea—  
 Sing, in this glorious morn!  
 The long, long night is gone  
 from Calvary—  
 The cross, the thong and thorn;  
 The sealed tomb yields up its saintly  
 guest,  
 No longer to be burdened and oppressed.

**H**EART of Mankind, thrill ans-  
 wer to His own,  
 So human, yet divine!  
 For earthly love He left His heav-  
 enly throne—  
 For love like thine and mine—  
 For love of us, as one might kiss a bride,  
 His lifted lips touched death's, all satis-  
 fied.

**S**OUL of Mankind, He wakes—  
 He lives once more!  
 O soul, with heart and voice  
 Sing! sing!—the stone rolls chor-  
 us from the door—  
 Our Lord stands forth.—Rejoice!  
 Rejoice O garden-land of song and  
 flowers;  
 Our King returns to us, forever ours!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

RALPH FLETCHER ILLUSTRATIONS

1700



# BOBBY'S RETURN

## A STORY IN TWO PARTS

*By Gouverneur Morris*

AUTHOR OF "TOM BOWLING," "ELLEN AND MR. MAN," ETC.

### PART TWO

A LITTLE girl stood on the veranda of a long one-story house out of whose chimneys smoke poured. The house stood on a knoll among ancient red oaks whose naked tops were bunched here and there with piercingly green mistletoe. The knoll was almost in the center of a thirty-thousand-acre tract of pine woods, swamps, cotton fields and broom straw. The little girl wore a three-cornered felt hat (something like Napoleon's) with a cockade in front. She had a tan-colored coat skirted to the knees, riding breeches like a man's, and brown hunting boots, lacing below the knee and over the instep. She had three violets in her buttonhole, a beautiful little twenty-gauge gun by Purdy (at his best) tucked under her arm, and, like the lady in the song, "her golden hair was hanging down her back." Her hair, to be exact, was not exactly golden, it was too dark, and I incline to the opinion that it was spun out of brown silk and sun. The little girl's eyes led you to believe that she numbered sea captains among her ancestors, they were so great and blue and resolute. There was something of the bold Atlantic in them. Her mouth would have been beautiful if she had not been, ever so slightly (I hate to use the expression, but there is no way out of it) whopper-jawed. She had a short, straight nose, with a few freckles across the bridge, and her cheeks were like the sunny side of a peach. You couldn't see her hands because they were riding-gloved, but they were square, able little hands, with straight fingers.

In the west faint stars lingered, but the east was graying.

Presently an aged white-haired negro came round the corner of the house riding an aged white horse and leading two amiable shaggy ponies. And, at the same moment, a small boy in tan hunting things came out of the house on tiptoe, approached the little girl silently and cried boo so loudly that she squealed, and, turning, smote him over the ear. The aged negro tilted his head slowly backward, opening his mouth gradually wider and wider till it suggested a cave with white stalactites at the entrance, and brought it forward with a great *waha* of laughter that set the mistletoe shaking in the tops of the oaks, and drove the last lingering star clear out of the sky. The little girl and the small boy scrambled on to their ponies, and, followed by the aged negro, loped off down the trail that led into the deep woods. They rode over springy pine needles through which showed gashes of red clay, stopped at a delicious black spring to drink, skirted the edge of a leaky swamp, and finally dismounted near a clump of wild plum bushes, black, bare and staring. Here they fixed their mounts to swinging limbs, and proceeded on foot to the top of a piny hill, where a large hole with pine boughs banked about the edges had been dug over night. The little girl and the small boy squatted on a board in the bottom of the hole and the aged negro squatted behind them. It seems that the afternoon before a dog named Ban, hunt-

ing for himself, had scattered a large flock of wild turkeys, and had reported the fact to the small boy's grandfather. The small boy's grandfather had ridden out with the aged negro to look over the lay of the land, and had caused the hole to be dug, so that in the early morning one having the science might squat in the hole, and, yelping upon a yelper, call the scattered flock together to their immediate pleasure and ultimate confusion.

The aged negro now took his yelper from a little steer-hide bag that swung by a thong from his black neck. The mouth-piece of the yelper was the hollow wing-bone of a turkey, done to death by moonlight; this fitted into a three-inch piece of reed, cut at midnight on the bank of a stream that divided a burying ground in two; this in turn slipped into a bell-mouthed tube of wood that had been cut from a splinter of a thunder-blasted Georgia pine. In the bag containing the yelper was also the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit; but that, as the little girl and the small boy knew, had nothing to do with turkey calling, and was merely a "prusposteros" piece of superstition.

The aged negro bowled his hands over the bell-mouthed end of the instrument and slipped the turkey-bone end between his thick lips. Then being satisfied that all was in readiness, he took it out and spoke caution against levity and noise-making.

"Honey," he said to the little girl, "the fus' noise you gwine make gwine sen' Cunnel Turkey 'bout his business."

Then he put the yelper back in his mouth.

*Trrrrrr—ut!*

After an interval he spoke again in the voice of a hen turkey that was not precisely sure of her exact whereabouts.

*Trrrrrr—uuu—ut!*

Then he repeated the nervous cry of the uncertain hen. And after an artistic

pause described the rapturous meeting of the uncertain hen, and the fortunate gobbler that found her.

Trut— Trut— Trut— Trrrrrr— uuu—Trut—Tru.

It looks rather ridiculous written down, and of course doesn't come anywhere near making the right noises; but I am giving a truthful account of what that aged negro represented with his yelper. The small boy understood every word he said, and the small boy was 'no turkey. Also the little girl understood, as was made clear at the post-mortem consultation. It was better than Wagner, for when he says things on his violins and horns and harps and trumpets and drums you have to be told what they mean, while the aged negro spoke casually and articulately as one turkey to another.

Presently from far off we heard an answering yelp. It was the bilious morning scold of the gobbler that had slept single. Then was silence.

Jordan, for that was the negro's name, and he was so near the grave that he had but one more wide river to cross, broke it. He said by means of his yelper:

"I am sorry you are cross, but here am I, one of the sleekest hens you ever saw, a-waiting for a partner."

The gobbler answered back.

"You come here then, you sound pretty sprightly, whereas I've been running up and down all night in fear of my life, and I'm sick and tired."

Quoth the hen:

"You're a monstrous poor fowl if you don't set out for here as tight as you can go and take the gifts the gods provide."

"No, you come to me."

"Oh, you think so? Well, I don't. You're not the only turkey in the woods."

"Hold on then, I'm coming."

Then silence.

Then the hen.

"Hurry up, you old fool."

And the gobbler.

"Hold on—I'm coming."

Now could be heard the tlat-tlat of his great feet as he ran. Suddenly he stopped.

"O hen!"

"Here I am."

"I'm getting nervous—are you alone?"

"Yes—silly."

"Because I've got into my head that there's a man with a bang-bang hiding near you."

The hen laughed and taunted him with a quotation from a famous poet. She cried:

"None but the brave—none but the brave—none but the brave deserve the fair."

"Hell and damnation!" cried the valiant gobbler, and putting down his head he ran straight for her. As he came out of the woods other turkeys that had come up in silence appeared suddenly from every direction. Then spoke the bang-bangs, and their echoes came back from a cliff of the red and yellow clay that the woods hid. Smoke drifted among the lower branches of the trees and then was silence. It was broken by the dissipated old gobbler, who flopped over and over as he died. The others had vanished away like spirits of turkeys into the deep woods.

The little girl and the small boy gathered up the great gobbler who was so heavy that it was difficult, and wondered at his shining bulk and the great inches of his beard.

Then the sun rose and the wood brimmed into light, birds commenced singing, and the little girl and the small boy rode home to breakfast and woke many pleasant echoes in the wood.

"Do you think I came anywhere near him, Neddie?"

"You got him, Edith, because I know my gun wasn't pointed at anything. But don't tell grandpa, because he'll laugh at me."

"I know I missed him, Neddie, because I saw where the shot hit a tree."



A LITTLE GIRL STOOD ON THE VERANDA

"That doesn't prove anything."

"It does."

"It doesn't."

"Maybe he died of surprise."

"Let's pretend we both got him."

"Yes. And that we really truly aimed."

## VII

They came to stay ten days and they stayed a month. There was a hunt of some kind every day that the weather permitted, always fresh ponies to ride, and the most delicious things to eat. We had wonderful fat-wood fires all the time, though it was not very cold, and we got tanned by the sun, wet by the rain, blown on by the wind, and we became fat and happy. In the evenings we learned to play cards (that is, Edith and I did—our elders and betters were pastmasters of most games), or read books aloud, or told stories by firelight. Sometimes, when the weather was uncertain, we shot at clay pigeons, or practised shooting with revolvers and rifles. We had little paper-chases, pursued rabbits, taught the dogs and ponies tricks, and got on splendidly.

It was a twenty-mile drive to the railway, and I shall not soon forget the dismal morning the trunks were put into the buckboard and Fred and Edith went away. The roads were too evil for anything but trunks and niggers to go to the station by buckboard, and the four of us prepared to mount our ponies for the last ride together. Naturally, Edith and I scurried on ahead. It was a sharp, frosty morning, and over the trees gray clouds raced, for the wind was blowing hard. Edith was more of a child than when she came. She had dropped her society manners a little, and allowed herself to be very enthusiastic about everything she did. We were still bent on marrying each other, and as we rode I thought that happiness at her nearness and grief at the nearness of her departure would consume me.

We were walking our ponies gingerly down a steep place, when quite abruptly, for she had never spoken of her other brother before, she said, over her shoulder (I was a little behind):

"You remind me so of Bobby."

"Do I?" I said. "You've never told me about him."

"He was my other brother, you know," she said.

"Yes, I know," I said, "because Fred let me have some of his clothes to wear."

"He was just your age," she said.

"He—died—didn't he?" I said as gently as I could.

She tickled her pony's ears with her crop.

"Papa," she said, "thinks that he is dead, but mamma doesn't. Sometimes I think he is, and sometimes I think he isn't."

"How do you mean? Don't you know?"

"No," she said, "he was going away to boarding school to St. Mark's, and one day he went out of the house, and when it was time for him to come back he didn't come, and we waited a long time and he didn't come, and he never did come."

"Was it long ago?" I said.

"Only a year, and goodness only knows what happened. Papa asked the police to find out, but of course they were a lot of stupid and couldn't, and finally we just had to give it up. Mamma tries to keep his room just as it was when he lived in it, so's when he comes back he'll know just where to find things."

"It's awful, isn't it?" I said.

"But I don't see how anything could have happened to him," she said, "because even if he was little, he was awfully strong for his age and good at things."

"Perhaps he'll come back," I said.

"Maybe," she said wistfully, "he will, because we miss him so."

At this point we came to the bottom of the steep place, and a deer trotted into the middle of the road, looked at us, and

trotted off into the woods. We almost forgot about Bobby, and just as we were by way of resuming the conversation, we put up a covey of quail, and after that came across a wicked and black old shoat whom we at once pursued with clarion yells.

"What's that off there, Ned? It looks like a roof."

"That's the station."

It was across a shallow valley from us. We rode in silence for some time.

"Edith."

"What?"

"Let's say good-by before the others come up." My voice sounded husky to me.

She bridled her pony close to mine. The struggling sun had succeeded for a moment in getting a look through the clouds, and we saw a single shadow riding the shadows of two ponies.

"Have you had a good time, Edith?"

"The best ever—"

"Wait—don't go."

"All right," she stayed as she was.

"I can't get along with you gone away, Edith."

"Why not?"

"Because I love you so all the time except when I'm asleep, and I think if you ever forget me I'll die."

"What makes you think I'm going to forget you, silly?"

"I don't know, but I'm scared you will."

"But if I promise?"

"Then I won't be scared any more, because you never tell lies."

"Mebbe you don't know, Neddie, because sometimes I do, but I won't this time. Listen—I promise that I'll never—never—never forget you, and I'll always be true."

"And I promise you, Edith, that I'll never—never forget you, and I'll always be true, too."

Then we crossed our hearts.

"Look back and see if they're coming."

I looked back as well as I was able.

"They are not."

"Then good-by, Neddie."

She turned a little more in the saddle and threw both her blessed arms round my neck and kissed me hard on the mouth.

"Good-by—darling!" I choked out.

After that she managed her pony away from mine, and skirmish as I would, I was not able, and would not have been without going to extremes, to get strategically near *enough*—although God knows I wanted to.

\* \* \* \* \*

A handkerchief waved from the rear platform of a car. Dust poured backward from the wheels and smoke from the locomotive blackened the sky. The rumbling of the train grew less, and after a long time I saw, through blurring eyes, only two long shining metals that met on the distant horizon at a point above which lingered a little black smoke.

"Shall we go home now?" said my grandfather gently.

## VIII

As we mounted to ride home a few drops of rain fell and lay like pellets of lead in the thick dust. But they fell from the tail end of the clouds, for the heavens cleared, the wind went down and the sun shone pleasantly.

"Fred and I had a long talk about you this morning," said my grandfather. "He is anxious for me to send you to Yale College in New Haven. But I have known a great many very fine gentlemen to be graduated from the University of Virginia. What do you, yourself, think?"

"Where did you go, gran'pa?"

"I was very unruly as a young man," said he, "and to my everlasting regret, I did not attend college for more than a term."

"Why—if you wanted to?"

"It was on account of your grandmother," said he. "A rule of the college,



which I chose to disregard, forbade the undergraduates to marry without an especial dispensation from the president and fellows. They did not see fit to accord me this dispensation, and so I married and suffered expulsion."

"Were you sorry afterward?"

"I have always been sorry not to be a college man," said my grandfather, "but I have never been sorry that I married your grandmother."

"What was grandmamma like?" I asked.

"She was a Calvert," said he.

I waited in the hope that he would be a little more explicit; but apparently he thought that all had been said, for when he next spoke it was about universities.

"You have not told me," he said, "which college you would like to attend."

"The University of Virginia or Yale?" I asked.

"I do not wish to limit your choice," he said. "I understand that there are two other colleges of standing in the United States—Harvard and Princeton."

"What are they like?"

"Princeton," said my grandfather, "is in New Jersey, and Harvard is in New England."

That seemed to settle that.

"But isn't Yale in New England?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "but it is hallowed by the memories of many gallant gentlemen who parted from one another in sorrow, and met upon the field of battle."

"Didn't any Southerners go to Harvard?"

"I have never had the leisure to peruse their catalogues," said my grandfather.\*

"And you didn't really go anywhere, and Fred went to Yale. I think," said I, hoping that it would ingratiate me with Edith, "that I would like to go to Yale."

"We will," said my grandfather, "pursue our studies with that end in view."

\*I learned afterward that my grandfather had suffered in a horse deal with a graduate of Harvard, hence the prejudice.—E. H.

## IX

Peter and I sat opposite each other at a little, round mahogany table upon which were carved hundreds of names and various students their devices. Peter held in his right hand, and rested upon his left (so that it might not touch the table till empty, for that was the law), a four handled silver cup upon which were engraved the names of those entitled to drink out of it. The last names engraved on the cup were Peter's and mine. The cup—it was nearly empty—had been nearly filled with a mixture of ale and champagne, known as "velvet." For we had taken our last examination and there was nothing between us and the wide world but a boat race.

The name, Frederick Brown, very neatly carved, looked up at me from the table (I always made it a point to sit on that side), and above it was carved the last verse that he had composed as an undergraduate. It ran like this:

### TO ALMA MATER

The wide world lies divinely spread  
Before us—fair with fruits and flowers  
And harvest to be garnered  
At length by us, for us, and ours.  
Dear mother, bless us in our labors  
And help us to surpass our neighbors.

Fred had made a neat prophecy about himself, for with the years many laurels had come to him, and he belonged to literature. But I could never look at those lines without wondering how the world had treated all the other poor devils that he had meant to include in that optimistic farewell to his dear mother Yale. And I could not help wondering, and speaking to Peter about it, what the devil was to become of me. It was only eleven o'clock in the morning (quiet, sunny, leafy and still without), and the "velvet" made for confidence and free speech. I had gone through college, as many another man does, without overmuch study, consider-



"O WHY DO I DRINK TO HIM, BOYS? WHY?"

able to drink and a perfectly splendid time, generally. So had Peter. We had roomed together, and at graduation liked each other better than at entering, and that was worth much fine gold. But we had been a very footless pair of cubs. We had done nothing toward winning laurels for ourselves or our university, we had neither played on teams nor managed them, nor had we contributed to undergraduate literature, or endured an unusual degree of popularity. We had, to be sure, plenty of friends, which is better, and we had received elections to the senior society that we preferred, and we were probably envied by a good many people that hadn't. And there it ended. We were face to face with our first lesson

in neglected opportunities. And we were face to face with the career of Peter's little brother Charles, now a sophomore, who stood third in his class, played on the football team, was going to be elected an editor of the *Daily News*, and had never touched tobacco or liquor in his life.

In the outside world I have seen a few changes. I live nominally with my grandfather, but have spent a great deal of my time, and of his money, in running about the country and amusing myself. I have sometimes pretended to be sick so that I might go to New York or Newport, according to the season, and visit the Browns. I have learned to lie exquisitely by word of mouth or on paper,

and I have not always been honest in my examinations. It is the same with Peter, only when he pretends to be sick he goes to stay with a family who have a daughter named Evelyn. He has her picture on his bureau, and I have Edith's on mine. We are both very fond of clothes and cards. Sometimes I have had fits of penitence and told my grandfather what a wretch I am, but he has only laughed. And Peter says that it's the same with his father. When I go home, my grandfather gathers his old friends about him and we drink raw whisky together, and nothing is too good for me, and he is very proud of me, and says that I take after him, "Thank God, sir." He is aging very rapidly, but is as keen as ever after sport, and still swings his trusty weapons with unswerving aim. Ban, somewhat set in his ways, very gray, and too old to hunt (although he always goes along as a friend), still lives and goes regularly after the mail. Jordan, the old turkey hunter, has crossed the wide river, and my grandfather has let go some of his Georgia estate, and although we retain a large slice, it is beginning to be a famous resort for smart northerners who have time and money. Indeed, I sometimes go and stop with some people who have built a cottage on the very hill where Edith and I shot the old gobbler. I do not think that my grandfather wished to part with his preserve, and only did so in order that I might have plenty of money to spend.

One whole summer I spent with Ellen and Claude in Canada, and I have been up twice for Christmas. They have a number of beautiful children whom dear old Monsieur Carrière tutors. He lives with them, of course, and takes the place of a grandfather and the seat of honor at the fireside. Claude makes more chocolate than ever and is the most extravagant man I ever knew, and, without exception, the most affectionate. Ellen, too, has considerable imagination about

spending money, and is as beautiful as ever, only slightly more so. I would rather visit them than anybody else I know except the Browns. And it's the same with Peter, only his exception is the family that has a daughter named Evelyn.

All this and more we have taken up and laid aside under the beguiling seduction of the "velvet."

As for Edith! Well, it's not always an agreeable confession, but it's quite true. There have been times, when I have not seen her for months, when I have found myself thinking of other things. When I am near Edith, I don't think of anything but Edith, and when I say good-night and go to bed I don't sleep. And when I go away, I think of nobody and nothing else, and sometimes that lasts a number of days and I get very blue. Weeks pass, and although I know that I love her best, I sometimes sit up and take notice of other girls. There was in particular a little Miss Trotter at one time, who caught me in one of these moments and made me make love to her for a whole month, until I got to following her round like a puppy dog. It was a kind of temporary madness, I suppose. But she was very seductive, and magnetic. To my lasting regret I made a tentative proposal of marriage and was accepted. I even thought of Edith coldly and wondered what I had ever seen in her—not that she wasn't nice and good-looking and all that. I went back to New Haven, thinking of nothing but little Miss Trotter and blessing my lucky stars. On the table in our study I found a letter from Edith looking up at me in mute reproach. My flickering affections steadied, and as I read I kissed the letter, and cursed myself for what I had been and gone and done, and for lesser acts of unfaith. Then I took a certain swinish comfort in the fact that I had proposed to little Miss Trotter after drinking four dry Martini

cocktails with olives in them and dining unusually well. I attributed my detestable conduct to the power of the grape. Then I sat down and wrote a letter to little Miss Trotter, telling her that I was a cur, and that I had been carried away by her undoubted charm and that I had not meant what I said. I set up a cross of jumbled phrases each beginning with *and*, and crucified my pride upon it. Little Miss Trotter wrote back that she had only promised to marry me to keep me quiet, and that she had never had the slightest intention of doing so. That, of course, was deliciously satisfactory, and I revenged myself privately by hoping that she was not telling the truth.

I had other affairs, but that was the most muckerish. Directly I could go to Edith, I was safe. What I felt for other roses in the garden of life had sometimes a tinge of sincerity, but the moment I saw Edith even in the distance, or got a letter from her, or felt melancholy, I knew that what I felt for her was, to use the telling slang, the real thing.

All this and more we talked of over the "velvet," and persuaded ourselves that we were a silly pair of fools and that it was high time to begin life over again. Upon the walls of the little room in which we sat were pictures of crews, football teams, baseball teams, track athletes and heroes in general. They did not stand so much for victories over other colleges, as for an ever present object lesson, in strong bodies, courageous hearts, and sturdy patience. Some of these men in the pictures had gone out into the world and fought their way to distinction, some had been cursed by hard luck, some had gone to seed and some had perished miserably. The same could be said of men who, like ourselves, had been footless in college and had gone into the world armed with no better weapon than the chance of turning a new leaf and beginning over again. Some had gone high, some had swung low, and the great majority had never been heard of.

Peter had a date with a man in Vanderbilt, and presently he left me alone with the cup. It was empty, and the law allowed me to set it down on the table. I called for a cigar and sat smoking. After a time I moved away from the center table to a smaller one in the corner, because then I could lean my chair back against the wall and be more comfortable.

Two under-classmen came in and ordered drinks, drank them and went out. I heard the clock strike twelve. I think I closed my eyes for an instant. When I opened them a big sailor was occupying my place at the center table and poring over the initials. He had a glass of ale beside him, and I watched him with a lazy interest, because there was something in his round head and straight round throat that reminded me of Fred Brown. Also his hands were those of a gentleman, though very big and rough and tanned. Presently he rose and began to examine the pictures on the wall, but he only lingered in front of one. It was the picture of the crew upon which Fred Brown had rowed stroke. Instantly I became wide awake, and looked at the big sailor more attentively. The more I looked at him the more he reminded me of Brown. "If I go away," I thought, "without speaking to him, I may be haunted."

"Have a drink?" I said.

He turned slowly, and a broad smile spread over his face.

"Don't mind if I do," he said.

"What will you have? Waiter—"

My acquaintance walked to the center table and lifted the silver cup in his big, beautiful hand.

"This," he said, and some familiar ring in his voice sent a kind of shiver down my spine.

"More 'velvet,'" I said to the waiter.

We faced each other across the center table.

"You mustn't let it touch the table," I said, "till it's empty."

"I know—I know," said he. "Here's looking at you."

He took a mighty drink.

I drank and rested the cup on my left hand.

"How did you know?" I said.

"It was born in me to know," said he.

"Let me see your hand," I said.

He held it out.

"No. Palm up."

He turned it as I asked.

"You've had relatives at Yale," I said.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"It was born in me," I said. "You had a brother."

"Yes. And uncles and a grandfather."

"Their names are on this table," I said.

"Are they?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"Pass the cup," said he.

"Your brother's name," said I, "is under my hand. I saw you reading what he had carved. When I spoke to you just now you were looking at his picture. You've come back, Bobby Brown," I said.

He drank deep out of the cup.

"Is all that in my hand?" he said.

"It's in your face, man, in the tones of your voice, in the shape of your hands, and it speaks out from the tears that you can hardly keep back," I said. "You're Bobby Brown, and you've come back."

He looked slowly about the room, taking in everything, and then his blue eyes rested on me.

"I might have had all this," he said.

"But you've come back," I said.

He bit his lip.

"No," he said, "I've not come back.

I've sneaked in to have a look. Oh, you needn't think this is the first time I've been here. You needn't think that I haven't slunk up in the shadows and heard the fellows singing on the fence. You needn't think that I haven't stood across the street from Keys and seen the fellows come out, in the night, and stand on the steps and sing the 'Troubadour.' I know every public place in New Haven where my brother's picture hangs, and I know every place in New Haven where my picture ought to hang."

"What happened to you, anyway?" I said.

"I went to sea."

"Why?"

"For no reason."

"There must have been a reason."

"Because I couldn't help it, then."

"Your mother fears you are dead," said I. "But she keeps your room just as you left it, so that when you come back you will know where to find things."

"Does she do that?" he asked. "How do you know my people so well?"

"Because," I said, "they are my best friends and I am going to marry your sister."

"You are?" he said. "What's your name?"

"Edward Holinshed," said I.

"Holinshed—" he said; "I used to know the beautiful Ellen Holinshed when I was a kid. Fred was sweet on her."

"She's my aunt," I said. "But, Bobby," I said, "I'm going to Newport before the race, and you're going with me. I'm going to take you back to your people."

"That's over," he said; "I've made my bed and I will lie in it."

"That's nonsense. I want to know why you made such a bed for yourself."

"Because I had the call on me of the sea. I don't regret. Only sometimes I want my people, my own people, about me, and I bottle it up until I can come to New Haven, and then I come to this room and look at the faces of the captains on the wall, and look for the names on the table, and when the sickness is over I go back to the sea."

"You'll go to Newport, Bobby," I said.

"No," he said, "I've given up my place ashore. If I came to life it wouldn't do any good. I don't know anything but the sea. I can read and write and navigate and I've been all over the world, and there it stops. I stopped being a citizen at the Eton jacket stage. I've never had a dress suit on in my life. My people



would be ashamed of me. And besides, there's pride about it. I will stick to the bed I have made."

"You will let them know that you are alive, Bobby."

"Sometimes when the sickness is on me, I think that I will, but when I shake that off, the will passes."

"But I shall tell them," I said.

"No," he said, "you won't."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said he, "we've drunk from the same cup, and I ask you not to. I've been living with the thought for years. Don't you suppose I know what's best to do?"

"Your mother's hair, Bobby," I said, "is gray. Your father is an old man. They hold up their heads before people, but they have never forgotten. Your trunk stands in your room packed for school. The key is in the lock, and the strap is under the trunk ready for the porter to come and strap it. There's an old jackknife with a nick in the big blade on the bureau—"

"Yes, I know," said Bobby. "It has a bone handle, and I would have taken it to sea to cut ropes with if it hadn't been for the nick in the blade; and then there ought to be a stick of chewing gum in the pin tray and a piece of licorice; I was in a hurry and forgot to take them—"

"Yes," I said, "and there is a picture on the bureau of your mother, and one of Edith— Do you mean to say that you aren't going to give me a message for them, even if you won't go back?"

"Tell them," said Bobby; "tell them that you met a man that knew me and that he said I was a-alive and k-kickin'."

The cup rattled on the table.

"Bobby," I cried, "the cup. It's touchin' the table!"

"The cup!" he said, and raised it to his lips and drained it dry.

"Waiter!" I called, "more 'velvet'." And I said to myself, "Drink with me, Bobby—drink with me and, by God, you shall go home!"

Five old graduates came stamping and laughing into the room. They were all old Cup men, and one of them was my father. They sat at the table and passed the brimming cup. My father introduced me to them, and acted as if he alone were responsible for my being there. I introduced Bobby as "Jack Sands," and they made him welcome. It was a strange sensation to see my father in that place. He had been a big man in college, and his old friends, carried back by the elms and the old familiar faces, gave him the place of honor among them, and roared at his jests. He was once more the brilliant and powerful young Edward Holinshed, of '69, with all his future before him.

The cup passed and with it the luncheon hour. The cup passed and we began to sing, and love each other like brothers. It was my head against Bobby's, and I was the more experienced in "velvet." I saw the flames of the stuff gathering in his eye, and his voice gathered and began to vibrate like a rich bell. We bade him sing, and he sang for us songs of the sea:

Of the lips that kiss,  
Of the eyes that woo,  
I am sick of all this,  
I am tired of you;

My soul wants out, like a gull set free,  
To dip with its wings in the waves of the sea.

We pounded on the table, and he sang for us "Tom Bowling," and we wept. And then we made speeches to each other, and other men happened in and joined the circle about the cup. All that afternoon it passed from hand to hand and rested only to be filled, and some men fell by the wayside, and some that were dull became brilliant, and finally my father made a speech in which he told what splendid fellows we all were, and shaking the cup at old Judge Parker he cried:

"There sits Judge Parker and I drink to him. O why do I drink to him, boys? Why?"

Then we roared the answer all together:

"For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody will deny."

As the cup passed, each man called out the name of another man, and said that he drank to that man and asked us if we knew why. And each time we roared the answer. When it came my turn, I shouted, being by now far gone in "velvet":

"There sits Jack Sands, who's as much one of us as if he was one of us, and I drink to him. O why do I drink to him, boys? Why?"

The answer crashed out:

"For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody will deny."

I saw him half rise in his chair, and subside. The muscles stood taut in his neck, and the sweat came bubbling on his brow. Tears ran out of his eyes and he shook all over.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bobby," I said, "you can't turn back now. You gave me your word last night that you would come."

"I was drunk," he said bitterly.

"A promise is a promise," I said. "They've made changes since your day, Bobby."

"Yes—that whole wing is new."

"That's the ball room."

"Do you suppose that they're—a—at home?"

"I think your mother will be in the little drawing-room," I said.

We went up the steps and rang the bell.

Mrs. Brown was at home. I sent up my card. She would see Mr. Holinshed. Was she alone? She was. We went in. Going up the big stairway I began to tremble. What about the shock? It might kill her. I had heard of such things.

Mrs. Brown was what early nineteenth-century authors call a "prodigious fine woman." She wore the social bee well in the front of her bonnet, but had a heart of gold. She was full of tact, if a little affected; had a great deal of common sense, and was remarkably good-looking for an elderly woman.

The door of the little drawing-room was open and we saw that she was writing at her desk. Her back was toward us.

"May I come in, Mrs. Brown?" I said.

She turned and smiled over her shoulder. She did not see me, apparently, but only the big sailor at my side. She rose and came to him, neither swiftly nor slowly, the smile still on her face. He, on his side, faltered forward two steps to meet her. She put her arms about his neck and held him close to her breast.

"Why, Bobby!" she said.

## A MAY MORNING

*By Leon Mead*

WITH holy purpose beats the heart of morn,  
To matins flock the birds on yonder yew,  
And 'neath it, in the shadows cool, new-born,  
Each grass blade counts its rosary of dew.

# PETER NIEDERMEIER

## A STUDY IN CRIMINOLOGY

*By Walter Noble Burns*

PETER Niedermeier was an anachronism. His ideas of right and wrong belonged to the stone age. Murder was more than a business detail with him. It was a business principle. He introduced the innovation of killing a man first and robbing him afterwards. He called it (with a cheery smile) "shooting the evidence."

He studied a crime as if it were a mathematical problem. Before he executed the car-barn affair, for instance, he studied the building and its environs. He drew maps of the ground floor, of alleys and vacant lots of the neighborhood. Every detail it was possible to learn in advance, he learned—when the last car came in, when the motormen and conductors went home, when the clerks in the office began to count the money. This method of planning a crime as if it were a campaign, made it possible for him to strike and disappear as if he had melted into air. He boasted truthfully that he never in his life left a clew behind. There was a Napoleonic touch to his character. He was a genius of crime.

He knew no such thing as mercy, conscience or remorse. If he wanted a man's money, he shot him down coolly without hurry or excitement, and took it. This cold-bloodedness stamped his crimes with the appearance of a ferocity that was abnormal. But he had not the blood lust that kills for the joy of killing. His murders were merely businesslike. He took no account of the widows he made, of the children he orphaned, of the fact that the sudden discovery that he was a robber and murderer drove his father insane, wrecked his mother's life, disgraced his brother.

He was devoid of imagination utterly. No ghosts came to his cell to haunt him. His one regret was that he had surrendered, that he had not died fighting.

As the hour when they were to die on the scaffold approached, Harvey Van Dine and Gustav Marx, who had been with him at the car barns, turned to religion. But impending, inevitable death made no change in Niedermeier. With a sneer on his lips, he died as he had lived, fearless, unrepentant and defiant.

After death a phrenologist examined his head and declared him defective in benevolence, conscientiousness, spirituality, imagination and casualty; abnormally developed in destructiveness, combativeness, self-esteem, firmness and acquisitiveness; large, too, in philoprogenitiveness. The moral faculties, as distinct from the intellectual, were absent. The phrenologist pronounced him a moral imbecile. Whether this view is correct, Niedermeier's primitive perspective, the definiteness of his philosophy of action, and the consistency of his life and death set him apart as the most interesting and enigmatical criminal in the last quarter-century of Chicago's history.

He became the prototype of a long line of "boy bandits" who attempted to follow in his footsteps. Within six months after his capture seven gangs of youths terrorized the city. Most of these boys had been ordinarily good boys before they came under the influence of Niedermeier's example. Then by a sort of sudden fungus growth of depravity, they blossomed out into full-fledged criminals and desperadoes in a night. As a result thirty-two youths from fifteen to twenty years have

been sent to the penitentiary at Joliet to serve life sentences for robbery and murder.

During the spring and summer of 1903 a series of saloon hold-ups of singular ferocity startled Chicago and baffled the police. That they were the work of the same criminals was evident from the invariable hall-mark stamped upon the crime. In each case a dead man was left behind to tell no tales—dead with the copper-jacketed bullet of a magazine-revolver through heart or brain. Some of the robberies were profitable. Others netted only a few dollars. But always the magazine guns were brought into action, always the corpse was left behind. A feeling of panicky apprehension seized the city in the presence of these mysterious men of the night who, out of darkness, materialized for a moment of blood and loot and by the darkness were swallowed up again. Then as a climax came the robbery and murders at the car barns.

In the office of the big barns at Sixty-first and State Streets, at three o'clock one August morning, the clerks were busy checking up their ledgers and counting the day's receipts. A motorman lay asleep on a bench in a room outside the door. A pane in the window suddenly was broken and the fragments crashed to the floor. The startled clerks glanced up. They saw a magazine-revolver pointing through the shattered glass, clutched in a long, dark-skinned hand. That was all. Nothing was visible beyond the long window. No word of command or warning came from the darkness, but instantly, with flashes of fire jumping from its muzzle in an all but unbroken stream, the magazine-gun came into play. One clerk fell dead. A second dropped badly wounded. The third and last to stand up under the rain of bullets was hit, and, falling to the floor, rolled under the lee of the outer wall.

The long, dark-skinned hand pumping death through the broken window pane

was the hand of Peter Niedermeier. Everybody down, still, silent, apparently dead, his part was done and the way was clear. Van Dine broke down the bolted office door with a sledge hammer, swept \$2,250 from the counters into a sack, and disappeared. Aroused by the shooting, the motorman outside sprang to his feet and stood blinking in astonishment at Marx who coolly killed him. Then the bandits passed through the building and escaped by a rear window.

For months after there was silence. The robbers were spending their loot. The police were utterly at sea, unable to find a single clew. They threw out dragnets for men of ill fame, ex-convicts, known criminals, old-timers of the underworld. These they put through the degrees of the "sweat-box." But the car-barn bandits came and went almost in the shadow of the police stations.

One night Marx drank a glass of beer too much. Like an overgrown boy he boasted, dropping mysterious hints and exhibiting his magazine-revolvers. The police heard of this exploit. What was an honest working-boy doing with magazine-revolvers, such as had figured at the car barns and in the long series of bloody hold-ups before, revolvers which shot with the celerity of rapid-fire field-guns and killed at a mile? What indeed?

Captured after a fight in which he killed a detective, realizing he would hang for the officer's murder, and preferring not to hang alone, Marx made a clean breast and gave the police the information which enabled them to bring Niedermeier and Van Dine to book. After a battle and chase in which Niedermeier killed two men and Van Dine wounded one, the outlaws were captured in a snow-covered wilderness of sand-dunes and pine woods that borders Lake Michigan, and were dragged into the open where men could look them in the eye,—dragged out stippled with buckshot, streaked with blood, snarling like trapped wolves.

Then the long-asked question—What manner of men are these monsters of blood and crime?—was answered. Painted by popular imagination as low-browed, evil-visaged thugs, they were found to be smooth-faced, clean, comely, healthy, honest-looking boys scarcely out of their teens. Niedermeier had been a plumber, Marx, a painter, Van Dine, a stationary engineer. They looked the parts. Wherever a dozen plumbers, painters, or stationary engineers are foregathered, you may find worse-looking men,—men to whom you would more readily impute a crime. Van Dine and Marx plainly were honest laboring boys gone wrong. Van Dine especially had a well-developed moral side. He was frank, amiable, naturally gentle. He had a brow like a philosopher's. But he was a full-blooded boy, loving adventure and excitement. There was, too, a touch of hereditary insanity in his blood, and his weak will yielded when Niedermeier entered his life at the psychological moment with his lure of easy money.

But Niedermeier stood apart as one of crime's hieroglyphs, an inscrutable enigma of psychology, a question mark in human character.

As an interesting side-light, possibly of no illuminative value, it may be noted that the facial resemblance of each one of these boys to his mother was remarkable.

Niedermeier was of medium height, slender, well knit, with square shoulders and a swaggering walk. His hair was straight and brown, his nose slightly aquiline. His skin had a girlish softness and ripeness of color with no sign of beard. His expression was that of an amiable, friendly, rather jovial person. Studied carefully it was possible to detect in the lines of nostril and lip and in the veiled alertness of a furtive eye something feline and menacing, which suggested the profile of a panther in repose. Though his eyes were brown and serious, the corners of his mouth were drawn up in an habitual

smile. This smile was an enigma. It meant anything from mirth to murder. He smiled when hysterical women sent him roses. He smiled in court when he entered the plea upon which his life depended. He smiled upon the scaffold. When he heard sentence of death pronounced upon Marx and saw the ashen face of the man who had betrayed him, his smile was the smile of a devil incarnate. For a moment his face was fairly radiant with malevolent joy.

"I only hope they'll hang me first," he said. "I want to get to the other place first so I can kick Marx in the face as he comes up."

"If Marx had been with you instead of Van Dine, you would not have been taken," he was told the day after the capture.

The mention of Marx's name worked a veritable physical transformation in Niedermeier. The blood surged to his face which grew dark with unutterable hatred. His countenance twitched with the intensity of his passion. Imagine the glance of a rattlesnake starved, famished, goaded to fury and ready to spring, and you will gain a faint idea of the envenomed deadliness that gleamed in the sidelong glances he shot from his blazing eyes.

"Marx!" he cried, and his voice was like the hiss of a poisonous serpent. "I would die twenty deaths for a chance to kill him."

But the remark which kindled his anger was true. Cold, worn out by a day of fight and flight in six inches of snow, surrounded and at bay, Van Dine—he of the high forehead—wanted to see his mother again before he died, and Niedermeier yielding to the superior moral nature agreed to surrender.

"You don't look bad," a visitor to his cell told him.

"You'd have hard work convincing my mother that I am bad," he answered. "I love my mother. She got her part of every haul I ever made. She thought the money came from mines I told her I owned out



West. Not many boys treat their mothers as well as I always treated mine.

"I'm no robber."—His lips curled with honest scorn.—"I take mine. I never swore at a man in a hold-up in my life. I always acted like a gentleman."

The humor of this outburst lay in the fact that Niedermeier was perfectly serious. He seemed to think that murder committed without profanity and in a quiet, business-like, gentlemanly way was an indiscretion at most. It was the first glimpse of his peculiar moral standards.

T. W. Lathrop identified Niedermeier as the man who shot him at the robbery of the Cleybourne Junction depot. The copper-coated bullet of the magazine-gun had struck an eighth of an inch above Lathrop's heart. He was livid and weak from five months in the hospital when he faced the boy who had so nearly ended his life. He trembled with excitement, his fingers clutched as if they itched to get at Niedermeier's throat. Niedermeier was a picture of negligent indifference, his felt hat tilted over his eyes, a cigarette between his lips.

"What did you say when you entered my office that night?" asked Lathrop.

"I said, 'Come over here and open this safe,'" drawled Niedermeier in soft, even tones.

"Didn't you speak louder?" Lathrop asked.

"No," said Niedermeier, "in the same tone I'm using now. I never raise my voice in a hold-up."

"What happened then?" pursued Lathrop.

"Well," returned Niedermeier, "you disobeyed orders and of course—"

He finished the sentence with a shrug and a smile.

"You shot me," added Lathrop. "Because I disobeyed your orders—the orders of a masked thug—you think you had a right to kill me?"

"Certainly," was Niedermeier's laconic reply.

"Niedermeier," said Chief O'Neill, "I have handled criminals all my life and I can't see anything bad in your face. If I had met you casually I should not have taken you for a criminal, much less for the human tiger you have shown yourself to be. The most striking thing about you is your cool determination."

"That," said Niedermeier, "is just the difference between me and other men. I am always cool. I never remember to have lost my self-possession. I always let the other fellow get excited. In a robbery, I always figured on placing my victim at a disadvantage by frightening him. But in the thick of excitement I always could think straight and shoot straight."

"Why did you kill the men you robbed?" the chief asked.

"That was business," said Niedermeier. "It held the gang together, kept their mouths shut, made 'em careful. It made 'em guilty of murder as well as me. If they weakened, there was no danger of 'em peaching. They knew if they opened their mouths, they would stretch their necks. Then it's best for a hold-up man to shoot the evidence. It saves him from going to the pen or hanging too quick. So no matter how he kills his men, he kills 'em in self-defense."

When the three bandits were taken into court to plead, Marx was scared, Van Dine bewildered, Niedermeier was the embodiment of cheerful indifference. Expecting clemency as a state's witness, Marx pleaded guilty. When it came Van Dine's turn, his lawyer stepped up and held a few minutes conversation with him, at the close of which Van Dine drew Niedermeier's head down and whispered something in his ear. Then Van Dine pleaded not guilty. The clerk read the indictment to Niedermeier.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

Niedermeier smiled broadly. He seemed to scent a subtle humor in the situation, which threatened to upset his gravity.

"Not guilty," he declared and almost laughed aloud.

At the end of the long trial, after sentence of death had been passed upon the trio, Marx sat in his cell utterly dejected.

"I'm sorry for it all now," he said. "It's hard to die in good health at twenty-one."

Van Dine's eyes filled with tears as he said: "If I had behaved myself, Mamie and I would be married now and living happily. Now there's nothing in the future but the gallows."

Niedermeier, on his return to the cell, called for an afternoon paper and rolled a cigarette.

"What do you think about it?" he was asked.

He looked up from his paper, the cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth.

"I don't give a damn," he said cheerfully.

But this boy who enjoyed notoriety and was proud of his bloody record, was ashamed to die on the gallows. A guard sat at his cell door night and day to prevent his cheating the gibbet by suicide. One night as he lay in his bunk, Niedermeier swallowed fifty match heads, and, digging with a lead pencil into the flesh of his wrist, opened an artery. Through the lacerated wound almost all the blood in his body flowed upon the floor. The dusky reflection of the corridor lamp in the pool of blood aroused the guard. When they reached Niedermeier he was unconscious. The jail physician was summoned and worked over him for hours, almost hopelessly. The body grew limp and cold; no pulse could be detected. An injection of saline solution quickened one little spark of life that remained. The organs gradually resumed their functions, the heart beat again, consciousness returned. It was like a resurrection.

"If I had stopped work for a moment, —if I had turned my head to spit—Nie-

dermeier would have died," said the jail physician.

Niedermeier's resuscitation after being practically dead, was used as an argument that an element of vengeance enters into capital punishment, although the law carefully disclaims it. He was brought back to life that the law might strangle him. It was as if the law was not satisfied with his death but must breathe life into him again to drop him to ignominious death through a trap door, hang him by the neck and see him kick.

To the priests who had converted his comrades, Niedermeier said: "I'm not from Missouri, but you'll have to show me. You may be right about God and heaven and hell, but I can't believe anything I can't see or feel or reason out. Nobody has ever come back to prove what you say. I'm not very wise, but I know just as much about the soul after death as the wisest man that ever lived."

When the sheriff read the death warrant to him, the young bandit said:

"Let me see that warrant."

He glanced it over and began to stuff it in his pocket.

"What do you want with that?" asked Sheriff Barrett.

"I want it as evidence I'm being murdered," answered Niedermeier. "I'm going to tell my troubles to St. Peter at the gate and I want this warrant to prove what I say. I want to take it with me."

It was the last joke among the tragedies of his life.

Van Dine went to his death with a prayer on his lips and the priests standing by. Marx was a pitiful figure as he stood upon the death trap in a state of hysteria born of abject fear, uttering responses as the priests intoned the litany for the dying.

Weak from loss of blood, bound hand and foot, Niedermeier was borne upon the scaffold in the arms of four guards and placed in a chair on the trap. With a swift glance he swept the three hundred

men gathered to see him die. He lifted his eyes to the noose which dangled above his head, and his lips curled in a last sneering smile. Then he lowered his eyes like one ashamed and did not raise them again.

Thus passed at a rope's end that implacable, merciless, murderous, lawless spirit whose only redeeming features were his love for a wrinkled old mother and a physical courage that was superb.

## FOOLS OF DREAM

*By Richard Burton*

YOU will find them in lone hidings,  
 You may know them by their face,  
 For they seem to bring good tidings  
 From some bright, unrumored place;  
 Tidings like to be unnoted  
 Of the world, yet very sure  
 To bring joy, the golden-throated,  
 When the better things endure.

Fools, and worse than fools, we call them,  
 And they smile nor make reply;  
 The eternal quests enthrall them,  
 Though we hound them till they die;  
 Even midst the mob they wander  
 With a dream-light in their eyes,  
 And their look, it seems to ponder  
 An evangel from the skies.

Something childlike in their laughter  
 Leaves a freshness like the spring;  
 At their beck, those follow after  
 Who delight in wayfaring  
 Where the road leads ever higher  
 And the wind blows back the hair,  
 And the word of a Messiah  
 Haunts and hovers in the air.

Nay, the world can never daunt them,  
 For their gladness is within;  
 Though no human voice may vaunt them,  
 Though their deeds be reckoned sin:  
 In the fullness of the Ages  
 Lo! they come into their own,  
 And they light Time's dimmest pages,  
 Sitting splendid on a throne!

Let us toast them, since they cherish  
 The unbelievable, quick Gleam:  
 To the fools who do not perish,  
 To the deathless fools of Dream!

# THE MAN OF THE HOUR

By Octave Thanet

AUTHOR OF "WE ALL," "THE HEART OF TOIL," ETC.

## BOOK THREE—JOHN. CHAPTER III

### IN THE HOSPITAL

AFTER Johnny passed the danger point, when his mind crawled out of the mists of delirium and deathly weakness, and the day nurse smiled every time she went to the window with her thermometer, he thought a great deal. In his delirium he had been tormented by a vast longing for home; he who had no home. He brought tears to the eyes of the nurse by his appeals to take him home.

"Please let me go to my own room; I could always sleep in my own room!" he would say; or: "This is a very pleasant place and you are all kind; but isn't it nearly time for me to go home? I am very anxious to go home."

Sometimes his sick fancy feigned his mother to be waiting for him; but this was seldom; in general, he knew that she was dead; but often his father walked out of the great hall to the portico of Overlook to welcome him. Once he cried: "Why, father dear, I thought you were dead; isn't this *corking*? Oh, but I made a mess of things, just as you said I would."

With returning strength the visions faded, leaving him the lonelier for their loss. In their place he had his relentless questions. "I must find some way to brace me up, or I shall die; and I have no right to die—a man with a family like me!" Therefore Johnny lay and let the Anglo-Saxon in him have its word at last.

For weeks no one was allowed speech with him; then, through Mueller, the shipping clerk at the grocery where

Johnny had been working, the news reached Conrad, and he appeared laden with sympathy, oranges and fresh eggs. He told Johnny that Tyler was in high spirits of late, and that he had just gotten a tough friend a place on the force. "Tyler's got a big pull in the City Hall, some way."

"Does Wally Tyler boast of doing me up?" Johnny asked.

"Not exactly. He jest laughs and says you were too fresh and got what was coming to you."

Johnny set his lips firmly. Very soon Conrad changed the subject.

After Billy's return from one of his many tours the hours did not drag so heavily, for his influence relaxed the hospital rules, the more readily that the nurses and the hospital orderlies had become interested in their patient.

"He's sandy. That's why I like him," said the orderly to Billy. "Ought to have seen him when the doctor was dressing his wound and probing for the bit of knife in it—broke off sharp in the ribs, you know—pyrexia threatened."

"He ain't dangerous?" cried Billy.

"Oh, it's out all right; but it was a close call. You look kinder rattled."

"He's the best friend I got in the world," returned Billy ironically; "that's all. And probably not having had the advantage of a medical education, like you, I'm easily rattled by your damn dictionary words."

Before Johnny left the hospital he had

Billy fetch some of his belongings. He gave the pearl cravat pin to one nurse and some sleeve links to the other.

He had prepared a little bundle of his two best neck-scarfs to give to the orderlies; but Billy espied it on the bed and confiscated it.

"What's the matter? Do you think they look second-hand?"

"No, I don't, they're much too splendid. You'll give these guys this box of cigars; much more suitable to them."

"But what shall I give you for the cigars?"

"You'll give me a civil 'Thank you,' something you don't seem willing to give your friends a chance to earn from you. Now, shut up and don't argue. I've got a carriage and I'm going to take you to drive."

"Billy," said Johnny, as they were driving through South Park, "I've done a sickening lot of genuine thinking, not mooning or dreaming or slanging myself, but straight thinking things out. And it comes to about this: if I'm ever going to be able to look Bloker in the face in another world—I believe there is another world, Billy, some sort—or look myself in the face in this, I've got to do better by Bloker's children than he ever could have done. To do that, I have to make some money. I shall have to quit reforming, except as an ordinary good citizen, and go to hunting up cash, just as my father did. He started with nothing, you know. I'm going to learn the implement business in all the branches; and then, when I'm worth their taking, I'm going to ask Hopkins to give me the job my father would. But not until I am worth it."

"Good work!" cried Billy, joyously, "I knew you'd come out all right."

There fell a silence between the two; the young dark eyes swept the desolate, wide spaces and formless shrubbery of the park; but they were seeing Overlook, with its white terraces and his father's rugged, ungraceful figure in the doorway,

one hand shading his eyes, as he peered down the road watching for his only son.

"And, really, I never came," thought Johnny heavily, "I'm the Prodigal Son; I've wasted my substance in riotous giving, and I've no father now to meet me afar off." With a pang, he recognized that it was his father, not his mother, to whom he would have turned in this darkest passage of his life. At last, the hard-headed, faithful, old Anglo-Saxon ruler of men was claiming his own.

## CHAPTER IV

### "ROGER MACK"

There was a little room in Overlook which Peggy Rutherford loved; yet it had witnessed some of the saddest hours of her life. Nevertheless, she had loved it when she was a little child, when it was the Princess Olga's sitting room, and Johnny and she used to play there.

The room was on the second story, with a Palladian window filling most of one wall and giving on the river and the dim Illinois hills. Wainscoting and mantelpiece, lintels and jamb, massive, tall doors and crenelated molding on the ceiling and under the mantel-shelf—all were painted to-day the same smooth, glossy, but not glittering white which always had assembled in her mind the mingled sensations of the white of lilies and of a certain delectable candy that Johnny and she named "Cream pull."

Below, and in the other rooms, Emma Winslow had given her own taste or temperament some indulgence; but here the least detail was respected. "Johnny will come back," she said once to Peggy, "I want him not to feel strange in his own house, especially in his mother's room."

In the Princess Olga's room, then, Peggy was sitting before her desk, a week after Johnny took his convalescent's drive, the time lacking two days to Christmas. She had dropped her pen, and



her eyes were exploring, idly, the snow enchanted slopes, slanting down to the chill, white roofs of the flat fields below and a wide, frozen, opal-tinted plain which had been the flowing river. Her long lashes fell on a paler cheek than Mistress Peggy had used to show; there was a sharper oval to the face, and the mouth was set more firmly.

Mrs. Winslow, who was writing at the "secretary," watched her for a few moments, while she seemed to be looking at the paper under her hand.

"Peggy!" she called; but she did not look up.

"Yes, dear?" said Peggy. As she turned it was as if she had slipped her features into a mask of attentive interest.

"Peggy, I suppose you had nothing in your mail about Johnny?" Had Mrs. Winslow been looking, which she was not, she might have seen a flicker of color, like the shifting, luminous cloud of a cat's eye, waver over the nape of the girl's neck; but Peggy's tones were clear and cool: "No, Aunt Emma."

"There is nothing but the two letters from Billy Bates, since he left Chicago," Mrs. Winslow went on, "and he says he can't tell anything, except that Johnny was well and he thought on the right road to come to his senses, and the last of those was five weeks ago. Do you know what Billy Bates has done? He came round to me and asked me how he could get some of the Old Colony common stock; he had a few thousands he wished to invest. I gave him a chance to buy at a reasonable figure."

"That is, you sold him some of your own, cheap?"

"Why not? He was good to Johnny. I made him promise that if Johnny should be ill or in trouble, he would give us a chance to help him. Do you remember"—Emma Winslow's tone had changed—"it was in this very room Johnny came—that day my husband died; and you stood there in the other doorway? For months I hated the shine of the setting sun on the

river; just because it was shining, shining in that blinding way then. And do you know the first thing that roused me was that I must comfort Johnny, his father's only son? But—he wouldn't let me."

She turned away and stood with her back to Peggy, looking out on the snow. "Christmas is a hard season," she said, "I don't know how I am going to bear it without—and Johnny gone, too."

"Oh, Johnny," Peggy broke in, loftily; "Johnny'll come back all right. I'll answer for Johnny."

Emma Winslow tried to laugh, but the laugh broke and she laid her head against the window pane. "Peggy," said she, "do you mind if I cry? I think it's the season and the holly and the sleigh-bells; they get on my nerves."

Peggy saw a tear splash on the clenched hand at the window pane; and she was abashed. It had not been philosophy or indifference, then, which kept Aunt Emma so tolerant, so uncomplaining about Johnny. Johnny had hurt her all along. Just as he had hurt Peggy; and Peggy felt a sudden pain in her throat sweep in a curve to the roof of her mouth.

But even as Peggy thought this, Emma turned her old quiet face, wiping her eyes, with a kind of apology in her smile, and sat down calmly in an easy chair.

The chair was just under a large portrait of Winslow. While his wife talked she looked into his face. On hers was almost the expression it might have worn had the painted man been a sentient listener to her words. "I'd like to have you understand," she said, "how I feel about Johnny. I took him to my heart from the first, when he was a little, lonely creature mourning for his mother, but never making any fuss about it. There never was such a sweet little chap in the world."

"No," said Peggy, "I reckon there never was."

"I think at first he did like me a little. He seemed to."

"I know he did," said Peggy.

"But after I married his father it was different. He never forgave me for usurping his mother's place. I suppose that was how he put it. I tried to understand his point of view. It's his conscience, of course. I often told Si he shouldn't blame Johnny for inheriting the Puritan conscience. The trouble was he had a Puritan conscience and a Russian imagination—"

"And his *own* obstinacy."

"But, Peggy, don't you see that with his convictions, there was danger that he would wreck not only his fortune, but himself, if he were trusted with it? Our idea was to let Johnny see for himself. We knew he would lose the hundred thousand. But I meant to lend him money, and let him show the stuff he is made of. But—we can't find him."

Peggy was standing by the window. She spoke without turning her head. "You said we should have no secrets; I think so, too. There is a little thing. It didn't seem worth while—until I found out more—but—I'm going to tell you everything just as it happens. To-day—well, to-day, Michael showed me a letter from Johnny. Here it is." She held out a folded sheet.

"The paper is off a block," announced she, "the envelope is a stamped one and postmarked Chicago. That tells nothing except that Billy Bates must have been in Chicago last week."

"As I am hunting Billy, that's something," said Mrs. Winslow. She unfolded the paper; and dropped it. "In Russian!" she cried.

"Of course. He always writes Russian to Michael; but I made him translate it. He says kind things to Michael and sends him a Russian picture card and tells him that he would send him more but he has been in the hospital; ill for six weeks, and, while he gets good wages he has to spend a good deal, for he is helping take care of three little children."

"Three children!" repeated Mrs. Winslow, "whose children?"

"You wouldn't suppose Johnny could have carried his nonsense so far as—as—to marry somebody?" Peggy made the speech with elaborate carelessness.

"No, I *wouldn't*," retorted Mrs. Winslow.

"A widow," suggested Peggy who had never harbored the suspicion until this moment, but instantly began to color it with the hues of life; "one of these right helpless, silly, deplorable sort of creatures, that look pathetic and always have their shirt waists parting from their skirts. Husband probably killed by machinery and the children are all about the same age, one born about every six months—"

"That, Peggy," Mrs. Winslow interrupted, "is impossible."

"Not to that sort of woman. They are bound by no natural laws. No doubt she's pretty in a driveling fashion."

"But he says he takes part of the care of the children?"

"She takes the other part; she's so trifling she can't even take care of her own children; it's awful to think what Johnny probably has to eat."

"Peggy, do you believe that rubbish, yourself?"

Peggy's white teeth flashed; she owned up with a laugh: "No, Aunt Emma. But Johnny?—I'm pretty sure Johnny is taking care of some mate's kit of humanity, and the man's dead. I reckon Billy's the other partner in the kindergarten. But why couldn't there be a letter sent—through Michael?"

"You write a letter?" queried Emma Winslow.

"Of course not,"—Peggy's tone and pose were full of dignity. "You write him a letter."

Emma smiled wearily. "But you see I have written, with no result. I don't think Johnny even thought of opening the envelope. He didn't."

"He'd have to open this, for it would be inside Michael's."

"He would know the handwriting; that would stop him at the first sentence."

"I'd typewrite it."

"And if he read it, read it to the close, he would steel his heart against every word I say. If you wrote it he would read it in the first place, and it would move him in the second."

Peggy took a turn up and down the room. "I don't see how I can, Aunt Emma; I told him I wouldn't ever speak to him again, *to save his life!* And I don't see how I *can* break my word."

"It was only a foolish expression. You didn't believe you would keep your word; he didn't believe you would."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, he did. And Johnny never breaks his word. Oh, I shan't break mine."

"But this isn't speaking, since you are so absurd."

"Besides—I *have* written him," said Peggy in a very little soft voice.

"Peggy?"

"Oh, not as myself, dear no, that would break my word. I wrote him (through Michael) as a—a boy—a Fairport boy. I told him I lived in Fairport and worked for my living and had half-way educated myself. It would be a great help to me if he would write me and tell me of any job he might hear of in Chicago if he was there. I was giving the letter to Michael to post for me. What's more, I got Michael to say 'Roger Mack is a good boy.'"

"But the handwriting; you couldn't disguise that?"

"I didn't try. I consider that right clever of me. You know the Martins? Well, Sadie Martin is a typewriter; she is really a fine girl; and she's as trustworthy—as trustworthy as your William Bates, who admires her very much, by the way. Sadie is my fellow conspirator—that is, she is one of them. She can hold her tongue."

"And she wrote the letter?"

"She did. She admired it very much."

"And who else have you in the plot?"

"Why, Michael, of course; and only Luke Darrell, else."

Mrs. Winslow laughed a little. "We never can seem to get along without Luke Darrell in Fairport. But what is *he* for?"

"Address place to send letters *to*. Care L. Darrell, Livery and Feed Stables, Fairport."

Thus did Roger Mack begin his career, a longer one than any of his sponsors foreboded.

## CHAPTER V

### TYLER PASSES.

Tyler was a cheerful man these days; but it was with some misgivings that one evening, peacefully playing poker in his favorite saloon, and holding a full house of high character, he perceived Johnny's dark head in the doorway.

Johnny was accompanied by two molders, generally leaders among the radical element. He was pale from his illness; but he walked with a light, springy step.

"I'm out," said Tyler's neighbor, dropping his cards.

Secretly Tyler wished he were out, too. But he studied his hand and then carelessly shoved a pile of blue chips into the heap on the table.

"Fifteen better," said he.

Two more men dropped out.

The fifth put out his hand with his cards in it, as if to throw them on the table, but in the act hesitated because he saw Johnny at his elbow.

"Hullo, Gleason," he called; "glad to see you're out."

"Don't let me interrupt your game," said Johnny, "I only want to speak a word with Mr. Tyler when the hand's done."

Tyler kept his easy smile, but within his thoughts were as ravening wolves. He greeted Johnny perfunctorily.

"I have only one word to say," said Johnny, with extreme gentleness. "I'm not going to ask you who was the man who stabbed me last month. I don't care who he was. He was only a tool."

Tyler's strident tones overrode the other's quiet tenor.

"Look here, young gentleman, I fought you with my hands, nothing else; and you fought me with knucks!"

"And I'll fight again with knucks, any time," returned Johnny in the same gentle accents, "when three men jump out of the dark at me. Any time you wish, I am willing to fight you, fairly and squarely, with bare knuckles or with gloves; and may the best man win. But if you set on me again with knives, or crowbars, or pistols, I go ready to protect myself, and I shall *kill* you. That's all. Good evening." Johnny wheeled half around as if to go.

"Aw, cool off," sneered Tyler. "I ain't fighting with a typewriter and can't keep up with your lingo; but I'll fight you, all right. *And this minute!*"

He had been measuring Johnny. It came to him that the young fellow was enfeebled by illness, and here was his chance, full face! He found his mistake before the end of the first round; suspected it the minute Johnny peeled off his coat and showed his undershirt and the belt about his waist. "He meant to pick a fight!" darted through his brain, and his heart beat more thickly. The next second a body blow sent him reeling. He recovered himself and made a rush.

Tyler's terrible rushes, in which by sheer force and weight he broke down his opponent's guard, were known wherever he was. He hurled himself on Johnny with the force of a battering ram; but what avails a battering ram against a tiger which leaps out of its way? Before he could rush again, Johnny feinted with his right and, easily parrying Tyler's half-hearted jab at his eyes, sent a crushing left-handed blow straight at the big man's heart.

The fight was ended again. Tyler, who had toppled over, got on to his knees; but the barkeeper hauled him behind the bar, and held him with arguments and

arms, while he (secretly thankful for his bonds) made futile struggles to escape and get at Johnny, and swore ungratefully at his guardian angel. This latter simply winked at the crowd in the door, from whence emerged a tall policeman.

"Do yous make complaint, Mr. Tyler?" asked the tall policeman, with much civility.

"No, I don't make complaint," answered Tyler, sullenly. "I can settle my troubles outside the city hall. Aw, go and get the drinks on me," he added, with a forced grin.

On the whole, he slipped out of the humiliation of the occasion with considerable deftness. But never had Tyler hated man as he hated Johnny from that day henceforward. And when he lost his election as district president he gave the credit where it belonged and hated Johnny a little more. All the same, Johnny won. Before six months had passed he had forced Tyler out of the molders' union, and out of Chicago.

Not long after Tyler's flitting, Johnny ran up against an old Fairport friend. The friend was Mrs. Winter. And he met her in the last place which he would have feared as holding any danger from that quarter—a street car; since all Fairport knew Mrs. Winter's detestation of street cars.

"So long as I have fifty cents left in my pocket," she was accustomed to remark, "I will never ride in one of those disobliging pest-houses!"

But this day she found that the cab on which she counted was not at hand; rather than be late at an appointment, she stooped her proud spirit to the plebeian transport.

The car was full. A young man gave her his seat.

"Thank you," she began with perfunctory courtesy. Then she looked him full in the face.

"Isn't it Johnny Winslow?"

Johnny hesitated.

"Don't bother to deny it," said she. "This isn't the place for a talk, but won't you come to the Annex, and take dinner with me? Better. If you wish, I'll never mention seeing you."

Johnny's wits were stampeded by this surprise; moreover he was so glad, he couldn't keep his lips from curling as he stammered: "I can't come to dinner; but I will come in the evening, if you are not engaged;" and he did come.

"Well, Johnny Ivan," she said, "have you been knocked down in the crush yet?"

"Knocked down and trampled on," he answered, "whichever way you mean."

"Mind telling me or haven't you got there yet?"

"I'm not quite there yet, I think, Mrs. Winter; I'm too sore."

"Very well. Only you used to call me Aunt Winter."

"You are such a very great lady—"

"Provincial, only, Johnny Ivan; but what if I were? You haven't, I take it, done anything unworthy of a gentleman or of Governor Josiah."

"No, I hope not. Tell me, Aunt Winter, does the portrait of the old governor still hang in the library?"

"Just the same. Emma Winslow has good taste, I will say, though she *has* stolen Peggy from me."

"Is Miss Rutherford with Mrs. Winslow?"

"Peggy is with your step-mother, yes. Good thing, too; although I wanted her myself, and she's *my* kin. She makes Emma mighty comfortable, and I think Emma means to do the right thing by her."

"She's well, I hope," said Johnny, constrainedly.

"Who?"

"Both."

Mrs. Winter smiled, and rumbled his hair. "It's good to see your curly head again, Johnny Ivan. I wonder,"—suddenly,—“were you ever in the Presbyterian Hospital?"

Johnny admitted that he had been in the Presbyterian Hospital.

Mrs. Winter nodded. "I heard of you; the nurses and the superintendent were very taken with your polite manners."

"I'm glad I didn't discredit my class. Workingmen are fine fellows."

"You still think that, and still know more than your father?"

"I still think that; but so did my father, and he knew a *lot* more than I."

"About labor?"

"About everything."

Mrs. Winter leaned back more leisurely.

"Do you prefer your new class to your old class?" were her first words.

"No," said Johnny.

"Do you prefer your new mode of life to your old?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Well, why don't you give it all up and come back?"

"I can't get back, for one thing."

"But you can. Have you ever thought, Johnny, that the loss of your fortune isn't irretrievable? If you can make a hundred thousand before you are thirty you *will* have all your share of your father's fortune."

"I have, up to date, been able to save just forty-eight dollars and fifty cents," said he. "That doesn't look as if I'd be a bloated capitalist in a hurry, does it? But I'll tell you my plan. I wanted to learn the plow business, but the union requirements for apprentices are pretty stiff; so, as I had a chance to get into steel, in an open shop, I went in. I mean to learn the business. Then, with my customary assurance, I shall try to convince some company that I'm just the man it wants to put in charge of a rolling mill or an open hearth plant. And then—well, then, I shall have my foot on the ladder. But it will take longer than five years to make good so I could claim what I might have had."

Mrs. Winter drew a deep breath. "Johnny, your father would be mighty



happy if he could hear you talk that way. I believe for all your charm you have a heap of sense. I believe in you. Why don't you let me lend you some money?"

Johnny stirred as if to speak; but she stopped him, autocratically. "Let me make the proposition. It will always be open. Let me lend you ten thousand at six per cent., for ten years. I'll lend it to you in Old Colony Plow stock at par."

"It's worth more," interrupted Johnny.

"Not in the open market. You'll be a stockholder; you can go to the meetings; you can look at the books; and you can have a position with us. Oh, we'll get the worth of our money, Johnny."

"Thank you, Mrs. Winter, but it's impossible. You know I'm grateful," he cried. "I can't tell you how awfully good I think you are! I'll never forget it and it will cheer me up, always, to think of your having such confidence in me. But let me make myself worth helping first."

Mrs. Winter rumped his thick hair with her delicate hand which did not look like an old hand; she smiled on him, pensively, but her voice was light. "Very well. It will all come right, Johnny."

By degrees he confided some of his experiences to her. Her cynical enjoyment of the humor of them and her gliding over the deeper emotions was better for him than sympathy, for it made him talk easily. Johnny came again; and more than once.

Little by little he slipped into confidences of the lighter order, and one of his first subjects was "his kidlets."

"What kind of clothes ought little girls to wear?" he asked one Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, any simple things."

"Well, they ought to be fastened by buttons, not by safety pins and shoe strings, oughtn't they? Amelia Ann's got the greatest layout of shoestrings I ever discovered on one person; she picked them up in the street, I guess; she mends her clothes with them—that isn't quite

good form, is it? Mrs. Delaney told her it was naughty, and Amelia Ann, who has considerable spirit, felt wounded and ran away—Amelia Ann's protest against the conventionalities always takes the form of running away. Or rather, she doesn't run away, she hides; and poor little Franzy goes without his own piece to feed her. It used to work me up considerable, until I got onto her game; now I simply tip the wink to Franzy and he works the commissariat; and after awhile we find her. Franzy announces that if nobody will scold sister, he'll find her. It doesn't strike me as quite right—child's going without her tub and skulking about out of school, but—I can't make up my mind to let Mrs. Delaney beat her as she hankers to do. I can wink at a stray slap or two, you know, but the beating rather goes against me."

"How many children are there?"

"Three."

"Three. Franzy and Thyrza are all right, but Amelia Ann is a handful. Thyrza takes to house work—why, she's a wonder; she *likes* to scrub; she likes to wash, and she and I can put up a pretty fair supper between us."

"Does *she* mend with shoestrings?"

"Well, no; that's Amelia Ann's patent; but she doesn't look just right in her clothes. Mrs. Delaney is so afraid that they'll outgrow their clothes that she buys a size or two ahead; and she generally buys the bargains that are left over and marked down and have been shopworn or stained or saved from a fire or whatever. Once she got some union suits that had been scorched in a fire. She cut off the legs and took tucks in the arms, and Thyrza wore the shirt as an outside rig. Exclusively for the house, you know. I got her a little blue jacket to go to school. I don't like to call Mrs. Delaney down, you know, so I have to be cautious."

"I'll get you some clothes," said Mrs. Winter with a sigh. But when he handed

her the money to invest neatly enclosed in a pay envelope, the sight gave her an unexpected twinge. It was so small a sum, yet it represented so much self-denial.

"Johnny, Johnny," she exploded, "must you always tote other people's loads?"

"But this load belongs to me," retorted Johnny, "and I don't tote it by myself; there's Billy. You must see Billy."

"I've seen his picture in the newspapers. You know he's a sweetheart in Fairport?"

"Has he?" parried Johnny.

"At least he comes to see her often. I think it is serious. She's a nice, quiet girl; pretty, too. I have noticed,"—Mrs. Winter looked, languidly, full at Johnny as she spoke—"I have noticed, Johnny, you seem to know a heap about Fairport doings. Does Billy Bates keep you so well informed?"

"Oh, Billy isn't my only link with the good, old town. Why, Roger sends me the *Fairport Citizen*."

"Roger?"

"Roger Mack is his name. Did you ever hear of him? I think he is employed in Luke Darrell's livery stable."

Mrs. Winter shook her head.

"Last Christmas I got a letter from Michael and there was a letter from Roger Mack in it. He's a Fairport boy who used to live near us and steal rides on the railway. I thought it a good chance to hear a little about Fairport, and I asked him a question or two, which he answered. I've had a number of letters from him."

In spite of Johnny's confidences Mrs. Winter did not see her path shining clear before her. She had promised Johnny not to write or to speak to any one about their meeting if he would come to see her. The reticence was easy enough in Chicago; but, soon, she would be returning to Fairport. She guessed that both of her neighbors were unhappy, however cheerful. She wanted to comfort them; she

also wanted to display her own success with the prodigal. Finally she asked Johnny flatly to permit her to tell his people that she had seen him. To her surprise, after a second's musing, Johnny acquiesced.

Not until he was gone; not, indeed, until she was speeding through the whitish-yellow corn fields of Illinois, the next morning, did she recall that, in all his pleasant gratitude and his affection, Johnny had made no promises. But she was jubilant over his concession and her right to tell about her triumph.

It was evening on her arrival in Fairport, notwithstanding which fact she was driven directly to Overlook, and, finding Emma alone, gave her the news.

Emma listened with her exasperating stoicism to the recital, only interposing a question here and there. At the end she said: "Did you have any address?"

"None," said Mrs. Winter; "he wouldn't give me any, and I couldn't spy on him while he was trusting me!"

"Certainly, you couldn't," agreed Emma, "but we can. Only I'm afraid, Mrs. Winter, that he let you tell us because he meant to make another move; and that if we find his lodging house, or who employed him, we shall find him gone."

She was right. They wrote to the superintendent, receiving a civilly curt reply, to the effect that Van Gleason had left the employ of the company on the twenty-third.

So the clue, which promised so much, broke off short in their hands.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN DER FERNE VERLIEBTE

On the twenty-third of December, with Christmas two days away, Peggy and Mrs. Winslow sat together in the Princess Olga's writing-room much as they had sat a year before, when Roger Mack first stepped upon the stage. And both of them were remembering that day.

"How much longer is he going to keep it up?" said Mrs. Winslow. They had not spoken Johnny's name, but there needed no speaking.

"He was always the most obstinate thing in the world," declared Peggy; "he owns to Roger Mack that he misses his people and his friends and his old life, but he would despise himself, he says, and they would have reason to despise him, if he returned before he had shown that he had stuff instead of stuffing in him."

"Did you get a letter to-day?"

"Yes, I was just bringing it to you to read."

"I think," said Mrs. Winslow, after a little pause, her eyes on Josiah's portrait, "if I could only know where he was, so that I could be *sure* he was having proper food, and getting his stockings mended and putting on his warm underclothes when it first began to be cold, I think I could be reconciled, and let him take his own time about coming to us."

"Oh, I've no doubt somebody is pampering him," jeered Peggy.

Johnny consented to receive some of his own books and pictures and any clothes which might be in Overlook.

Roger Mack covered his large sheets of office paper mainly with apologies for the box. "It's kinder a whale," he wrote, "but the ladies kept thinking of things and I couldn't seem to stop them. You see Mrs. Winter told them a lot about you and Melia Ann and Thyrza. Mrs. Winslow would say to Miss Rutherford, 'Would he mind having that dovey'—that's what she called it, but it's nothing more than a comforter—it used to be on his bed,' says she. Then Miss Rutherford wanted cans of soup put in and hard water crackers and some smoking tobacco. I told her you smoked Cowboys' Delight and I got it for you, but she said you used to smoke Hymens and she would put it in. They put in a doll, too, that Miss Rutherford said used to be hers, and you and her played with it, and once you were going

to cut its head off or something, but your father stepped in and saved it. I had to stop them finally and ask them if they wanted me to hire a car. But I hope you won't feel you can't take them, for it would hurt them awful. Please don't hurt them so bad as that."

Billy Bates came to Fairport a month or so later, and his heart swelled within him, for he was asked to dine at Overlook. Johnny, who was in all their thoughts, was not once mentioned during the meal. Afterward, it was Billy himself who spoke the name, in a casual, accidental way. Then said Mrs. Winslow:

"We don't want to ask you any questions, Mr. Bates, but you know we shall be glad to hear anything Johnny would be willing to have you tell."

After that, conversation flowed easily; and while Billy never forgot his guard over names and localities, he told innumerable anecdotes of Johnny and of the small Bokers to an audience as eager to hear as he could be to tell.

The evening passed before Billy realized; he forgot the discomforts of his state collar and his new shoes; but he never forgot to keep Johnny's secrets. He spoke with feeling and sense about his friend. Although his argument was against them, his hearers felt some touch of conviction from it. Mrs. Winslow had said:

"These privations which he must feel, this actual suffering he has, isn't it all unnecessary?"

"No, ma'am," Billy had answered, "I don't think it is. It's hard, and God knows I have tried hard enough to send him back to his folks where he belongs, for he seemed to me like a lobster with his shell off, and the new one not grown, and everything could bite it. But these last months I have seen something. He's learning. He's learning fast. He's getting to be a large-minded, tolerant man. Yet he hasn't lost his gift of being sorry for people in trouble; he has only found

out that the loudest squealers aren't always the ones the worst hurt."

"I think," said Mrs. Winslow, "he owes much to you. We may be grateful he has so good a friend. I know *he* is."

Billy left Overlook that night with a sense of knowing Johnny better than before; and, curiously enough, he left the reflection of his own feeling behind him. Perhaps he left some tinge of resignation, also. Peggy and Mrs. Winslow settled themselves into helping Johnny indirectly. Peggy wrote him. It was the same kind of letter which she might have written him had they never quarreled. He was her dear Jo'nivan on the first line, she forgave him being too good for this selfish world on the second, and told about Fairport and Overlook for three pages.

Johnny carried his letter into his own bare room. How many times he kissed the dear, familiar handwriting; how he opened the letter on his knees as if before his queen, any lover can fancy. But he sighed as he read. This Peggy, who wrote, was not quite the gentle creature of Roger Mack's picture, sending him the doll which was the sign of their old childish amity. In a moment, however, he smiled just as in his childish days he would smile when he was hurt, for some whim of consolation.

"Well, anyhow, she *has* spoken to me!" he said; "or doesn't she call this speaking? Oh, Peggy, Peggy, how sweet you are!"

The winter softened into a muddy slush of spring; almost unawares, the summer came with the breathless western heat. But Peggy, herself, had not written to Johnny. Perhaps she thought that Roger Mack did enough writing for two. Roger had taken to the typewriter, of late. It was only in the beginning that Sadie Martin copied the letters; lately, Peggy at first could hardly tell why (although a knowledge of her own motives was gradually dawning upon her), a disinclination to have the kind Sadie read Roger's letters to Johnny had increased.

Was it her fancy, Peggy asked herself, that either Johnny was growing attached to this mythical Roger, or—Peggy blushed and did not pursue the question. The change was intangible, but she felt it with every letter. In some ways he was more reserved, but gone was the attitude of a teacher. Now he wrote as one educated person might write to another. But more important than all, hitherto Johnny had been reserved in the midst of his sympathy. Now he was equally silent about the material concerns of his life, but shyly and carelessly he was unpacking his heart of its faiths and its problems.

These changes in the correspondence Peggy came eventually to date back to a certain day of July. That day she found a note from Luke Darrell in her mail, after reading which she telephoned Michael not to unharness her horse but bring it around again, although she had just returned from town. Within half an hour she was in Luke Darrell's private office.

"About Roger Mack?" said Peggy. Luke had been her faithful and willing confederate on almost the same terms as Sadie.

"I'm afraid, Miss Rutherford, they are on to Roger Mack."

"Why?" said Peggy.

"Well, I was out this morning, and everybody else, only the new washer was in. A young fellow strolled in and asked for Roger Mack. The washer said he didn't work here. Then the young fellow asked, had he left? The washer had never heard of him, but he said he was new himself. Then the young fellow left."

Peggy held herself impassive by an effort: "That was this morning?"

Luke said it was.

"And what was the young man like? A workingman?"

"That man who saw him, he said he was a gentleman. I couldn't git another mortal thing out of the dumb tyke; he couldn't tell so much as the color of his eyes or whether his hair was curly."

"Do you think the gentleman *could* have been Mr. Winslow?"

"I haven't got enough of a tip to give odds; it's even money *who* it was."

The unknown never returned to unravel their puzzle. But Roger Mack wrote that he had been in the interior of the state buying horses and was back that day. Johnny did not speak of coming to Fairport or Darrell's; but it was after that unexplained visit that his letters began to strike a more personal note, at first faintly, then with a firmer touch.

And this is why Peggy did not write to Johnny, nor Johnny to Peggy.

## CHAPTER VIII

### HAST THOU FOUND ME, O MINE ENEMY

The office-boy was not in the habit of eavesdropping; he was a decent little creature. Nevertheless, on a certain May morning, a year later, Axtel, the boy in question, made unnecessary excursions to the large office out of which opened Mr. Hopkins' private room; and whenever the typewriter was looking the other way he glued a very sharp ear to the keyhole under pretext of picking up something. Axtel knew that the excitement in the office was only a reflex of the excitement lurking in the two thousand eyes bent apparently on their work in the great shops outside.

Within the office three men sat smoking—William Hopkins, president of the Old Colony; Jabez Rivers, head of the Edgewater Steel Works across the river, and the vice-president and largest owner in a great Chicago corporation, manufacturing farm machinery. "Yes, I guess we are in for it, Dunham," Hopkins repeated.

A grunt was Mr. Jabez Rivers' only comment.

Dunham, the Chicago man, glanced from the plow manufacturer to the steel man.

"Then I understand you'll both stand with me?"

Hopkins laughed: "I guess we have to; we kept our foundry about running on your castings all through the dull seasons '96 and '97; and you've got the contract on us for this year; what else is there for us to do but keep it, whether the machinists like it or not?"

"Well, that's the way it strikes us, of course," the Chicago man said, "but—how about you, Mr. Rivers?"

"The Edgewater has a contract to supply the Old Colony with steel," grunted Rivers; "none of our business how they use it."

"Well, I thought you'd feel that way,"—the Chicago man spoke more rapidly in his relief—"but, of course, I wanted to make sure. The trouble *began* at Wethers'. His men struck for a raise and a recognition of their union; then the thing spread till we have a peck of trouble; it's way beyond the original cause. Been going on a month, and now a vile anarchist they used to have in Chicago, who used to be a molder, but now is a light among the machinists and can make more trouble than a candle in a powder factory, has taken a hand, and *we're* roped in. No reason on earth except that we sell to Wethers. I am about certain that this Wally Tyler, who used to be the most corrupt labor politician in Chicago—"

"That's a big contract," interjected Rivers.

"He'll fill it, never mind. He's the kind that holds us up with his right hand, and steals from his union with his left. *He* must needs take a hand for the machinists, and demand we stop selling to Wethers. We refused. We're not yet asking the labor unions to run our business for us. Next day our machinists walked out. We don't mind a partial shut-down if we can only get our stuff from you on time."

"You can," said Hopkins.

Rivers grunted something inarticulate, presumably assent.



"But they've served notice on you, too?"

"Served notice and got their answer; and Mr. Walter Tyler is in town, raising all the hell he can. How much?"—Hopkins blinked at the clock on the wall—"we shall know in about ten minutes."

"Say they'll walk out, then?"

Hopkins nodded.

"And how about Edgewater, Mr. Rivers?"

"Well, we've not enough machinists to hurt," said Rivers, "but Tyler got at our strand boys, and the bumptious little beggars, who are always making trouble, went out last night—and came back this morning."

"Indeed? How was that?"

"We've a brand new superintendent at the Open Hearth; young feller who went through the mill. Used to be in Chicago. He's been a strand boy, a rougher, a finisher, a roller, a heater; he knows the whole business; what's more he knows the *men*. Those little cubs knew they could shut down the whole shop; and they were mighty cocky. He said he thought he could call them down. He did. I don't know how; but I've a notion; he got at some of the older and more responsible men and they did the trick for him. I guess they promised the boys a good hiding. Lord, they need it! Cubs! Still some of them are decent, Gleason says; he's teaching them to box."

"Say, lend him to me for a while," laughed Hopkins; "I'm always on the lookout for young men that can work and haven't got the swelled head."

"Want him myself," rejoined Rivers.

"I guess *we* could use him somewhere, too," the Chicago man jested; his spirits were rising.

Rivers had lumbered to his feet and was looking at the clock. "Five minutes of," said he.

The three men left the office together. They walked across the narrow street to the largest shop. The three halted in the great doorway. Usually their presence

would not have attracted a turn of the head. To-day more than one man cast a backward glance.

"Who's that young feller just come in?" asked Hopkins.

"He's all right; he's *my* young man. I told him to come here." Jabez Rivers, with his hands in his pockets, was grimly unmoved. The president of the Old Colony Plow Works whistled softly.

"T-there's Tyler, h-himself," stammered the Chicago man.

Tyler swung through a side door almost opposite the group. Instantly he took in the trio in the big doorway. Their presence was an unexpected tid-bit for his vanity. He felt sure of at least three-fourths of the busy hammers dropping at his whistle. He hoped for more. On the whole, he was fairly sure of his stroke. His confidence curled on his mouth as he turned—and saw the young superintendent from the Edgewater.

The latter looked at him with grave, almost solemn eyes. Nothing passed between the two but the single glance. Then Tyler lifted his whistle to his sneering mouth and blew a blast that cut knife-like through the vast buzz of toil. As if in answer to a magician's call, every arm fell. Like statues, the men stood, their eyes glued on Tyler. Before Tyler could send a second blast, the new superintendent (to whom Rivers had nodded, after a swift colloquy with Hopkins) strode in front of him and laid a hand of iron on his arm. "Didn't you see that sign?" he demanded, but in the gentlest of voices, "No admittance." We mean it. You've no business here. Kindly go away."

"If I say no?"

"I'll fling you out."

Tyler looked at his antagonist and the pith went out of his courage. He knew himself to be the weaker man, and he had no mind to be discomfited before his following. He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll all go," he jibed. "Come on, boys!"

"The molders have refused to go.

"Don't be fooled, boys!" shouted a voice from the doorway. Tyler marched out. The moment his back was over the sill the door swung and the Edgewater young man turned the key and slipped it into his pocket. The stratagem obliged the striking employes to file down the aisles and pass out the large door under the very eyes of their employers. A clerk was taking down on his pad the names which a perspiring young man in a flannel shirt was repeating to him in a low voice. This procedure had a dampening effect on the finish of the drama, since a number of the malcontents flagged, a few even slipped back to their benches; only about a third of the men held steady. These walked doggedly past Hopkins, staring straight ahead like soldiers. One of them halted and turned his face, where toil and years had whitened the bristle of a stubby beard, up at Hopkins; and the tears rose to his tired, blue eyes.

"That man broke his leg and was laid up for three months and the company paid his doctor's bills and full wages," the clerk recited, "Look at him now! It pays to be good to 'em, don't it?"

"I'm sorry to see *you* quitting, Denis," said Hopkins.

The man drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty years," he muttered; "I never quit before. You mind that. But I belong to the union and the word's gone out."

"Oh, damn your union," snapped the Chicago man; "much your union would do for you if you were in trouble."

"The union's all right," called a cheerful voice; "the thing to do is to get the union to send all you fellows back in a hurry." The young superintendent had crossed the room and was standing behind the elders. The words drew from the Chicago man a freezing look; but Rivers clapped him on the back.

"Right, sonny, you've sized up the situation," his deep bass grumbled.

The young man sent back a bright smile, and a "Thank you, sir," as he took his own way outside. He could hear Hopkins thanking the machinists and the others who had remained, in the language of a man who had not forgotten that once he had worked with his own hands. The young fellow linked his arm in that of one of the strikers, a man he knew, who had recently been in trouble. "I was sorry to hear about it, Ellison," he said; "I knew what a good wife she was and what a good woman." The man's chin quivered. "That's right," he muttered; "say, I ain't thanked you for the flowers. Say, they give me the day off; and jest the same in the envelope Wednesday."

"Too bad you had to go out," said the young man; "get the boys out of this ridiculous notion soon as you can."

"I didn't know but you'd be mad, me going out—"

"When a man belongs to a union he has to obey orders; but you can do your best to get them back—" He stopped, perceiving Tyler in front of him, a man on either side.

"You — damn — renegade!" Tyler drawled with a kind of ferocious simper. "I'll be even with you, *this* deal, Ivan Gleetzin!"

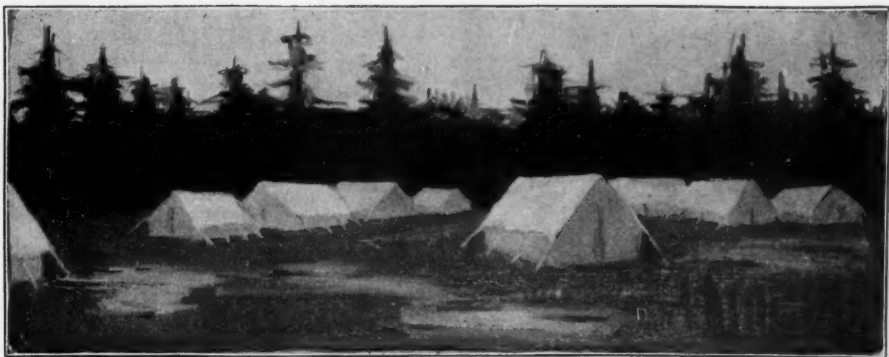
"I'm no renegade; and you know it—" William Hopkins in the doorway heard the voice with its delicate, educated modulations strike every word clearly, although its pitch was not raised—"and don't call me Ivan, my name is John Winslow."

None of the men quite took in the significance of the speech except Rivers and Hopkins. Rivers wagged his great head without a sound, but Hopkins strode up, extending his hand.

"Glad to see you back, Johnny," said he, heartily. "Will you come round this evening and dine with Mrs. Winslow and us—or ain't you quite ready for that?"

"Not yet," said Johnny; "but thank you. Thank you, awfully."

(To be concluded)



## THE WIDOW AT ZERO

*By Ovid Butler*

FOR the third consecutive day it rained. The forest smoked with a steady, driving downpour. The trees stood in several inches of water—a yellow delusive surface, mapped with alien countries of floating twigs and brown pine needles. The atmosphere was clammy and heavy; not a breath of air stirred to mitigate the feverish humidity. Only the dull roar of the rain beating through the needle-laden branches of the pines and the lonesome sound of a woodman's ax averted an oppressive stillness. To a stranger the gloom and isolation would have been appalling.

A man thrust his head out of the flaps of a tent which was pitched on a mound resembling the gigantic grave of a Red God. Now it was an island. The man squinted his eyes at the livid sky through the tree tops, letting the rain bead his rough, unkempt face. He came out of the tent, leaped a pool of water and stood on the trunk of a fallen tree, surveying his surroundings. He was seized suddenly with a fit of coughing; his was the unmistakable cough of a consumptive.

He was hollow chested and his sallow skin bore the yellow tint of malaria. His body was wasted, and his cheeks and eyes

were slightly sunken. He wore a dirty blue sweater, which sagged about his lean neck, and large rubber boots, into the tops of which his coarse trousers were tucked slovenly. His belt was a tar string. His name was Gaspar.

He did not seem to mind the rain. His eyes were fixed on a tent some sixty feet to the left of where he stood. It was a strange canvas structure, embodying two tents connected by a huge fly. Each piece of canvas showed different ages of usage. Behind the tent a man was splitting wood. Seeing no other living creature about, Gaspar watched the wood-chopper speculatively for some time. Then, with a hurried glance, he photographed a half-dozen other tents situated on slight elevations like the one from which he had just emerged, a high-fenced corral in which four mules and two oxen stood knee deep in miasmatic mud and water, and finally a low building constructed of logs and planed lumber, which abutted a railroad track. Across the gable of this building was painted in rude letters the word "Zero."

Brushing the drops of rain from his oily, black hair, Gaspar reentered the tent, where three other men, more rough-

looking than himself, played at cards about a table. Three heavy revolvers lay upon the table; a handful of coins were scattered in the center of it. The men were absorbed in the game.

"Ol' Ewbank's splittin' wood," remarked Gaspar, sitting down on the fourth box drawn up to the table, and chewing his quid vivaciously. The players made no reply. The largest of the three, a powerful man, wearing a loose, red sweater, was dealing.

"Ol' Ewbank 'as spruced up a sight sence the widder drapped in on us," Gaspar continued with well-aimed cheerfulness. The cards were dealt; two of the men looked up quickly at the speaker; the eyes of the man in the red sweater did not leave his hand and his hard face was imperturbable. It was a rather handsome face, bespeaking neither great strength nor great weakness, mentally. His name was John Mountain, but he was called Mount John because of his mastodon build; he could hew fifty railroad ties a day.

"Ewbank better hang to his wife an' mind his own business," snarled one of the men, trumping a worthless trick. He was the most villainous looking of the four. His hair grew down almost to his eyes, which were slightly crooked, and a bullet wound deformed his left cheek. They called him Harker.

"Ol' Ewbank's sweet on the widder," declared Gaspar, authoritatively. Harker threw down his last card.

"The hell he is," he exclaimed surlily. Mount John counted his cards and grunted—"high, jack, game."

There was a silence while the cards were dealt again. Then Gaspar spat laxly and continued:

"Ol' Ewbank's married an' 'as got a batch o' kids, an' I be danged if he kin carry on with the widder like he didn't hev no ropes tied to 'im. It ain't right, an', what's more, he's got to give some of us unmarried tie-hackers a show to harness up. Outside Mother Ewbank, the

widder's the only woman in Zery, an' I, fer one, ain't goin' to set round an' see ol' Ewbank monopolize her. A tie-hacker don' git a chance to git married more'n once in three lifetimes. The widder's good 'nough fer any or'inary man, least-way she's good 'nough fer me, an' I'm goin' to tell her so." Gaspar was speaking hotly. "What's more, I ain't goin' to lose no time about it, nether. Gentlemen, I'm goin' to putt it up to the widder to-night. Now, then, the first tie-hacker thet laughs er says anything thet ain't nice, watch h'out." He straightened up and passed his hand to his hip pocket.

Harker smeared his cards abruptly, as did the little man next to him, whose name was Beech. Mount John gathered in the money greedily.

"Gaspar," said Harker, slowly, "you ain't goin' to do nothin' of the kind, d'ye hear?"

"I ain't?" returned Gaspar. "Who's goin' to stop me?"

"I ain't mentionin' no names," replied Harker with an ugly smirk, "but you ain't." Then he demanded fiercely: "What I'd like to know is, who give you any first claim on the widder?"

Mount John shuffled the cards idly, the semblance of a smile on his face. Gaspar was seized with a fit of coughing. When he recovered, he demanded hoarsely:

"Harker, do you want to marry the widder?"

"Sence you've asked me," Harker replied, "I don' mind tellin' you thet I do, an' I reckon thet I ain't the only other one in this tie camp thet does; d'ye see?"

"Looks to me," drawled Beech, who, up to this time, had kept out of the discussion, "thet every man ought to have an equal show."

Harker nodded and Gaspar leaned forward:

"Beech, an' you want the widder, too?" he asked in a low harsh voice.

"I ain't said thet I do, have I?" flamed Beech. "An' I ain't said but what I'd

take her ef she'd give me half a chence."

There was an expression of anxiety in Mount John's face and he began dealing the cards. "Comin' in, Gaspar?" he said. "Two bits a corner."

Gaspar rose. "You hackers kin marry the devil fer all I care," he remarked laconically, "but I'm goin' to drap round and call on the widder."

The right hands of both Harker and Beech went to their revolvers. Harker

"Harker, go ask the widder to marry ye and then come back an' tell me what she says—an' don' lie."

"Be careful, Gaspar; you don' owe me no money." Harker spun out the words with cold, penetrating import. His green eyes were fixed upon Gaspar, who almost succumbed to vertigo, the bullet wound in his cheek, usually livid, glowed like a coal fanned by a blast of air, and his breathing could be heard above the dull



"TH' WIDDER'S RIGHT. WE AIN'T FIT FER NO WOMAN"

rested his elbow on the table and covered Gaspar with the weapon.

"Hold on, Gaspar," he commanded hotly, "don' be in a hurry to mix the devil up in this thing." Harker was terrible to behold when he was angry. His mouth was contorted and his eyes shone green like those of a frightened cat. He had the reputation of having killed two men up in Arkansas and this fact gave him a grim prestige in Zero.

Gaspar went into a delirium of partly feigned coughing. When he recovered his equilibrium, he laughed:

tapping of the rain on the canvas. Suddenly, he began speaking quietly: "Gaspar, you're goin' to act square about this, d'ye hear? We all can't tie up with the widder, no more then we kin all drink the same jug o' whisky, but ever' God-forsaken tie-hacker in this camp is goin' to have an equal show—no tearin' your shirt goes, d'ye see? How are we goin' to 'range matters, eh? Jist be so considerate as to look pleasant and listen—we're goin' to gamble fer the widder in a little game of seven-up. The function begins at seven-thirty and Beech hyar is goin'



to inform the other boys, fer the pot's open to ary man what wants the widder." He laid down his gun and leaned back officiously: "Are ye comin' in, Gasper?"

"That's square talk," put in Beech, who had replaced his revolver and was pounding on the table with his fist.

"If ye're goin' to putt it so danged politely," smiled Gaspar, meeting the situation with joviality, "why, I reckon I will jist take a hand."

Mount John threw down the cards with a morbid motion of disgust and rose from the table.

"Be you int'rested 'nough in the widder, Mount John, to take her if you'd win her?" Harker asked slyly.

"I don't want no widders in mine," growled Mount John, hitching up the neck of his sweater and going out into the rain.

At that moment, the high-pitched voice of a man sounded faintly through the patter of the rain.

"Sup-pah! Sup-pah!" It was Ewbank, announcing the evening meal. The three men washed their faces and plastered their hair with unwonted punctiliousness and waded silently over to Ewbank's tent to supper.

Ewbank had married a graft, so declared the gregarious tie-hackers; his wife was a "nat'rul-born boardin'-house lady." Mrs. Ewbank, a tall, angular woman, who loved to goad her husband good-naturedly about his lack of industry, kept the boarding-house of Zero, albeit it was a tent. About her plain, but copious table, the entire population of Zero, numbering some twenty rough-mannered men, gathered three times daily. The acme of Mr. Ewbank's efforts was reached at meal times when he endeavored to disperse wit around this table; he was as dry of wit as a bone.

If you look for Zero on the map of Texas, you look in vain. It is scarcely a dot on the surface of that continental State. A thread-bare, unincorporated community in a great atoll of tangled

timber, lagooned by winding, sweeping prairies of rank mud, and known and dreaded by the unofficial name of "The Big Thicket," Zero is what its name might signify—the zero of civilization. "The Big Thicket" is something less than fifty miles out of Beaumont, coastward. The timber is a comparatively young growth of loblolly pines, from which tie-hackers of desperate miens, scattered along the railroad in a long-linked chain of camps, hew millions of railroad ties each year. The fact that a commissary station was built at Zero, probably accounts for its being complimented with even so much as a chilly name.

The advent of the widow into Zero was a surprise to all but Mrs. Ewbank, who had begun to ache under the anarchy and isolation of the place. She had sent the invitation asking the widow to come out and spend a couple of days. The widow came and her appearance signaled an innate awakening in one-half the population of the community. On the second day of her visit, it began to rain as only it can in the low country of Texas, and the widow was forced to postpone her departure until wash-outs on the track were repaired.

It must have been the chicanery of Cupid that impelled the widow to bake biscuits the evening Harker dictated the terms of her wooing. They were bluish, soda disks, heavy, yet light when compared to Mrs. Ewbank's pastry. Mrs. Ewbank championed the widow's biscuits with unstinted pleasure, and the men devoured them with much more than conscientious gusto, praising them in their blunt and embarrassed manner.

It was another inexplicable turn of fortune that the widow appeared that evening in a dazzling toilet. Women have a way of suddenly blooming forth, fresh and cool, amid long depressing environment, and the widow was no exception. Her plump figure was enhanced by a clean white shirt-waist and a blue gingham skirt, curtained in front by a fresh-

ly ironed apron. Her thick, black hair was done up pompously with a tiara of jeweled combs, which sparkled in the lamp-light, but which were used too liberally to be taken as genuine. There were no hard lines in her face, her cheeks were rosy, her eyebrows were black and heavy, her teeth were immaculate and she smiled often. Over her heart, she wore a button about the size of a silver dollar; it bore the picture of her deceased husband. She was not bad to look upon, and to these rough, human outcasts she was nothing less than an undreamed dream. She moved about the table with a deftness akin to servitude, circulating the sweet potatoes, the pork, the rice, the canned corn, the biscuits, refilling coffee cups and glasses—in short, allowing no man to want.

Beech executed most skilfully his task of secretly advertising the card game among the men and not the trace of suspicion crossed the minds of the widow, Ewbank or Mrs. Ewbank. From his poll, Beech ascertained that public sentiment indorsed the method of deciding the unprecedented trouble. Supper over, the men showed a restless anxiety to see the game started. Harker's tent was chosen because it was the largest, and the men filed over to it through the rain and water, swearing and joking, Harker leading.

It was decided that after each game the man who had scored the lowest number of points must drop out; should there be a tie, the game was to be played over by all; the winner would be the man who won when the game reduced itself to two players. These rules were made in order that the widow might not be won too easily or too quickly.

Eight men found seats at the table in Harker's tent and thereby declared their candidacy for the right to approach the widow with matrimonial propositions. As each man sat down, he made a simultaneous movement, lodging his revolver on the table before him. The remaining rough and uncouth tie-hackers, who dis-

claimed the widow, pressed about the players eagerly. A dingy lantern, suspended from the ridge pole of the tent by a rope, shed a weird light over the dubious scene. Levity gave way to silence or serious comment. Trouble was evidently not unexpected.

The players began the game grimly, evincing a feverish excitement and an irascible attitude. Beech, Gaspar and Harker were fitting types of the other five players. All of them chewed tobacco blandly and guarded their cards carefully in their great hairy, abnormal hands. The first game was uneventful and necessarily long; a pox-marked man, called Spots, could show but three points, and was "frozen out." In the second game, Beech and Gaspar tied and the game was played over. By eleven o'clock two men were out of the match and the tent was almost empty of spectators, the men having retired, one by one, to their tents. Mount John, only, remained, silent and imperturbable.

At one o'clock but four hands were in the game—Harker, Beech, Gaspar, and a man named Hatch. They were unwatched; Mount John had gone, as had the defeated four. The rain had ceased, but there was a subdued dripping without. A mosquito sang hungrily about the top of the tent; the men swore at the cards in suppressed tones as they slapped them upon the table. No other sounds broke the heavy stillness of the night.

Hatch dealt and turned clubs. The game was well along, and the scores were critical. It was evident that Harker and Beech were combined against Gaspar; Hatch played into Gaspar's hand. Beech led with the queen of diamonds, and Gaspar followed with the king. In fumbling over his cards, Harker let slip the ten spot of diamonds, but snatched it up quickly and played the trey.

"Thet don't go, Harker," protested Gaspar, who had faith in Hatch. The trick was reasonably good to swing the game.

"Play," growled Harker, addressing Hatch.

Strung to a high pitch of nervous excitement, Gaspar seized his revolver and thrust it at Harker.

"This game ain't goin' on till you play the ten o' diamonds, Harker," cried Gaspar, his voice quaking with anger.

"I'll play it in hell first," retorted Harker, arrogantly.

There was a pause. Suddenly the four men became aware that they were gazing doggedly into the barrels of each other's revolvers.

"Now, one of you gazaboos blaze away an' the hull four of us will finish this hyar game in the devil's circus tent," Harker remarked, with an audacious snarl.

Hatch put down his gun. "Let's don't 'ave trouble, boys. Putt up your Betsies," he said, playing the ten of spades. Gaspar was about to object again, but comprehending Hatch's play, smiled and swept in the trick. The men replaced their guns on the table. Gaspar's hands shook for some minutes after this incident.

The game continued; Beech lost and was forced out of the game. After that Gaspar and Hatch succeeded in giving Harker the worst end of the score, and then laughed at him as he swore infamously. At three o'clock Gaspar had won from Hatch, who declared that he was in the game "more fer the sport of the thing than fer the widder," and by the law of Zero had also won the "habeas corpus" proceedings for the widow.

Gaspar slept little and coughed much that night. He rose at the usual hour, principally to receive congratulations, secondarily, because he could not sleep. His head reeled with joy and thoughts of the widow. His face was unusually gaunt and his eyes were badly bloodshot, but he was so cheerful and garrulous that no one noticed these symptoms. It was announced at breakfast that the widow had decided to prolong her visit a week.

The men wondered if she would stay longer.

Although the sky had cleared there was still much water in the woods; but the men had been idle for three days, so they waded off to work with their axes over their shoulders. They worked in twos, for that method was swiftest, and they were paid per tie. Gaspar and Hatch, who tented together, were the last men out. In the course of the morning, they felled half a dozen trees and hewed but twenty ties between them. About the middle of the afternoon, Gaspar complained of a dizziness and returned to his tent. Once there, he washed himself assiduously, put on a clean shirt, combed his hair with much precision, and in high spirits went over to call upon and claim the widow.

Hatch returned from work earlier than usual that day; it was about five o'clock. He was taking off his water-soaked boots in his tent when he heard a groan from Gaspar's bunk.

"How you feelin', Gasper?" he inquired. Receiving as a reply another groan, he went over to the bed. Gaspar's blankets were wet with perspiration and the man was burning up with fever. Two glowing spots illuminated his yellowish cheeks.

"Kin I do anything fer you, Gasper?"

"Water," moaned Gaspar. Hatch put on his boots again and went over to the pump in the corral and brought him some water. Then he got some fever powders from his trunk and administered them to Gaspar, who was seized with a paroxysm of coughing. He fell into a feverish sleep finally, and Hatch went over to supper. Throughout the night, Hatch, who slept heavily, was vaguely conscious that Gaspar was coughing and tossing in his bunk. About three o'clock he was awakened by his name being spoken.

"Eh, Gasper!" he exclaimed, raising himself to his elbow.

"Hatch, you ol' fashioned tie-hacker, come hyar," called Gaspar, deliriously. Hatch lighted the lantern and stepped over to the sick man's bed.

"Hatch, play the ten o' diamonds," continued Gaspar, smiling like an idiot and pointing his lean forefinger at Hatch as if it were a revolver. Hatch was at a loss what to do or say, but Gaspar scarcely gave him time for either.

"You done me right in thet game, ol' man. If it hadn't been fer you—" He stopped short, and when he continued his voice assumed a sanctimonious gravity.

"Hatch, kin you read?"

"I kin spell a little."

"They's a book yonder in thet trunk; d'you reckon you kin find it?"

Hatch fumbled through the trunk, found an old hand Bible, which had not been opened for years, and read several verses.

"The't'll do," interrupted Gaspar. "It's mighty purty, but it don' make much sense. Look hyar, ol' pard, don' look so danged down in the mouth. You jist crawl back yonder betwix' the boards an' pound your ear some more. You think I'm goin' to shake the sticks, don' you? Cuss it, no. I'm jist goin' over yonder 'cross the Sabine to a place I ben dreamin' about, where the pines grows square an' jist the right size, an' all you got to do is to walk up to 'em an' say 'drap,' an' they drap an' break up into as many purty railroad ties as you ever seen. It won't be no time, Hatch, till my pockets is bulgin' out with the dust an' I'll be goin' up to 'Uston an' buy the swellest rags in the danged town. After that I'll be comin' back hyar among the sticks, an' they ain't none of you thet will know me, but you all will watch me as I walk right up to the widder an' say: 'See what you passed up, Mrs. Widder?' An' then the widder will feel so danged bad—" He choked, closed his eyes and breathed heavily for almost a quarter of an hour. At last, with an effort, he sat up and put his skeleton arm—in the fire of his fever he had torn the clothes from his body—about Hatch's neck, whispering hoarsely:

"Hatch, don' you go an' make a fool of yourself with the widder."

"The widder belongs to you, Gaspar, an' no man in Zero daresn't tech her," replied Hatch tenderly.

Gaspar smiled sadly. "The widder says she can't tie up with me 'cause folks 'll say she married me fer my looks."

"'Ave you seen the widder, Gaspar?"

"Jist in a—a formal way," sighed Gaspar.

"What 'id she say?"

"Said she putt too much respect by her fu'st husband to think o' marryin' me."

Hatch swore. "She said thet, did she? By heavens—"

"Don' fly off the handle, ol' man," interrupted Gaspar. "The widder's right. We ain't fit fer no woman. Hatch, git out of Zery; stick to civ'leization." He paused; Hatch was silent.

"Jist one more gab, ol' side-hack,—putt the other boys next, so's the widder can't make fools o' them. Tell Harker, too." He fell back on the blankets and relapsed into a peaceful sleep. The intense nervous strain of the previous night and the bitter and unexpected disappointment of the day combined with his consumptive and malarial constitution to put an end to him. Gaspar died just as morning befogged the woods.

Hatch sat up and watched to the last. When it had grown light, he put on his boots, went out and passed the news from tent to tent. Gaspar was popular among the men, for he was a harmless chatterbox and possessed the indefatigable hilarity of most consumptives; his death was a strange shock to them. When they heard that the widow had rejected him, and in doing so had insulted him, they were afire with honest indignation. They gathered funereally in Hatch's tent to take action. Some of the more erratic were for riding the widow out of the community on a sapling pole, but the wiser heads prevailed, and it was decided finally that the widow should be requested politely but immediately to leave Zero on the first train. Mount John was selected to do the "dirty work."

Mount John accepted the commission without comment. He put on his gray, felt hat and went over to Ewbank's tent, where he threw that tent-hold into excitement by asking to see the widow in private. He found his task much harder than he had expected, but finally, in a few words, which were many for him, he made the position of the community clear. As she comprehended his meaning, two big tears flooded the eyes of the widow.

"I'll go," she sobbed; "but please tell them I'm dreadfully sorry." The widow was so penitent and pretty that Mount John abandoned his haste to get away.

"I'll tell 'em," he said. "But don't you feel broke up about it."

The widow lifted her tearful face to his.

"Aren't you going with me, Mr. Mount John?" she asked, the least bit petulantly.

"Where?" he said stupidly.

"Anywhere; wherever you say."

Mount John started. Then he fell into a phlegmatic study, gazing off to the tree tops. Suddenly he dropped his eyes to the beseeching face of the widow and his mind was made.

"It's a dirty trick, but I'll go."

The widow was all smiles. "We'll go to Beaumont," she exclaimed.

"No; the boys 'll run on to me there. We'll cross the line to Texarkana; I've got kinfolks there," Mount John replied.

The daily train was due at Zero at ten o'clock. There was some doubt expressed as to whether the track had been repaired

since the recent cataclysm, but these doubts were put to rest when the train, composed of four freight cars and one passenger coach hooked on behind, pulled in on time. Most of the men decided that it showed better form not to be about when the widow left, so they did not come into view, albeit they peeped through the bushes from a distance.

When Mount John appeared, the widow at his side, and his hands full of her belongings, Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank, Hatch and Harker were waiting about the rough platform. Mount John helped the widow on the fore-end of the coach and handed up her baggage to her. Not a suspicion entered the minds of the spectators; Mount John was fulfilling his duty. But when the train pulled out and the big tie-hacker swung himself on the rear platform, a cry of amazement went up from Mrs. Ewbank.

"Come back hyar, Mount John," cried Ewbank. "Whar ye goin'?"

"Hatch," called Mount John from the rear platform, as the widow appeared by his side, "you kin divvy my property up amongst the boys—exceptin' Harker—an' Harker, you kin step to hell."

Harker laughed heinously. "I'd a sight ruther walk than ride there with a widder," he shouted.

But Mount John could not have heard, for the train was well away, and the widow, a-tiptoe, was kissing him on the un-kissed cheek.





# READERS AND WRITERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

MRS. Humphry Ward has reached the place where a new novel from her pen is looked upon, in England and in America, as a literary event of the very first importance. No scientist, no theologian, no patriot

could issue a pamphlet or even a work to which the consideration of years had been given, that would arouse the interest of so large a company of intellectual persons, as does the announcement of a fresh work from the pen of Mrs. Ward. The reason is a simple one. Mrs. Ward writes of men and women, and she writes of them with the accuracy of a scientist, yet with the sympathy of a novelist. She is a sincere artist, she knows her subject, and she presents for the consideration of introspective and reflective men and women problems which they understand, and with which they have dealt, or may be called upon to

deal at any time. Fiction is an art with a signal advantage. Science, painting, sculpture, music, are not so intimately related to human experience as fiction. It is the splendid sister of history—more vivacious, more confidential, more bewitching. It deals with motives—with psychology. History is the pageant upon the streets; fiction the tableau by the fireside;

and though it is true that it can not be enjoyed under circumstances so exhilarating as can drama, yet it is always at hand, there, on the table, and has only to be lifted to lead one into a realm of mimic life.

If the fiction be noble, the result is to dignify the character of the person who reads it, and to assist that reader in idealizing his own life, so that the glance he turns upon his irksome Monday-morning routine is large. He attains to a perspective, and beholds, as in a mirror of fate, the results of his own trivialities, his tawdry vanities, his selfishness and commonness. Sincere and dignified writers arouse these feelings and are their own great justification to those who affirm with academic stupidity that they read no fiction.

Mrs. Ward is of those who bestir the soul to its best endeavors. It is not by ordinary preachment

that she attains this end. If it were, her fame would not be what it is. It is by her fine and large delineation of character, and her development of life-stories, in which the acts of men and women act and react upon each other, till every day of existence appears to be attended with excellent responsibilities. Her intense interest in the scheme of life awakens in the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

From a new portrait by Albert Sterner

reader a responsive sense of interest. The big game of life seems worth the playing; and the playing of it well—whatever the outcome—appears to be excuse enough for existence, whether it attain to eternal continuity or not.

"The Marriage of William Ashe" is an example of Mrs. Ward's latest work, deepened in treatment, yet revealing many faults of style which her earlier work did not show. Comparable to the tedious retrospection of Thackeray, or the interminable comment of Scott, is the long drawn out triviality of some of Mrs. Ward's pages; her conversations in retrospect, explaining what the author did not take pains to make plain in the proper place; her lack of sympathy with certain characters whom she insists are fascinating, though she will not prove her proposition. This is not, as in the case of a lesser author, inability, but sheer disinclination. It is not with any desire to appear to be eager to animadvert against an achievement so excellent that these criticisms are passed, but from a wish that a contemporary author so powerful, would, from the abundance of that power, exercise more care, that her stories, destined to a long life and to identification with the present day, might bear no indication of slovenliness. There is a certain form of patriotism not easily formulated, which, standing not so much for country as for the time in which the patriot lives, desires to see his day glorified with great achievements in history, in science, in art, in life-ideals. Such a spirit makes one quick to resent unnecessary failure, or the advertent flaw in a great work. And such a feeling moves the present writer to regret the imperfections of Mrs. Ward's fine work.

FEW books have been written within the last decade which have attracted the attention that has Robert Hunter's "Poverty," a stern volume, written in the most scientific spirit of modern socialism, yet calculated to stir to sympathetic action the most selfish and unsocial of readers. Macmillan Company are the publishers of this extraordinary work, which is destined to be quoted with alarmed conviction among sociological students. Mr. Hunter is at present chairman of the Child Labor Committee of New York State. Last year he

and his associates secured the passage of suitable laws respecting child labor, which they are now endeavoring to see enforced. Mr. Hunter has studied this and kindred subjects in the great cities of the Union, and he has not hesitated to ask the aid of many officials and social students in the preparation of his volume. "I have not the slightest doubt," Mr. Hunter declares, "that there are in the United States ten million persons in conditions of poverty." "Those in poverty," he explains, "may be able to get a bare sustenance, but they are not able to obtain those necessities which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency." Poverty, he points out, is far from being pauperism. Mr. Hunter explains the difference that lies in the spirit of the willing pauper and of the unwilling poverty-stricken man. And as a commentary on the poverty in great cities he says: "In the year 1903 sixty thousand four hundred and sixty-three families in the borough of Manhattan were evicted from their homes. This is about fourteen per cent. of the total number of families in the borough." And it is a familiar tale by now that "one in every ten persons who dies in New York is buried at public expense in the potter's field."

It is interesting to note at this time the reports of Commissioner Sargent of the Immigration Bureau. Florida, Virginia, North and South Carolina are desiring immigrants. One plan proposed is that vast tracts of marsh land in South Carolina be redeemed by drainage and settled by Scandinavians; another is that the stream of immigration be turned southward to supply the demand for laborers in the cotton mills, many of which are running at only part capacity owing to the inability to secure proper operatives. The demand for laborers in Louisiana is urgent, and Italians are eagerly seized upon at the docks as they land to take the place of the indifferent negro laborers, whose work has a peculiar quality of irregularity. The country needs the workmen, even if the city is overcrowded with them, and practical and benevolent persons in authority can do no better than to direct aright this steady stream of poor persons coming to this country in search of opportunity.

A book which may well be read in con-

junction with Mr. Hunter's is "The Principles of Relief," recently prepared by Doctor Edward T. Devine, general secretary of the Charities Organization Society of the City of New York. The aim of this book may be indicated by this paragraph taken from the introduction: "As soon as the need of preventing disease becomes paramount to the duty of nursing an individual sick person; as soon as the possibility is recognized that, by preventable sickness, by unsanitary housing, by avoidable accidents, by premature death, by industrial distress, or by any other cause wholly or partly social in character, families may become dependent, it becomes of vital social concern to examine all such causes of dependence and to devise such system of relief, of alleviation, and of cure as may be found practicable and desirable."

This is a sentence of rather magnificent scope, and ancient ideas of bestowing alms as a mitigation of poverty are made to seem puerile indeed, in view of all of greed and power, of custom and ignorance that must be fought before these preventable misfortunes have ceased to be. As the world is to-day, with its innumerable appliances devised for construction and convenience, but incidentally working destruction and hardship; with the battling of millions in cities; with the trained selfishness of impregnable overmen filching from undermen their liberty by the most adroit processes; well may the pessimist find food for his philippics against society. Were there not another side to the picture in these explorations of trained observers into the recesses of society, the ever-growing organizations of those who sympathize with the "submerged" and the willingness of the cultivated and the successful to live among the lowly and help in the bearing of their burdens, despair might well seize upon those who look the statistics in the face. But social responsibility is the new religion, and those who appreciate the magnitude of the responsibility are increasing in number.

An excellent work to assist in a clear understanding of present day conditions in the United States is "Labor Problems," by Thomas Sewall Adams, Ph. D., assistant professor of political economy in the University of Wisconsin, and Helen L. Sumner,

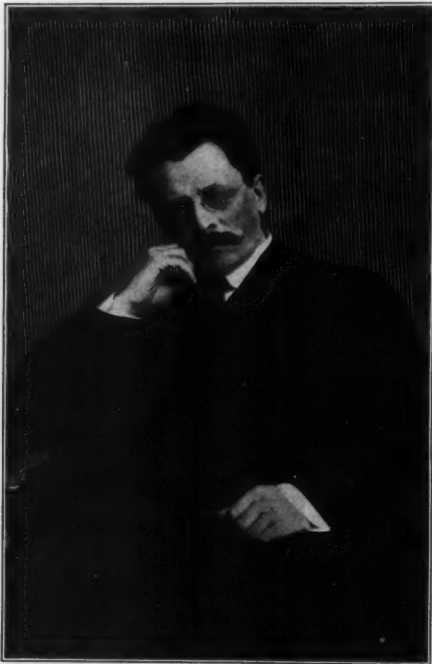


ROBERT HUNTER  
Author of "Poverty"

honorary fellow in political economy in the same university. The contents are: Woman and Child Labor; Immigration; The Sweating System; Poverty, Earnings and Unemployment; Strikes and Boycotts; Labor Organizations and Employers' Associations; The Agencies of Industrial Peace; Profit Sharing; Co-operation; Industrial Education; Labor Laws; The Material Progress of the Wage-Earning Class.

**M.** COQUELIN, the actor, has offered himself for the senatorship of the Pas de Calais, with no little hope of finding his ambitions realized. Already he is the wearer of the cross of the Legion of Honor. Not until the third republic were actors so distinguished in France, and until now no actor has made known any aspiration to sit in the French body of legislators. England's upper house has seen one actor

among the Peers, that being the Earl of Rosslyn, whose seat there was his by inheritance. When not on his tours with his company, Erskine, or Lord Rosslyn, has given his country the benefit of a singularly shrewd and quick-seeing mind. Occasionally, it is true, he has been suspended from his duties by bankruptcy, but friends have come to his assistance. The swift repartee, the trained elocution and the satirizing habit of mind which are the possessions of the cultivated actor, could hardly come amiss, one would suppose, in the legislative body of any country. In the Senate of the United States there is, if one may venture to say so, plenty of acting, if not much entertainment, and the inauguration of a few men not ashamed of their profession might add to the gaiety of the midnight sessions.



A. CAHAN

Author of "The White Terror and the Red"

THE workingman's uprising in Russia gives to the new novel, "The White Terror and the Red," by Abraham Cahan, a terrible timeliness. He will be remembered

as the author of that remarkable novel, "Yekl," and many stories which have appeared in the leading magazines. Mr. Cahan is, himself, a refugee from Russia. He was under surveillance there as a revolutionary, and he had, indeed, as the organizer of a "Circle," rendered himself liable to deportation. He escaped from the village where he was living and teaching school, and made his way for a long distance in a row-boat; then, with the aid of a false passport, to southern Russia, where he found the people of his own race agitating the question of emigration—for it was a period of persistent anti-Semitic riots. He joined one of these companies and made his way to America. He came over with a miserable, driven crew of his own people, for whom the persecutions of generations had done their bitter worst. In the summer of 1882 he settled in New York, living in the crowded East Side, and sharing to an extent the life of his compatriots. Two years later found him an instructor, first under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and then in a public evening school. He wrote for Russian publications and then ventured to contribute to the American press. After a time he started a Socialist newspaper and a magazine, which he edited on the East Side. Mr. Howells, who always stands on the bridge with his glass to his eye, hoping to sight good talent, saw one of his articles in a magazine and ventured to bestow upon him one of those generous compliments with which he is wont to warm the hearts and inspire the persistence of young authors. Mr. Howells invited Mr. Cahan to his house, inspected his mental furniture, so to speak, and informed him that he was capable of writing good fiction—that he had imagination, love of imagery, sympathy, humor, tragedy, and a few of the other qualities which the maker of good novels ought to possess. So Mr. Cahan wrote "Yekl," and if the publishers had had their way he would have written other books. Life, however, was occupying Mr. Cahan very much. Besides, he liked to express his ideas through the fine medium of the short story. He contributed to nearly all of the best magazines, a portion of these stories being at one time collected in a book entitled, "The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories." He has been connected for five

years with the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, now the *Globe*, but has given over his work there—save for the writing of an occasional article—and is the editor of *Forward*. This is an influential and high class daily on the East Side. His wife has translated his best work into Russian, and his stories and sociological articles have appeared in the best radical journals of Russia.

"The White Terror and the Red" is a tale of Nihilism. It covers the most eventful history of the "underground movement"—that movement which has now ceased to be "underground," and has risen like an Afrit of the desert till it covers the sky. Mr. Cahan has been a scant respecter of much that has been written about Russia. He knows his land and its sorrows, in "his heart's deep core," and writes of it with scrupulous fidelity. A. S. Barnes & Company are the publishers of "The White Terror and the Red."

UNEXPLORED literary territory grows smaller every year. There is hardly a continent, a country, an isle, or a province which has not been used by the novelists who delight to work in local color. From the arctic to the antarctic regions, the fiction writers have roamed,—now splendidly inaccurate, now tiresomely detailed,—placing the scenes of their work in all climes and ages, and, not infrequently, mistaking a picturesque setting for a good tale. But it does seem as if South America would bear more exploitation. Mr. Richard Harding Davis has taken a dash or two down that way; Mr. Joseph Conrad has turned his sinister glance in that direction; and innumerable European writers have murkily sketched scenes in some sweltering loneliness which they have called by the name of one of the South American states, but the continent has, on the whole, been unduly neglected. This should not be. With the marvelous scenery, the erratic and luxury-loving society of the cities, the assertion of brilliant personalities in the kaleidoscopic political life, at least one vivid novel should be written. And there remains, also, Australia, New Zealand and Wales. None of these countries has, in very recent fiction, been dealt with in satisfactory manner.



MARY IMLAY TAYLOR  
Author of "My Lady Clancarty"

MACMILLAN'S announce with grave self-possession "Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, Edited by Dr. C. A. M'Murray!" One hesitates to add to the delicious humor of that publisher's advertisement one comment to point the laugh! Dear little Alice, wandering big-eyed among her Mock Turtles, her White Queens and her March Hares, under the chaperonage of a titled gentleman of academic proclivities and a Scotch name! Of what, one marvels, can the editing consist? Has he restored "Soup of the Evening, Beautiful Soup," to the original? Has he supplied a glossary with definitions of "burbling," "gallumphing," "frubjious" and other Carrollian verbal delights? Is it as a moralist, an ethnologist, a grammarian, or a pamphleteer that he approaches shy Alice—in whose innocent frolics suspicious persons have, before now, imagined a political significance? It might not be so utterly absurd if good Dr. M'Murray did not bear about his name the hallmark of the nation whose steel-clad solemnity warranted them impervious to



shafts of folly and fusillades of wit. M'Murray! One has a vision of grave-eyed men in secret conventicle, shivering among mist-enshrouded hills. And where Alice trips there is nothing but sunshine and fairy dew! Poor little Alice! But, after all, perhaps the pious pacing with the grave gentlemen will do her no harm. She can give the wink to the children who understand her past all interpretation of the learned, and she has always, if need be, her good friend the Walrus, or her doughty neighbor the Carpenter, near at hand, to gallumph to her aid.

**T**HEOBOLD Chartran, of Paris, who has been working in New York, closed his career here with a passionate incident. He had painted, for a prominent New Yorker, a portrait of his wife. For this picture five thousand dollars was to be paid. The portrait was completed, and the purchaser called to view it. Critics and friends had pronounced the picture to be a brilliant example of the artist's work, and he awaited with some anticipation the comments of his patron. The gentleman turned a cold business eye upon the picture and said:

"It is a beautiful picture, but it is not my wife."

"Who is it, then," demanded Chartran.

"I do not know, but it is not my wife."

The business man then made the suggestion that as the likeness was not convincing a reduction in price might be arranged. Chartran smiled, took up his palette knife and slashed the portrait into ribbons. On these he stamped, and the business man, unaccustomed to the artistic temperament in its explosive moments, left the studio without further exhibition of his critical powers. Later letters of apology reached the artist, but his reply was to engage his passage for France.

**R**IDER Haggard is still, it appears, making a specialty of Africa. Just now, however, he is not steering his boat to "the Ethiopian's Head," which, it will be remembered, marks the entrance to "She's" dominions, but he is coming to this country with the British government's scheme for the agricultural settlement of South Africa. The proper development of uncultivated

lands in South Africa by suitable emigrants was one of Cecil Rhodes' most cherished plans; and the expenses of Mr. Haggard's trip will be defrayed by the trustees of the estate of Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Haggard has been talking, lecturing and writing upon agricultural subjects of late years, and feels himself well at home in his present undertaking.

**Y**EARS ago, when we who are old—almost—were young and enamored of the spirit of the age, which we pronounced with splendid wisdom to be scientific, we were absorbed in the novels of the ever astonishing M. Jules Verne. First, there was his ingenuity, which was unique, and so fertile, so amazing, so almost practical, that it seemed as if it ought to be utilized—like Niagara. Then there was his detachment from the ordinary perplexities. In reading him one was able to lay aside all thought of sentiment, religion, politics, and philosophy—those questions upon which an eighteen-year-old dare not delay! In the cold and clear atmosphere of abstract thought—or the imitation of it—where one ventured with M. Verne, there were exhilarating adventures, experiments and inventions. The world appeared to be on the point of being transformed by a new set of ideas. The iridescent imagination of youth saw all material difficulties overcome; saw the obstinate world of matter conquered; and when, by a fortuitous chance, the inventions of some American scientist tallied with the alert fancy of M. Verne, editorials were written, and dinner talk turned to the wonders that were to be—and to the happy prophesies of the Parisian.

Twice a year was the reading world surprised into new exclamations, as M. Verne, faithful to his promise to his publisher, turned out his semi-annual volume. But in spite of the popularity of these volumes, in spite of the author's assiduity and peculiar vivacity, he found no place in French letters, and now he lies dead, with his glory a mere immaterial and evanescent circumstance of a dead century. He failed to hold fame, though he won celebrity, and his sorrow's crown of sorrow was his realization of the fact. He wrote for the ready royalty and the praise of the current paragrapher,

and he got what he desired. It seems, sometimes, as if this were not, after all, such an unjust world. At least, it happens in a good many cases, that an aspirant finds his desires realized with singular particularity. "This much and no more," says Fate, "was what you wished to have. Behold, this much and no more is given!"

THERE can be little doubt that Madame Abeille, one of the most amusing characters in Max Nordau's novel, "Morganatic," is intended as a caricature—or possibly, a portrait—of Madame Juliette Adam, who has recently been publishing her "Recollections,"—the naïve egotism of which readers on two continents have found diverting. Noline, the heroine of the novel, writes to her mother: "I really do not understand my godmother. Her most intimate friend here is Madame Abeille, a tall, stout sort of female dragon with a visible mustache. I went to my first party in Paris at her house. She edits an important weekly paper, and takes herself for a great politician. To listen to her you would think that she makes and unmakes ministers, concludes and breaks treaties, and holds all the threads of diplomacy in her really uncommonly strong hand. She was here, as often, to-day, and talked with my godmother about *la haute politique*. The two solemn ladies made universal history in grim earnest. I have never seen anything more approaching to farce on the stage. Madame Abeille haughtily demanded the return of Alsace-Lorraine. My godmother opposed at first, and wished to make conditions. But Madame Abeille would not give way an inch, and in the end my godmother yielded. Then Madame Abeille embraced her friend, and shouted in exultation, 'Yes, my dear princess, that's what we must do. The young emperor has a noble, lofty mind. We may expect chivalrous conduct from him. And you will be the greatest benefactress of two famous empires, and deserve everlasting glory if you bring about so desirable an event.'"

"I HAVE no politics, and no party, and no particular hope: only this is true, that beauty is very beautiful, and softens, and comforts, and inspires, and rouses, and

lifts up, and never fails." This was the Obermannistic utterance of Burne-Jones and is quoted by Lady Burne-Jones in the recently published "Memorials." The utterance is that of a man meaning, as Matthew Arnold did in the concluding sixteen lines of "Dover Beach," to speak the utmost truth. The idea of immortality had failed these men, the rivalry of nations and the contests of parties seemed much strife in a world better for its surcease. They spoke, one for beauty, and one for human love, but both meant the same thing—to take in peace with good will, the highest happiness at hand, letting Oblivion approach with such pace as it might. "Beauty is the only thing," admits Robert Browning, "that can appeal to souls like mine." The book is not at hand, and the quotation may not be exact, but the sentiment is correctly offered, and it corresponds with that of Burne-Jones the painter, of Matthew Arnold the poet, of Walter Pater the quiescent thinker, and of those in whom high intelligence and susceptibility are not united to the lust for battle. They are philosophers, making an art of life, and not, as do a sterner and more numerous company, regarding it as an opportunity for the exercise of duty. With the first, morality becomes one of the concomitants of good taste; with the latter, an imperative necessity of the soul. The first seeks no reward save that which comes from the high emotion of the hour; the second looks for future reward. The first fears nothing save a dulling of the senses, a decay of the delicate powers of the mysterious gray cells of the most mysterious of animal organs, the brain; the other apprehends the displeasure of a conscious, supervising and judicial creator.

IT'S pleasant to know that somebody has been dramatizing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It was played for charity at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the report is that it was quite charming. Mrs. Wiggin gave gracious permission and meant to go on to see the performance, but was withheld at the last by illness. There are very few household plays of any merit or charm—plays which are natural and suit themselves to amateur performance, with the cleverest

and nicest girl in the village for leading lady, and the finest young fellow of them all for leading man. Happy recollections of amateur dramatics haunt most of us, the only drawback to which was old-world, sophisticated comedies with scenes foreign to our knowledge, language of a swaggering and artificial variety, and a story verging to farce or sinking to the maudlin and the lacrymose. At Hull House, in Chicago, there is a good dramatic company, a fine stage and an eager audience, but Miss Adams confesses that she is much put to it to find a play she wishes to give over to the handling of young girls and boys, which yet has meaning and vivacity. May "Rebecca" be one of them! Rebecca is certainly a dear off the stage, and she ought to be no less of one on it.

CLIVE Holland, having fallen in love with Japan, after the fashion of those who coquet with her, has written his third novel having for its setting this land of



CLIVE HOLLAND

flowers, of bright awakening, of endless ingenuity and hope. "A Japanese Romance" is the title of his latest book, the previous ones being, it will be remembered, "My Japanese Wife," and "Mousmé." Mr. Holland has been fortunate, not only in his own talents, but in having his work presented to the public in charming style, and with the illustrations of Genjiro Yeto.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt promises to become as persistent a "boomer" of books he likes as was Gladstone, although, of course, he has not the Englishman's leisure or capacity to read. Gladstone's first notable comment on a book which resulted in greatly assisting the sale of the volume was made upon "Robert Elsmere." After that he made open praise of many books, nearly all of which were deserving, and it became an axiom that commendation by the great Liberal statesman meant an addition of from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand copies to the aggregate sale of a book. There were many vily attempts made by publishers to secure a word from him on this or that work, but his ideas were his own, and he was not subject to coercion. As a rule, his approval had a good basis.

Mr. Roosevelt, like Gladstone, is himself a maker of books, and he has a fellow feeling for authors. He enjoys signaling out some good book and giving it public praise. Only Mr. McClure knows how much he helped Pastor Wagner's little book, "The Simple Life." Previous to that he had given his unqualified indorsement to books by Jacob Riis and Booker T. Washington. He told his countrymen how he had enjoyed "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." He set people to looking up the works of Frederick Mistral when he subscribed to a French fund, and he attracted renewed attention to Judge Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread" by severely criticizing the heroine. Other instances of his interest in contemporary literature will occur to the reader who keeps tab on "things as they are" published. And it is not likely that this amiable ambition on the part of Mr. Roosevelt, to act as public encourager of the deserving, will decrease with age and successive presidential administrations. Mr. Roosevelt is patriarchal in his feelings, and he enjoys giving his children an encour-

aging word. He is the sort of man who likes to see a good word passed on, and he probably knows of no better way for the doing of that than to help a good book to sell. The President takes an interest in almost everything, and is adored for it, however much blasé paragraphers may affect to laugh at it. It is but natural that he should feel a particular and emphatic interest in the books of the hour, because he likes, when he is not otherwise occupied, to dash off one himself.

**M**R. George P. Upton's most recent book, "Theodore Thomas: A Musical Autobiography," to be brought out this month from the house of A. C. McClurg and Company, is a valuable addition to the musical literature of this country. Mr. Thomas had completed everything he had to say in this book several weeks before his death, and the work has therefore suffered nothing by his untimely demise. The first volume will contain an autobiography written by Mr. Thomas during the summer of 1904 at Felsengarten, his New Hampshire home. It was his original intention to confine his autobiography to the musical events of his boyhood and first public appearance, but as the work proceeded he became more and more interested and made it complete, by bringing it down to the present orchestral season. The same volume will contain an appreciation of Mr. Thomas' life and work by Mr. Upton—matter which a life-long friend could offer without hesitation, but which Mr. Thomas, from admirable diffidence, could not venture to add to his confession. Mr. Upton speaks with authority on musical matters, and in the several books which he has contributed to musical history, he has written nothing in which he was so enthusiastically interested.

The second volume will contain all the most significant programs conducted by Mr. Thomas from 1855 to 1905, carefully edited, and, when necessary, explained. They are, in their way, a record of the musical progress of the country during the past half century. Mr. Thomas added certain short essays upon such subjects as "Program-making," "Encores," "Late Comers," "The Orchestra Technique," et cetera.



VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

Whose new novel "Serena," is among the April publications

**S**IR C. Purdon Clarke has been appointed as director of the Metropolitan Art Museum, to the discontent of certain limited Americans who think that an American should have been chosen for the place. There are other matters which should disturb the aggressive American much more than the appointment of this connoisseur to so useful a position, among which is the comparative absence from the Metropolitan Art Museum of representative American work. An Englishwoman, interested in this country, remarked not long since: "I suffered the keenest artistic disappointment when I visited your Metropolitan Art Museum. I went there expecting to find your greatest Americans represented. And what did I see? A collection of pictures chosen, in many cases for the painter's name rather than for their individual merits, and, nine-tenths of them by Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen and Englishmen. Nothing could have been more hackneyed, more usual, more expected. After I had once perceived the quality of the place I seemed almost to know what I should see next. The taste of thirty years ago was evidenced there, and I was amazed to think that Americans, who have, as private citizens, been bringing over so many treasures by the most interest-



ing of our European painters, and who have themselves been producing men of distinction and originality, should not have had a more modern and characteristic collection in the Art Museum of their metropolis. I found the exhibits in the Art Institute at Chicago indicative of more enthusiasm and contemporary interest."

It is not at all unlikely that Sir C. Purdon Clarke is the very man to shake the Metropolitan Art Museum into an appreciation of the work that is being done almost within a stone's throw of its walls. He will, it is to be hoped, bring a keen and fresh appraisal of American art aspiration and achievement to his new task. Meantime, it is for all of us to remember that the power to create beauty and the power to appreciate it are things to draw nations together, and that the accident of nationality can not divide the brotherhood of those who serve, in any capacity, their eternal mistress, art.

A RELATIVE of the late Charles Godfrey Leland is writing a series of articles on that gentleman's work. It has seemed to a good many judicious critics that Mr. Leland was a much overrated literary man, and that his greatest success was as an all-around good fellow. But the author of these papers—and, to be frank, a goodly company beside—would fain believe that "Hans Breitman's Barty" is enough to establish Leland's literary fame. It may be a lack of humor on the part of those who dissent from this proposition, but to them the broken German dialect, which obtained such popularity, seemed, thirty years ago, dull enough reading, and to-day, in contrast with work of more esprit and wit, is almost unreadable. There are twenty more or less unknown newspaper writers at the present time who are incomparably superior to Leland as humorous writers. That the popularity of Hans Breitman was purely ephemeral is proved by the fact that the books are out of print, and have long been in that condition of desuetude. The public, to-day, would not sit to hear the most magnetic of readers through the third stanza of any of the series.

Mr. Leland, after serving on various American newspapers, went abroad for a

second and third time. When he returned the second time he did much to interest Americans in schools of artisanship and to lay the foundation for the introduction of the manual training schools of to-day. He also brought back a great deal of *fal-de-daddle*, such as the so-called "*repousse*" work, and for several years our houses resounded with hammering and our walls were decorated with many large and hideous brass plates uselessly indented in amazing designs.

While abroad, Mr. Leland became interested in many curious things, and fell into a frenzy for acquiring strange tongues—Romany among the rest. He wrote several works on the Gypsies, their language and habits, and showed an inclination for, or, at least, a sympathetic understanding of, the life of traditional vagrancy. Later, he petulantly charged that George Borrow got his ideas of the Gypsy from him—stole the Romany thunder, so to speak. But there was little basis for the charge. Both Borrow and Leland were something of poseurs, but of the two, Borrow succeeded in being the more picturesque, and he had, besides, an illusive but undeniable genius.

The popularity attributed to the Breitman ballads appears at this day exaggerated. They were quoted and recited and sung, but some of the instances now being cited appear childish, and the importance of the verses as such are out of all proportion to their real worth and significance.

MAURICE Barrymore, once an actor of extraordinary intelligence and magnetism, died of paresis the other day in a sanatorium on Long Island. His baptismal name was Herbert Blythe, but when, after trying his hand, or his wits, at diverse occupations, he decided to go upon the stage, he changed his name to the one by which he was known. He made his first appearance in Windsor, in 1872, playing Cool in "London Assurance" with a company managed by C. P. Fleckton. Later he joined the company of a close friend, Charles Vandehoff, and in 1875 came to America with him, appearing first in Boston as Ray Trafford in "Under the Gaslight." Later that season he was given the valorous part of Captain Molyneux in "The Shaughraun," and scored.





THE READER MAGAZINE

ROBERT EDESON

Starring in "Strongheart." Portrait sketch by George Brehm

Augustin Daly heard of him and engaged him for the summer tour with his stock company.

In 1878 he organized a company of his own, among the members of which was Georgia Drew, who afterward became his wife. The following year he joined Lester Wallack's company and remained with it until 1881 when he went to London to produce his own play, "Honor." Returning to America he became Madame Modjeska's leading man, and for four seasons supplemented her great abilities with his sympathetic acting. He wrote "Nadjeska" for her, and proved himself, perhaps, the best support that that most poetical of actresses ever had in this country. For two years Barrymore associated himself with the Haymarket company in London, then came back to America to accept many engagements, not the least of which was that of Rawdon Crawley, played to Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharp. But his mannerisms, born, somehow, of what had once been a great manner, were becoming too assertive. He delivered his lines in gulps, his old-time insouciance had become a sort of insolence. He degenerated to vaudeville; failed, after a time, to remember even the lines of trivial parts; and in many ways showed the approach of paresis. A sudden paroxysm of mental excitement caused him to be consigned to a sanatorium on Long Island, and there, for four years, his brilliant personality has suffered slow dissolution. He is at rest at last, and there come back to those who knew him a hundred reminiscences of his effervescent wit, so charming in the flash of utterance, and so almost impossible to transcribe.

On one occasion he and Wilton Lackaye spent a convivial evening with a well-known entertainer who was noted for his willingness to let others call the waiter. He was then engaged in writing reminiscences of people he had met, and dined with—by their permission or otherwise. After several hours of chat he arose and said: "Well, good night, boys. I'm going home to do some writing on my autobiography."

"With the accent on the 'buy'?" asked Lackaye.

Quick as a flash Barrymore appended: "No; on the 'ought to'."

He and his first wife, Georgia Drew, were unmerciful to each other as jokers, and on the few occasions when they were seen together on the stage, they have been known to interrupt the play for ten minutes for the indulgence of impromptu repartee, reckless enough at times, but provocative always.

Once at a reunion of the Drew family in Philadelphia when the Barrymore children were infants, the little things were brought in to say their prayers for their own and their grandmother's edification, before leaving their elders to their evening's enjoyment. Mrs. Barrymore had evidently done some coaching, for Ethel concluded her prayer with: "And, oh, Lord, please make my papa a better actor."

When Ethel cabled to her father from London her engagement to the Duke of Manchester, he replied simply: "Congratulations"; and when, a week later, she cabled that the engagement was off again, he answered with cheerful reiteration: "Congratulations."

He was intensely vain and no stickler at the rules of chivalry when he considered himself affronted. Once, it is said, when Modjeska reproved him for slovenly acting, he turned on her brutally with: "Madame, I was well known on the stage when the public thought your name stood for a brand of tooth-paste."

Even in the regrettable hours of his madness he committed many witticisms and appreciated jocularly in others. It is related that he laughed heartily at the remark of a lunatic whom he met in the asylum ground. The poor soul was trundling a wheelbarrow upside down, and Barrymore asked him why he did it. "Sh-h-h!" whispered the man, looking about him to see that none was listening, "if I turn it the other way up, some one may put bricks in it!"

It is pleasant to know that he kept the trick of laughter, for he had a quick spirit of mirth in him, and that, and the inimitable grace and insinuation of his acting, will remain in the memory of all who understand the subtleties of delicate stage delineation, until they, too, shall be obliged to submit to the mercies of those who pen glib mortuary memorials.



M. ANDRE CASTAIGNE

M. ANDRE Castaigne has won his celebrity with his pencil, which has depicted life on two continents, but, not content with his reputation in this line he has essayed a novel. It is a story of the Student Art Life of Paris, with an American girl for a heroine and a young American artist for a hero. M. Castaigne has lived much in America, and his delineations of our fellow countrymen, while not without humorous appreciation, are free of that curious exaggeration which is usually found in the characterization of Americans by foreigners. He does not force his American characters to commit any of the time-honored verbal *gaucheries* of which it is popularly believed abroad that all good Americans are guilty. Not since "Trilby" has there been a novel so redolent of the Latin Quartier as this book of Castaigne's, "Fata Morgana" by title. There is no subject more fascinating, in all the world of romance, than that of a band of strolling players. Who that has read "Wilhelm Meister," "Captain Fracasse" or "L'Avengro" can forget the thrill of happy vagrancy that comes to even the most prosaic and respectable of readers, as he shares in imagination, the delight of wanderers whose

pleasure it is to make merry for the home-keeping part of society! Castaigne has delighted to select this subject, and a little circus *gymnaste*, Helia by name, is his most picturesque character. She is, with her impetuosity, her naïvete, and her capability for devotion, an excellent foil for the warm-hearted but very level-headed *Americaine*, who orders her world according to her notions, and who is too keen a critic of character to be swept from her feet by any emotion, however ardent. It is easy enough to say that M. Castaigne's novel is not a success. The veriest neophyte in criticism will perceive that the interesting artist has fashioned him a boat for pleasure, set it adrift on the sea of happy bohemianism, and that he has, from the outset, been uncertain of his harbor, and without chart or compass. But it is possible, for whole chapters, to forget these defects, and to delight in the madresses, the dreams and follies, the sacrifices and loyalties of the Latin Quartier, where men may be painters or acrobats, poets or mountebanks, and share in the universal brotherhood. The illustrations of Castaigne, the artist, it is hardly necessary to say, tell all that the pen of Castaigne the writer, neglects to convey.

**G**ARDNER W. Allen's new book on "Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs" has at once been added by the Bureau of Equipment to the approved list of books for crews' libraries in the United States Navy. The book recounts a picturesque and valorous chapter in our naval history, which, it appears, has not been dealt with at length and in full detail previously. The episode at Tripoli gave confidence to our navy, and it is not at all impossible that our victories in 1812 were the result of the self-confidence and experience gained along the Barbary coast.

**M**ISS Bertha Runkle, the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," is now the wife of Captain Bash, of the United States Army, who is stationed at Manila. Miss Runkle was returning from a journey to Japan and met Captain Bash in California. A swift wooing followed,—one which, in point of romance, must have satisfied even the author of "The Helmet of Navarre,"—and Miss Runkle's quiet life in the East was exchanged for a more stirring one in our Oriental possessions.



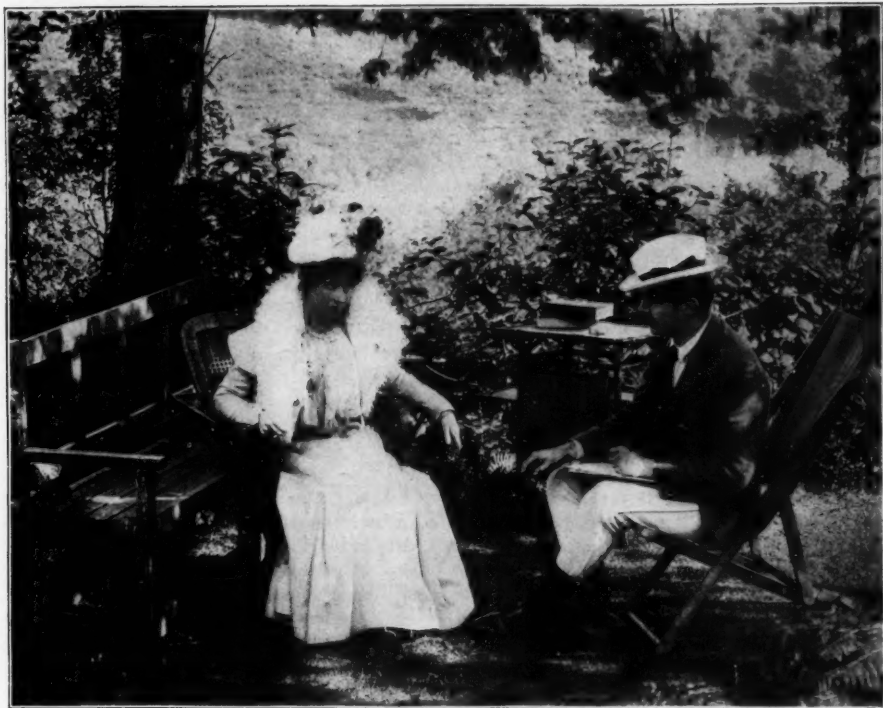
MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Land of Little Rain," whose new book, "Isidro," is among the April publications

**W**E have a "Children's Bible," a "De-iccated Dante," a Boccacio which may be read in young ladies' seminaries, a pre-digested Shakespeare that may be perused without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence; Casanora's Memoirs have been reduced to the harmless condition of a breakfast food, and now we are to have a "Reformed Rabelais." The Urquhart translation has been passed through the hands of Prof. Adolphe Cohn and Dr. Curtis Hidden Page, and is now, we are informed, completely harmless. The vitals and the viscera have all been removed, and the remainder has been sterilized, deodorized and fumigated. Hidden Page is a perfect name, in its way, for the expurgator of Rabelais.

**A**NNIE Payson McCall's new book of essays, "The Freedom of Life," contains the following chapter headings: 1. The Freedom of Life; 2. How to Sleep Restfully; 3. Resistance; 4. Hurry, Worry and Irritability; 5. Nervous Tears; 6. Self-Consciousness; 7. The Circumstances of Life; 8. Other People; 9. Human Sympathy; 10. Dependence and Independence; 11. Self-Control; 12. The Religion of It; 13. About Christmas; 14. To Mothers. "Power Through Repose" was the title of Miss McCall's first book, which, like this one, was published by Little, Brown and Company. From the chapter titles of the latter volume, the readers of the prospectus may, perhaps, infer that the book contains something for them. To the majority, at any rate, life appears to be without freedom. Work, duty, compulsory amenities, real and fancied obligations, hold them to a round which is, even under the best of circumstances, a sort of slavery. If one comes showing the way to freedom, let us hear what she has to say.

**A**HAPPY romantic interest appears to attach to Agnes and Egerton Castle, the authors of many charming tales. Young, married, popular, dwelling now in Surrey, now in Italy, now in Switzerland, seeking always for new stories of ancient love, or tragedy or triumph, they seem to be fortunate beyond the common lot. Their books are written to give delight, and if



AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

they have no enduring power, they, at least, carry with them the sense of things beautiful and poetic. "The Bath Comedy" can be set down as a vivacious and faithful picture of fashionable life in the days when every beau made his appearance in "the pump room" to prove his right to call himself a man of fashion; "The Incomparable Bellairs" is full of drama—as a successful play, now staged, bears witness; "The Secret Orchard" has for its story a subject which is as the very breath of romance; "The Light of Scarthey" shows enthusiasm of the keenest sort upon the part of the authors, and "The Star-Dreamer" is of them all the most romantic, the most delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Castle have an observatory as a part of their home in Surrey, and there, in the stillness of bland nights, they have made themselves acquainted with the heavens. "The Star-Dreamer" has, therefore, been written with earnest-

ness as well as charm, and represents a very sincere enthusiasm on the part of these two inveterate romancers.

**I**F there is anything that can act as a hindrance to a great and rising commonwealth it is a metropolis out of proportion in enterprise, ambition and magnificence to the state to which it belongs—and which it patronizes. New York was slow in growth and New York State grew up about it, and kept its own pride and lived its own life. But Chicago, fortuitously or otherwise, came up overnight—the city miraculous, with a defiant motto and a swaggering ideal. Illinois, for all of its soil and its people, could hardly keep pace, and let other states, no more fortunate, get ahead of her in more ways than one. Attention has just been called to one egregious deficiency in this rich and ambitious commonwealth. There are thirty-four counties in the state where



there are no public libraries. A library bill before the legislature has brought this to public notice—a library bill which certain legislators have been pleased to regard with an economic and forbidding eye. It is true that Chicago has three of the finest libraries in the United States. But that is a part of the trouble. They were given to Chicago, therefore to Illinois—but all that fails to help the boy down in the farm on the back road who longs for books as the hart does for the water-brook. The Federation of Women's Clubs has been keeping three hundred little collections of books in circulation, and the Farmers' Alliance has been doing something of the same kind, but there are still a number of persons in the land who belong to no organizations, and they have not the benefit of these little traveling libraries. It is time that Illinois bestirred herself to provide for the boy farthest back in the corn-fields, for it may chance that that particular boy is the one who will use the books to the best advantage. And other Western states, complaisant over their public school system, may do well to inquire if they also are not fostering illiteracy by their neglect to provide their people with books.

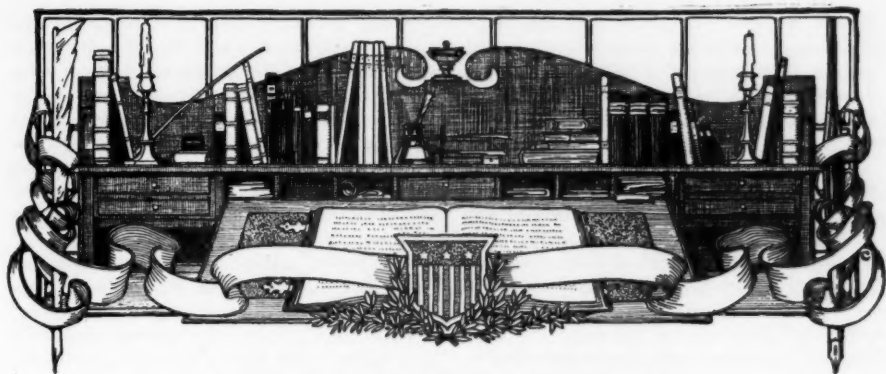
Of course there are two sides to the ques-

tion. Much frivolous reading has been known before now to transform a fine lad into a useless dreamer. But the library committees may be trusted to select books that will open up vistas, which may save from sodden misery or mental atrophy the minds of the young whom solitude has afflicted. If the society of good books is needed anywhere, it is on the farms, where, for certain months of the year, a family may be practically marooned and left to practice that peculiar form of cannibalism known as nagging, till souls are shattered in the process. If there is anything more appalling than a remote farm-house in a winter of heavy snows, where there are no book-shelves, will some "old subscriber" consent to tell what it is?

MRS. Alex Tweedie, of London, that indefatigable traveler, has been visiting America and renewing her acquaintance with old friends. Her recently published book of reminiscences of the stage has met with ready acceptance in England, though the American critics have not been so enthusiastic about it. A new book by her concerning Sicilian travels is about to come from the press.



ARTHUR HENRY'S "HOUSE IN THE WOODS," RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE  
 "The Unwritten Law," by Mr. Henry, is among the April publications



## THE READER'S STUDY

*Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE. VIII

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

*By Martin W. Sampson*

**W**HATEVER the place we may feel should be assigned to the other worthies of our American literature, regarding Hawthorne we seem to be in unanimity. His place we count secure, our foremost man of letters. It is not altogether idle, even if rarely satisfactory, this effort to ascertain the proper ranking of great workers in art: for the search impels us to think of criteria, and thus to fix our minds upon ideals; and the definite rating, so difficult to determine, so disputable after all, may then be dismissed as the unimportant part of our consideration. But occasionally a man, for some virtue or other, stands out above his fellows, and our praise of him takes thereupon the convenient form of calling him foremost. So, with Hawthorne, the situation seems to stand. One comes then to the proposition that it makes little real difference in our estimate of the man whether we call him first or not, but that first nevertheless he is.

And this means, too, broadly speaking, that we have produced an artist in letters who may fairly take his place among the

greater writers of our English race. The writing of Hawthorne is not merely American literature: it is English literature, and English literature of high order. Beside Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Swinburne, it is true, our Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Poe, shine with but pale light, but Hawthorne has a quality so fine, so true, so markedly his own, that his light is in no wise diminished by proximity to the more dazzling orbs. We may rest content a long while, if necessary, with having one such writer to represent us in the literature of the language we speak.

But, and now we really approach our subject, the marvel is that this is the kind of man that in his day represented us, and in our day still represents us. Our American civilization, pioneering, rough and ready, pushing and practical, shot through and through with a thousand strains diverse and alien, but always accomplishing tangible things, speaks in literature, and its clearest voice is Hawthorne, the romancer, the dreamer!

Nor does Hawthorne stand alone in this

especial respect, for if we are to name those whom outsiders count our greatest (not our most popular) artists in language, we must point to Poe and to Mr. Henry James, men whose distinction lies in their fineness and subtlety rather than in anything that we can offhand call Americanism. Lowell and Emerson are much more actually ours, and so is Mr. Howells; but they speak less to the world at large than they do to us. The world at large,—that is the critical world at large,—has picked out as our best men those who happen to have expressed themselves in what I have no simpler term for than subtle poetic creation.

I must be permitted here to say why I am omitting reference to Walt Whitman, in whom many European readers of taste and insight find our most potent and characteristic spokesman. American as Whitman was in spirit, in sense of what America meant in the way of opportunity and freedom and vastness, I still feel that Whitman can not be regarded as characteristically American in his artistic output. From a purely literary point of view, he is perhaps no more truly American than (not to speak it profanely) the stage Hibernian is Irish. At any rate, if Whitman be our spokesman, we have not yet, as American people, found it out.

And so we return to our paradox, that our most obvious spokesmen seem not to be our greatest writers, and our greatest writers seem not to be our obvious spokesmen. But sometimes the easiest way to deal with a paradox is to look at it simply: under such gaze it often disappears. And when one looks under the surface of the American character, he is pretty sure to find an unconquerable belief in romance, an inalienable subtlety, and the introspectiveness that goes along with these. These things are at the bottom of the New England conscience, for example, which, if not universally American, is at least thoroughly American. They are the well-springs of Lanier's artistic longing, of Thoreau's intellectual independence, of Mark Twain's finest humor, and these things are undeniably American, too. They are, indeed, more truly American than all our subways and skyscrapers: anyway, they will endure longer than the overground and under-

ground structures, for they represent the subtle, searching, thoughtful American spirit at its best, the spirit which, as it happens, Hawthorne *does* reveal more finely than any one else. And therefore I count Hawthorne as being in essence, rather than in mere detail, our most representative man, after all. He will not always be this, for we shall outgrow much of our besetting self-consciousness, ridding ourselves of much introspection, and shall combine many now unassimilated strains into characteristics impossible at present to predict with certainty. Let us content ourselves now with saying that whatever may be the ultimate expression of American nationalism, it is no paradox to recognize in Hawthorne the essence, the quintessence, of what are thus far some of the most truly American elements in our national character.

Enough of these generalizations. Let us look at Hawthorne, the writer, more closely, and try to determine his purely literary qualities. First, I think, I should name his sense of beauty. This is pre-eminently the original premise upon which all artistic work must rest; and Hawthorne has a keen and heartfelt appreciation of both the external and the intrinsic beauty of many things. Certain things appeal to him very strongly,—the out-of-door world, especially the woodland; the charm of childhood; the antiquity of the Old World; the loftiness of a spiritual victory. Yet he is seldom haunted by sheer beauty, as is Keats, as is Swinburne; he does not give himself to it wholly; he never could have written the last two lines of the *Grecian Urn*, although he must many times have assented to the opening lines of *Endymion*. Further, there are sharp limitations in his recognition of the beautiful. His Italian note-books, for example, show occasional lack of responsiveness to graphic and plastic art, and music does not appear to be a thing of abiding consequence with him. His range of æsthetic appreciation seems, on the whole, narrow, and the things well within his actual appreciation do not stir him to the depths. His sense of beauty, then, is not to be termed catholic; but it is keen, and fine, even if unimpassioned. What latent possibilities of æsthetic impression there were

in him, the sympathetic portrayal of Clifford Pyncheon sufficiently shows. The sterner fiber of Hawthorne keeps the kinship between the author and his creature from being close, however; no one, I take it, will ever see dilettante elements in Hawthorne's nature.

Hawthorne's sense of form, of literary construction, is in the main lucid. There are, one must admit, some obscure passages of narrative precisely at points where one would especially like to have quite clear motivation. This is not because of vagueness on the author's part, regarding his characters and purposes, for these were clear as daylight to him, probably; but because, having so clearly conceived the tendency of his story, he must have assumed that its spiritual purport was as obvious to the reader as to himself, and therefore under no necessity of explanation. Aside from these flaws,—and doubtless many readers may have enough spiritual insight to carry them over the obscurities, finding them no flaws,—the management of plot, the balancing of incident and character, the sense of proportion, the homogeneity, are most admirable. In the romances the sense of form is almost absolutely sure, as if they had been imagined from the beginning in the one possible shape that they now have,—spontaneously right.

Yet this is far from being true, for Hawthorne pondered his work with the greatest care. It is not because his work is spontaneous, that it has the air of being right; it is because it is right, that it has the air of being spontaneous. In that very remarkable, unfinished romance, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, published posthumously in 1883, we are fortunate enough to have (in an appendix where they will bother no casual reader) many of Hawthorne's notes, preliminary sketchings, and variations, which show us clearly how he worked and reworked his material, making it at every turn more fruitful. Nor are these variations mere matters of diction, of elaboration of minor parts; they are again and again searching changes of construction, involving alteration of important issues in the story, introduction of new characters, and new conceptions of the conduct of the plot. This indicates a habit of mind, an in-

tellectual brooding over the artistic problem before him, that in the end meant an elimination of valueless things and a corresponding enhancement of essentials. It explains, too, without justifying, a rather frequent self-consciousness of artistry in Hawthorne, that slips out in a sentence or a phrase which destroys for the moment all illusion of the story and forces our attention on the artificer. The following sentence from *The Marble Faun* seems to me to be wholly out of key: . . . "We forebore to speak descriptively of Miriam's beauty earlier in our narrative, because we foresaw this occasion to bring it perhaps more forcibly before the reader." The artist was quite right in his choice of the proper moment to make his description effective, but when he tells us that he was right, he is either naïve or facetious, at a moment when he should be descriptive only.

But usually in matter of taste and style, Hawthorne possesses both dignity and charm. Two slight lapses may be noted: a severity of tone occasionally verges upon sarcasm, and a playfulness of tone occasionally drifts into something like smartness. It is to be marked, however, that we notice such things as lapses, only because the style has otherwise such refined attractiveness: in a coarser style, they would pass well enough as vivacity. Taking it through and through, Hawthorne's prose has the power and delicacy that make it a wonderfully fitting medium for his strong and yet tender conceptions of human suffering. It is a prose of flowing movement, capable of attaining sternness without losing melody.

On three romances (to which a completed *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* would unquestionably have added a fourth) Hawthorne's fame must chiefly rest. Whatever their value may be in the history of American literature, his other works, the short stories and *The Blithedale Romance*, can hardly be counted as of the first importance. Perhaps my statement is scarcely guarded enough. There is about Hawthorne's minor work an exquisite charm, that is certainly not the less delightful for being akin to the fascination which the greater work exercises. The minor work is therefore in some sense reinforced by the greater, carried along with it, although of itself the lesser

work would go far: yet not far enough to give Hawthorne an undeniable supremacy.

*The Scarlet Letter* has a unity of conception that would distinguish it in any literature. To praise it nowadays is to deal in critical wares of the most obvious kind: it is beyond the need of approbation. And yet I wonder (if I may thus escape from truism) whether our final interest is in its story or in its author, whether its final appeal is its deep humanity or its deep art, whether indeed its art is not far more real than its humanity? When I read *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare's wondrous art makes me understand his personages better than life usually permits me to know my fellow-beings; when I read *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne's personages make me understand better his almost consummate art. Then I ask myself, which exists for the sake of the other, the art of romance or the personages of romance? And I find myself answering in a way that has already committed me not to regard *The Scarlet Letter* as Hawthorne's masterpiece, but rather as his most perfect triumph in the superb technique of art.

The masterpiece I find in *The House of the Seven Gables*. Technique is, on the whole, a little less perfect here, but there is an almost perfect poise between the process and the end in view. Here is real life—whether one calls it romantically real or actually real, makes no difference—here is life which art is serving, not life in the service of art. There is, one acknowledges, no such marked central idea as in the other romance, but this is not, perhaps, an absolute essential in narrative art. The story moves with the breath of life in every page, free, untrammelled life. The characters, indeed, are held tight enough within their orbits, but their common existence, if I

may call it so, dictates the course of the story, which no artistic restriction impedes.

In *The Marble Faun* Hawthorne set about to produce, I venture to think, a greater piece of work than any that has yet come from his hand. Italy had naturally stirred his imagination, and the fascination must have grown upon him to project the American nature, his life-long study, against the strange and seductive background which his later life had let him see. But it would not have been Hawthorne, to have made a merely clever or even cogent study of manners as affected by a new environment. A strange and charming fancy, hovering through a story full of the obsession of sin, got possession of him. The result is a romantic novel, rich in material, of not altogether certain workmanship, which is wholly interesting and partly tantalizing, but which now and again holds the reader as does nothing else of Hawthorne. And yet here, more than in any other novel of the author, there is heard a note that one must regretfully call provincial. Perhaps, however, that is only because every one has been somewhat cosmopolitanized since Hawthorne's day.

In Hawthorne, then, to conclude, we may perceive a man of genius, a genius slender, not robust, but of high imaginative power, whom a subtle insight kept sane, and whom a—shall I call it?—clean dreaminess kept wholesomely romantic; a man on whom the sense of sin rested almost as a cloud obscuring the sun, yet whose own soul was free; a man, finally, who saw into the inmost heart of his own people, and told what he saw. Some men can turn their eyes inward and see their own springs of action: Hawthorne, by some strange power, could look back farther; through a vista of forebears, he saw deep into the heart of a bygone New England, into his own ancestral soul.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

By Richard Burton

THE thought of Doctor Holmes is the thought of two things, instantaneously; his personality and its environment, the Boston of an older generation. That the man is thus seen, inevitably, in his

setting, suggests the qualities of his work and serves to distinguish him from others of the group of New England worthies, of which he was a marked member. Holmes's fame during his life rested upon a basis



quite different from that, for example, of Whittier or Emerson. More personal, it would seem, more closely intertwined with the inimitable Doctor Holmes of the flesh, dapper, debonair, razor-edged of wit, genial as a May day in the Hub when the east wind is not a-blowing! Hence, with every added year since his death it becomes easier, for this very reason, to make a sound evaluation of his characteristics as an American man of letters: his literal presence does not, to such an extent, get between us and his work. Already the anecdotes that cherish his epigrams and bon-mots sound fainter to the ear of memory.

This peculiar element of personality made Holmes a citizen of the world, *persona grata* in drawing-rooms, the life of the salon: a man well-nigh uniquely dowered among our native litterateurs with the social gift.

And this social aptitude, so long and delightfully adding to our literary personnel in New England, took a further significance in that it summed up, in happiest expression, a locality, a class, a type: Boston's "Brahmin" of intellect and culture, as he humorously phrased it; a kind of American which believed in blood, kow-towed to family, worshiped brain and character, to whom riches were naught when set beside the things of mind and breeding. This type as a type has, of course, the defects of its qualities; being intensely local it escapes the provincial with difficulty and is even likely to have a touch of the parochial. But luckily, in Doctor Holmes's case, these dangers were genialized by culture, corrected by a truly receptive intellect and safe-guarded most of all by that heaven-sent grace, the gift of humor. When his classic saying as to Boston being the Hub of the universe was lauded in his presence by a lady of the favored town, Doctor Holmes made the sly answer: "Ah, yes, and the joke of it is, you believe it!" Before such sunny amusement at one's own failings and idiosyncrasies, the proverb that the Bostoner is the East wind made flesh loses all its point and savor. Holmes breathed the larger air that moves wherever there is free interchange of thought, wherever the trade winds of civilization blow.

Whether on Beacon Street or at Beverly Farms, Doctor Holmes was as distinctly urban as Charles Lamb,—of the town, in the nobler sense of that phrase, and possessed a quality which can perhaps be designated as higher-worldly; it exhibits a frank acceptance of this mortal sphere as an arena for the enjoyable exercise of man's activities, together with a conviction that its ostensible object is not so much material progress or commercial supremacy, as civilization. Yet, because of this intensely representative nature of his personality and its peculiar social charm and distinction, one approaches an estimate of Holmes's literary work with a certain timidity: one feels, to be sure, that to know the man is to get at his secret as a writer; but one is too likely to confuse his writings as the reflection of a pleasing personality (a sort of private matter between ourselves and him) with the broader question of their place and value as literature.

Nevertheless, his personality furnishes the key: it is in the personal quality, the private touch with the reader, that Doctor Holmes's power properly lies; this, with his faculty to be spokesman, for our polite society. He is preëminently an essayist, an example of that rare and delightful literary genius. In the loose, careless, every-day use of the word, an essayist is almost any penman who delivers in prose his opinion upon any topic beneath high heaven, from Adam in the Garden to Shakespeare and the musical glasses. But more properly defined, he only is your true essay-maker who, with the easy idiom of life, talks enchantingly to his *alter ego*, the gentle reader; buttonholes him for a confidential chat, discourses on roast pig or street lamps or the fourth dimension—the theme is naught, the treatment everything—while you are so enthralled with his wit, his knowledge of the world, his rich humanity and the felicity of his manners, that you care not a fig for instruction—if only he will continue to interpret the universe on terms of himself! Frankly an egoist, he yet goes scot free of the charge of vanity: though he use the first person singular in every other line, he is not thinking of himself but rather of life. Life warmed and colored and in motion, because it is seen through the prism of

a personality,—a personality worth while. Only a very few English writers have been great essayists after this sort: Bacon hardly, since he is too formal, sententious, too much involved with the majestic affairs of the intellect; he can not lounge or relax. Lamb is the beau ideal of this type; now and again, modern men show it: Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Stevenson; of Americans, Irving, Thoreau, Emerson, Warner, I. K. Marvel. But after all, birds of this feather fly but rarely. The residue of the essayists so-called, able, eloquent, important as they may be, are quite different, ordained to another (though welcome) service.

Doctor Holmes was in this esoteric yet winsome sense a true essayist. Just as he chatted charmingly in his own person, so he gave us the glorified chat in literature. His Breakfast Table series, perhaps, best exemplified in the Autocrat, although the trilogy is very much of a piece, sets up, with a slight dramatic framework, a platform from which he can preach without the pulpit drone and didacticism: he talks of Boston life, American life, the life of the day; he keeps apace of all the new thought and often is prophetic of the future, ahead of his own time in catholicity and range; he has wit and wisdom lightly carried; pathos, too, and a genuine sympathy for the human case even when not orientated from Boston nor of the Brahmin caste.

And all this frank, fluent, varied deliverance has the easy idiomatic manner of a man of good society; for, be it noted that the essayist, above all, must have style, a way of speech that allures and makes us to remember; he stands or falls by this test. Doctor Holmes has this touch, he is eminently quotable; one recalls his thought, not alone for the thought's sake, but for his phrasing, for the garment in which he clothes it, as well. It is worth adding, inasmuch as the public is so often reviled for its insensitiveness to the niceties of expression, that the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* established the fame of a middle-aged man, who had long been a writer, yet had not made himself hitherto of general or national importance.

Once an essayist, always an essayist. Holmes showed this capacity to the end. His latest books of essays, the old-age

chronicle *Over the Tea-Cups*, for example, retained the charm, there was little or no sensible diminishment of the quality. He continued to talk delightfully of things in relation to himself, transmuting the alleged garrulousness of the octogenarian into the wise and welcome word of the thinker rich-freighted with experience, all his sails full-set for the final voyage. Always his manners are of the great world; he has breeding, which is, by the way, as imperatively demanded in the essayist as style,—style being, in fact, an external sign of good literary blood. Here is no place for your vulgarian; let him stick to his fiction!

And yet Doctor Holmes had too much moral back-bone to be an intellectual dandy. By the common testimony of his associates, up to the very last he kept, to a marvelous degree, the power of social brilliancy. I remember the late Charles Dudley Warner, who had just come from a Boston luncheon, at which Doctor Holmes, in his eighties, was present, dilating upon the amazing verve and point of his table-talk, he being the very life of the occasion. This same gift shines through his written word as well. He makes the Autocrat say that the real talkers are "the people with fresh ideas, of course, and plenty of good warm words to dress them in"; an apt description of his own work and worth.

So strongly does Holmes impress a critic of this vantage of time as an essayist, that a certain reluctance is felt in considering him as a writer of fiction; and certainly may it be said that in his novels the essayist is but thinly veiled. In the Autocrat books, indeed, he uses seemingly the fictional framework; but it is always framework,—never story for story's sake. So, given the larger outline and the more detailed filling in, his fictions are vehicles for the setting forth of a theory: early examples of what, in the jargon of to-day, we call the problem novel. Interesting they are, strikingly so in the case of *Elsie Venner*, but yet social documents withal, studies in the effects of heredity; showing the scientific thinker in the van of his time. It is safe enough to say, that in view of Doctor Holmes's distinctive quality in his essays, his fiction must be regarded as minor; all of it appeared after he was fifty years of age; not

so does the heaven-called novel-maker hold back his creations from the world. But this is by no means to deny that Doctor Holmes did more than his share in broadening the scope of the modern novel, so that it might include the discussion of important social questions; nor to forget that thousands have received from these stories, especially from *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel*, both instruction and delight.

Holmes's place as a poet seemed very secure at his death; a fact largely explained by the total effect of the man as a force in our literary life, and not, it would seem, resting directly upon his accomplishment in verse. In any case, no one can fail to recognize that the Autocrat's poetry, set beside that of Emerson for quality, or that of Poe for art, or that of Lowell for range and distinction, does not belong in the same galley. In fact, a critic passing upon our literature from a transatlantic viewpoint, would hardly concede us Holmes as poet at all. At the time when the genial little doctor was making his final triumphal progress through England, Robert Browning, at a London social gathering and in the presence of one who reported the remark to me, asked: "What are they making such a fuss about Holmes for? He isn't a poet." Those who delight in detecting great men in mean moments may find in this the expression of a sort of grudge that the Autocrat outrivaled, for the nonce, Browning's own far-famed popularity as a drawing-room favorite; but it is best to regard it as the extempore opinion of one whose standard of poetical achievement was of the highest. When it is recalled that Doctor Holmes's darling ambition was to be a poet, as was Emerson's (is it not the secret desire of all the seekers after Beauty?), the thwarted wish has in it something of pathos; but the calm judiciary of Time is likely to side with Browning. This is far from saying that certain verse of our writer, both serious and in the vein of jocoseria, will not find permanent place in the native anthology. A poem like *The Chambered Nautilus* is too noble in thought, too impeccable in form, for time to kill. One may speak of it as conventional in phrasing, not original in form or matter; but it holds a high lesson conveyed with faultless

art and, if the expression be conventional, it is in the best conventions of English poetry. Nor can a genuine burst of patriotism like *Old Ironsides* be well spared; nor a vernacular piece like *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, rich in homely wisdom and humor. It is quite probable that a graceful lyric, such as *The Last Leaf*, with its pleasing melancholy, its eighteenth century touch, dainty, Watteau-like, will survive as long as anything Doctor Holmes has left us; and *The Last Leaf* would be described as a charming poem rather than a great one.

For the rest, his facile gift for poems of occasion (and how countless the occasions!) which served so happily to keep him in evidence during his long career, belongs, of course, to that aspect of literature which next to never, from the nature of the case, makes permanent contribution to letters. A dinner poem, a class poem, by him was for many years one of Harvard's choicest privileges; but the ephemeral nature of all such productions, by whomever written, is illustrated in the statement that in the full range of English literature not one such piece of verse has survived to take an abiding place. The aim is unambitious, the success by so much the easier.

In fine, exactly in proportion as the Autocrat's reputation is based solidly upon his prose, will the future historian think twice before committing himself to the opinion expressed, practically, by Mr. Stedman, in grouping Holmes with the other major singers of America in the frontispiece portrait picture to the *American Anthology*. Sooner or later, if the number of bards be not enlarged from eight, some later singer will take Doctor Holmes's place; even as Lanier has been admitted to that select company. Lanier, whose claim a dozen years earlier would have been looked at askance, hardly taken *au sérieux* by critics. Thus, with the passing of time, do the lesser gods step up into the company of the *dii majores*—a country's aristocrats of literature—while, if need be, one of the elder deities is ousted to give them room.

An impression of charm, of breeding, of character, these are the impressions that remain to us as we pore over Holmes's life, note his immediate influence, and read his

books in these days of the early twentieth century. A man very modern, intellectually *comme il faut*, deserving Thackeray's phrase, "the grand old name of gentleman."

Perhaps the last, the persistent thought of him is as a worthy representative of a school of American writers who stood above all for moral dignity; whose gifts were dedicated to Truth and to the advancement

of their fellow men. Very justly, therefore, have their countrymen enshrined their names and made their vows, in homes and schools innumerable, part of the educational forces of our native civilization. For our elder essayists, poets and romancers never forgot the duty crystallized in *noblesse oblige*: their genius was consecrated to high uses.

## BALLADE OF FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN FICTION

*By Carolyn Wells*

FICTION shows notable names  
 Lady, and Lord, and Grandee;  
 All of them making their claims,  
 Each with a separate plea.  
 Heroes of city and lea,  
 Heroines roguish and prim;  
 These three my favorites be—  
 Trilby, and Tommy, and Kim.

Some in historical frames  
 Jest with an old-fashioned glee;  
 Swagger through shipwreck or flames,  
 Or from wild Indians flee.  
 I am not tuned to their key,  
 Over such pages I skim,  
 But to these I bow the knee—  
 Tribby, and Tommy, and Kim.

Give me no desolate dames,  
 Striving their sad souls to free;  
 Give me no women with aims,  
 Give me no pirates at sea.  
 Damsels at afternoon tea,  
 Dapper young men in the swim,  
 None of these equals for me—  
 Trilby, and Tommy, and Kim.

### ENVOY.

Reader, I hope you'll agree,  
 Though not a fad or a whim,  
 These are the jolliest three,—  
 Trilby, and Tommy, and Kim.



## REVIEWS



### THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

IN this engrossing story of aristocratic English life, certain qualities of charm, adaptability, pliability, modulation and refinement, qualities which have become more and more apparent in Mrs. Ward's later writing, seem to have gained a more complete emergence. The book expresses, doubtless, the flower of her talent. It is full of sweet flavors. It has literary beauty of a high order. "In moments of effort," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "one learns to do the easy things that people like." Mrs. Ward's case is a case in point. Her scholarship, her strenuous study of strenuous subjects, these have culminated in a grace and fascination of manner which make her the popular novelist of the day. Yet "The Marriage of William Ashe" is another proof that she has gained more of sweetness than of light. Her writing is less vigorous now than when it was cruder. Temperament rather than character is at present her study. She is but a capricious follower after the realities. The glamour of the life led by the English aristocracy has blinded her somewhat, and it is, to some degree, the symbols of that aristocracy,—wonderful symbols though they are,—whom one meets in her books, rather than men and women. When one adds to this list of literary crimes Mrs. Ward's repeated refusal to face the issue of the situation she invokes, one can scarcely name her among the great English novelists.

One can still, however, call her wonderful and enchanting. If in this novel of William Ashe she has retrograded scientifically in her view of the inescapable influence of heredity, if again she has allowed a convenient and accommodating consumption to carry off her heroine, and thus solve easily the problem of her life, Mrs. Ward has, at

the same time, in the temperamental picture of *Lady Kitty Ashe*, achieved the most artistic result of all her labors as a novelist. The charm and winning variety in this delineation, the tinge of the abnormal and insane so successfully insinuated in *Lady Kitty's* composition, the consonance between the vivacity of her speech and that of her action, the harmony between Mrs. Ward's analysis and her presentment of *Lady Kitty's* personality,—these are of values most delicate and alluring. And in *Kitty's* husband, *William Ashe*, Mrs. Ward has made a distinct advance in her delineation of the masculine character. *William Ashe* is the most human of her men. He is nothing of the spiritual snob, of the mental prig, of the refined bully that others of her men have been. He is conceivable and intensely the product of modern conditions. More perhaps than these, he is companionable.

"The Marriage of William Ashe" is proof that Mrs. Ward is a victim of that rage against conventional and petrified virtue that, sometimes for good and as often for evil, is just now besetting the English novelist. A curiously interesting, rather than a serious and valuable product, is the result of her obsession. And it is a bit amusing to notice how the rage of the convert reacts against the old religion in her treatment of *Mary Lyster*, who represents the conventional young English woman, exactly as *Lady Kitty* represents everything opposed. In her treatment of this young woman Mrs. Ward is fairly spiteful. She has no sympathy for the girl's disappointments in love, no excuses to offer for her very reasonable pique at the naughty and all-conquering *Kitty*. Mrs. Ward steps over the line completely when she represents *Mary Lyster* as sending the abominable note that sends *Kitty* into the



arms of *Geoffrey Cliffe*. At this point the reader raises protest. Mrs. Ward to the contrary notwithstanding, *Mary Lyster* never sent that note.

In line with Mrs. Ward's free and individual rendering of human obligations, characteristic of the book, is the balance she establishes between the faults and virtues of *Lady Kitty* and her husband. Into this Mrs. Ward has thrown a very particular meaning. She more than implies that the failure of their married life was due quite as much to a certain characteristic skepticism on the part of the husband, a doubt of the soul of love existing under all appearances to the contrary as to the wayward acts and worse of *Lady Kitty*. It can not be said that she has plucked the heart out of this mystery. Her treatment of the theme is often weak and unconvincing, but it is, at the same time, suggestive and it is not perhaps a bad thing, in the consideration of the mingled good and evil in the world, to be taught that character may have the virtue of its defect,—as in *Lady Kitty's* case,—as well as the defect of its virtues.

The background of London country and social life, the Italian setting which ornaments the latter part of the story, are drawn with Mrs. Ward's customary finish and distinction. "The Marriage of William Ashe" is not a great story or a vigorous one. It is an absorbing one. As long as Mrs. Ward writes stories like it she will never lack readers. It is to be hoped, however, that in her next she will give us a healthy heroine.

Harper and Brothers, New York  
Price \$1.50

#### THE WHITE TERROR AND THE RED: A NOVEL OF REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

BY A. CAHAN

**B**OOKS which increase the knowledge of the public concerning Russia, concerning her history and the character of her people, books which lead up to and explain Russia's present crisis are of particular interest now. "The White Terror and the Red" is one of these books. It is the story of the nihilistic movement in the years directly preceding the assassination of Alex-

ander II. It covers the plot against his life, the plot's consummation and the terrible Jewish riots, by which the government of Alexander III sought to divert attention from the revolutionary movement.

The story form confers upon this narrative of events and description of conditions a freedom, a vividness and a power impossible to the merely historical document, while it seems not in the least to interfere with the book's accuracy or with the convincing quality of its detail. The production stands midway between history and the novel. It tells a story indeed, but it is the story of a great movement rather than a story of individuals. And this is true in spite of the author's extraordinary talent for detailed analysis of individuals, in spite of his grasp of descriptive characterization. Notwithstanding this very special ability of the author, an ability which shows itself in touches of rare discrimination, in clever and unforced distinctions in character drawing, the attention of the reader is not concentrated sufficiently upon a few people of the narrative to give to it an intensely personal character. Many people are concerned in the course of the dramatic events described and the author treats these with an evenness, a fairness, which, admirable as it is in one way, tends to scatter and dissipate the interest of the reader or, at least, to fasten his attention upon the story of the revolution rather than upon the revolutionists themselves. The book is written in an admirable style,—keen, quiet, full of reserve power. Its literary charm seems derivative, though not in any unworthy sense, from the Russian school of novelists. The book is a valuable contribution to present-day literature, considered either as fact or fiction. It tells with judgment, with conviction, with emotion, the sad story of a sad people.

A. S. Barnes and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

#### PAINTED SHADOWS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**A**SIDE from his critical studies, Mr. Le Gallienne was always something of a sentimentalist in literature. His earlier sentimentality was most pleasing. It was tender, charming, shot through with lovely

lights of humor. It was graced by the exquisitely literary quality of his style. His later sentimentality, of which a large part of the book under consideration is the unhappy evidence, is weak, of a deadly cloying sweetness. Even the pretty phrasing can not save it from offense to the healthy minded. The reader is oppressed with it and feels in reading as if he were breathing an air laden with musk. Laments over lost loves and decaying beauty, feeble yearnings after the old pagan ideal of life, reveries over the loveliness in women, which causes them to cling to lax and erring husbands,—this is the subject-matter of half the prose sketches contained in the present selection. They are weak wails,—Byron without his virility, Ouida in miniature.

Three of these sketches show Mr. Le Gallienne in a more pleasing light. "Poet, Take Thy Lute," reads as if it might have been written by a spoiled younger brother of Robert Louis Stevenson. It expresses the joy, the freedom of the artist more decoratively, more petulantly and more sentimentally than Mr. Stevenson might have done; but it is, nevertheless, in his vein. "The Wandering Home" is a particularly graceful defense of a man who prefers travel to settling down under his own vine and fig tree; and one can forgive the feeble sentiment in "The Shadow of the Rose," for its lovely fleeting pictures. The other stories are, for the most part, painfully marked by the absence of virility in style or thought. The opening story, "The Youth of Lady Constantia," is an extreme instance of the degradation of Mr. Le Gallienne's talent. "Lady Constantia" is an exquisitely beautiful young girl of forty-five when she meets the man of her heart; and, distinctly, Mr. Le Gallienne has here gotten ahead of the novelists of the day in their search for an elderly heroine. In his account of her attempts to preserve her wonderful beauty, he has told a silly story, with the over-tragic emphasis of a melodramatic actor.

Yet, even as one condemns, one is reminded of pleasure here and there to be found in the phrasing. The story's poverty in the way of idea can not conceal utterly the author's literary facility. Even in his literary decline, in these his somewhat decadent days, Mr. Le Gallienne keeps the

art of curious and graceful phrasing, of turning a pretty fancy, now this way, now that, displaying delicately its every delicate line. Beautiful phrasing is with him a passion. What he represents a character in one of the idyls as saying, one can easily imagine him saying himself,—"And let us take with us on our jaunt some exquisite book, not so much to read in, but just because one knows it to be full of beautiful words." The quotation is indicative of Mr. Le Gallienne's taste and of his literary malady. The disease is painfully apparent in "Painted Shadows," where pretty phrasing usurps the place of beautiful thought, where the mental amiability of the author's attitude is unsupported by any vigor or nobility of utterance.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston  
Price \$1.50

## IN THE CLOSED ROOM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

ONE of the dearest attributes of childhood is its power to overleap barriers of class, station, age and education in the matter of making friendships. How incomparable is the flavor of those happy alliances between the parlor and the kitchen, between high life and low life, for which the child is responsible. Mrs. Burnett has always felt the charm of these odd companionships, of these eccentric friendships and contrasted conditions; and often such connections have been the particular relish in her juvenile stories. This is true again in her last story, but true with a difference; for this time the relation is one between the living and the dead, and a mystical element is added to the elements given before.

The two little girls of the tale, one, a petted child of the rich, and the other, an odd, visionary child of the poor, see each other once in a park. Thereafter the poor child, Judith, in dreams of beauty, constantly beholds her little friend of a moment. Midway of the story, Judith's parents become caretakers for a great house, the owners of which stipulate that no attempt shall be made, during their absence, to open a closed room on the third floor. In this room their little daughter, the little girl of Judith's dreams, had died. Though the door of the room is locked, yet by some mysteri-

ous, spiritual bond and hidden sympathy between the two children, it opens to the touch of Judith. Every day, unknown to her mother, she goes there to play with the dead child and her playthings, until, the attraction becoming stronger and stronger, she is drawn over the border and is herself claimed by death.

The story is not morbid or unhealthy in tone, though it might easily be so. It is a delicate attempt to establish relations between this world and the one beyond, and it is marked by none of the hard definiteness which mostly spoils such efforts. The author knows where to hold her hand; she is artistically vague and not dogmatic. The story is accomplished with a fleeting, caressing touch; it has a considerable charm and is very suggestive.

McClure, Phillips and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE CATHEDRALS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

BY FRANCIS MILTOUN

**T**HIS book does for the reader more than its title promises; for, it is not only an interpretation and exposition of ecclesiastical architecture in southern France, but also it is an agreeable treatise on that country itself and the character of its people. The book is enriched with references to and quotations from many authors who, with differing intentions, have written upon parts of France described,—quotations from travelers, artists, men of letters. Pleasing illustrations add to the value of the volume, a book interesting not only to the traveled, but to the untraveled,—interesting not only as a guide book, but also as a successful piece of literary composition.

L. C. Page and Company, Boston  
Price \$1.50

### SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY

BY WILLIAM OSLER

**I**N keeping with the spirit of the times and the spirit of the method he professes, Doctor Osler refuses to affirm anything that can not be made obvious. He comes to us, driver of a beautiful and ornate wain—but when we ask what grain he has harvested and brings, he can answer only, "Nothing but leaves."

No more concrete testimony to the spiritual fruitlessness of the scientific age need be asked than is contained in this little volume. As brilliant as old Sir Thomas Browne,—suggesting him, indeed, when most happy, though not for his solid stateliness,—our twentieth century Medicus has in his *Religio* no affirmative beyond "I hope," and no faith beyond a desire. His conviction stops with a doubt, and an if stands at the beginning of every proposition. He is, therefore, incapable of the other's depth, whether of faith, of joy, or of somberness. "Better be wrong," he repeats, "with Plato" . . . and his sigh says that he fears Plato, and with him all who believe, is wrong.

His little book, therefore, is but an added bit of testimony to the vast accumulated evidence of literary history, that no great thing comes out of a Galilee of negation—a testimony for which there can be found corroboration in the contemporary state of drama, verse, and fiction.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston  
Price 85 cents

### DISRAELI

BY WALTER SICHEL

**I**N his volume on "Disraeli," Mr. Sichel has made a genuine contribution to Disraeli literature, yet one of great interest to a limited circle only. It is not at all a biography, though it gives, of necessity, some facts of Disraeli's life and is enriched by three chapters of a biographical nature. It is, in the main, an intelligent narrative of Disraeli's part in the drama of English politics, in which he was so picturesque a figure. There are weighty chapters on "Labour," "Democracy and Representation," "Free Trade," "Church and Theocracy," "Empire and Foreign Policy," "The Colonies," "America." In dealing with these and all other state questions Mr. Sichel credits Disraeli with almost second-sight. Nor does the claim seem too large in view of his perfect grasp of existing conditions and the fine play of his imagination on them, resulting in policies and predictions at which England sometimes laughed, but which in due season she accepted. Important pages narrate the long years of opposition between Gladstone and Disraeli, with perhaps too perceptible and invariable

a bias in favor of Disraeli. But all that like life well sauced and seasoned, who see no reason why color should be banished from it, who can forgive extravagance and a touch of the fantastic if a warm heart and a generous purse lie back; who have no objection to a speech that is not only sound and statesmanlike but witty and poetic, all these will pardon Mr. Sichel's very evident partiality for his subject. Both Gladstone and Disraeli were vain, but Disraeli knew that he was vain, and though he indulged his weakness laughed at it, too. "Because he glittered, he was none the less gold." Mr. Sichel's chapters on "Personality," "Society" and "Literature" should prove generally attractive, and his introduction also—"On the imaginative quality." It is masterly.

Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York  
Price \$2.50

### MY LADY CLANCARTY

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

"MY Lady Clancarty" is a story of English life in the reign of William of Orange. While the book is a light thing and can not be said to be imbued with the historical spirit, there is nothing in the rendering of the historical situation to shock the reader's sense of propriety and, in the characterization of the well-known personages of the time, there is a nice conformity to the accepted traditions about them.

"My Lady Clancarty" is a fresh instance of the power of entertainment residing in a story based upon love alone. A good love story need concern itself with little else than the sentimental motive, and "My Lady Clancarty" is, from the first page to the last, the portrayal of an *affaire du coeur*. The sentimental situation involved in the tale is one that entertains by its piquant flavor. In its general attributes the situation is one which has been tried before in English fiction, though not often enough to lose a certain tinge of originality, and it is one which never fails of popularity if pictured with a reasonable degree of the story-teller's art. Courtship after marriage, the winning of love after the wedding ceremony instead of before,—this is a brief definition of this motive in fiction. The carrying over of the coquetries, misunderstandings and

formalities between lovers into the marriage state, the battle for sentiment already won in the eyes of the world is a fascinating subject for the novelist. Out of this theme the author of "My Lady Clancarty" has made what may prove for many people a rather absorbing story.

The heroine is not distinctive. She is a conventional type of the capricious, haughty young beauty of the romantic novel. If she does not excite one's curiosity, she is none the less pleasingly portrayed, and she fits attractively into the scheme of the story. *Lord Clancarty* is a more striking figure than she. His good looks and the Irish commingling in him of passion and humor, of sentiment with an engaging impudence, insure his success, not only with *Lady Betty*, but with the reading public,—at least the feminine part of that public, which is the larger part. The personnel of the book is small, and the author does not attempt to go below the surface in character. The surface, however, is picturesque; the characterization is consistent and the relations of character are drawn "on scale," so that the effect of the human display is harmonious. Considered critically, the story is not reasonable or natural any more than other romances of the exaggerated class to which it belongs. From this class one asks only the plausible air, and that "My Lady Clancarty" possesses.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston  
Price \$1.50

### THE LADY OF LOYALTY HOUSE

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MC CARTHY

IT is a pretty tale and a merry one that Mr. McCarthy tells us in "The Lady of Loyalty House." Cromwell's time is the period, though Cromwell himself does not come directly into the story. *Charles I* does, in the nick of time, for the *Lady Brilliana* and her lover, *Evander*. In this, the most vivid scene in the book, *Charles* recalls shudderingly a certain wizard with a magic crystal into which he looked. "In that sphere I saw a platform hung with black. On it I seemed to see myself staring at a sea of hateful faces. One with a mask stood by my side who carried an ax. I have never forgotten it." But this is mostly a skipping, happy-go-lucky story, a seventeenth



century scherzo. Even the pistol-shot at the end hardly grieves us, for the man who falls by it falls smilingly, generously, giving up his unworthy life that another man may not only retain life but enjoy the prize he himself has coveted, love. Decidedly, he is an engaging fellow, this *Halfman*, a polite vagabond, a rogue, a player, a Villon, though the verses that he spouts are other men's, not his own. The lovers, *Lady Brilliana* and *Evander*, are placed toward each other in a somewhat novel relation, for the lady is the cavalier and the gentleman the roundhead. All of the characters are mere silhouettes moved with such rapidity that for the time we forget that they never turn toward us full-faced. They are always riding like devils or besieging a castle or gallantly tilting at each other with their swords, only pausing now and then to pick roses on the pleasaunce and to drink vast quantities of good old English ale. Several characters provide abundance of humor, and snatches of old ballads touch some pages to gaiety. The chapter in which *Brilliana* sets one knave to catch another is capital. One looks to see *Brilliana* and *Halfman* and *Evander* step out before long on the stage where they should find no difficulty in getting a hand.

Harper and Brothers, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE DRINK PROBLEM

BY BISHOP POTTER

**I**N this little book Bishop Potter has attempted to put into words his much discussed views on the subject of temperance. Many thoughtful people will agree with him that the subject demands a different sort of consideration than that it has received at the hands of most Christian denominations in America, and that such consideration should have to do with the principles of conduct, not with hard and fast rules. Perhaps Bishop Potter will have done the public a service by his declaration of this point of view. The service is minimized, however, by the loose texture and somewhat irrelevant quality of much contained in his pamphlet. There is a deal of stuff,—some of it rather weak and ineffective,—in explanation and apology of the hard drinker among the laboring classes.

What the reader wishes and expects from the little book is not so much this sort of thing, though a little of it is well enough, but a remedy for the present state of affairs. Bishop Potter devotes much more time to the disease than to the remedy. He is, in fact, as shy in approaching this point as a fearful lover is of popping the question. This may be due to the censure to which he has been subjected. But when Hamlet is left out of the play, the play suffers. The case of Bishop Potter and his pamphlet on the drink problem is measurably analogous.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, New York  
Price 30 cents

### FOR THE WHITE CHRIST

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

**T**IME and again, official notice has been served of the demise of the historical novel, but the ghost still walks with unabated vigor. Where the period is remote, and obscure, the scope large, as in the present instance, the opening steps would alone exorcise a feeble apparition. Nor has Mr. Bennet been content with mere exhumation; he has covered dry bones with rosy flesh.

*Karl the Great*, the knightly friends, *Roland* and *Olvir*, the scholar *Alcuin*, the fierce *Wittikind*,—the names breathe a romance and a valor that have been heretofore the property of the poet, and the translator. It is no narrow world, that of *Charlemagne*, and the paladins that live again in these pages lead as peripatetic an existence as a modern globe-trotter. The walled towns and sandy plains of Saracen Spain, the Roman roads and ruined villas of France, the beech forests of Saxony, the long coasts of Neustria and Frisia, the narrow fiords of the Northland, the basilicas of Rome, are peopled by Danes, Franks, Saxons, Saracens, Wends, Britons—by no less a conglomeration than the America of to-day. Vast as is the store of accumulated material, the author's imagination has risen to the level of his opportunity. If there is any laggard it is the reader. The weird exclamations—*Ai*, *Hen*, *Heya*, *Sen*, *Havi*—to instance a few—the strange oaths by *Loki* and *Faul*, the clipt speech, the unfamiliar phrases, bristle with difficulties. The author uses his erudition



easily and unobtrusively, but even the chance references to the window parchment, the roof hole for the smoke, the Frankish noon rest, the dais, the scroll, the wolf's hair sent as warning in an ivory vial, the hel-shoes of the dead, start the fancy to roaming through enticing by-paths. Great scenes there are in plenty to call back the vagrant. When *Olvir*, "riding swift on his errands, on the bit-gripping steed," gallops through central France, past well-tilled fields, through the filthy streets of Paris, into the forests of Germany, the great panorama unrolls with scenic effect. Feasts where sudden death lurks in the trencher and is ambushed in the scabbard; the pursuit by the werewolves on the frozen Moselle; the grappling of the longships at the mouth of the Seine; *Roland's* historic death in the Pass of Roncesvalles; the dusky interior where the Wend witch foretells fate, or that other where she heaps curses—glowing pictures through the memory. The fighting is indeed a scarlet play fit for the gods. Viking wedges that burst the shieldburg, single combats of superhuman endurance and leonine ferocity, sword play on sea and on land, in bower, camp, and pitched battle fill the story with the clash of arms. It is softened, however, by the love of fair maidens, and elevated by Christ's teachings. Here are the beginnings of heresy, the first revolt from the Bishop of Rome. *Olvir's* lofty ideals and genuine piety might better become a later age, but was he not, after all, a paladin, the mirror of chivalry, ready to catch every reflection of higher things? *Fastradea's* sinister beauty and well-working spells make an effective foil to the simplicity and meekness of the king's daughter, *Olvir's* little *May*, and *Vala*.

The dress of the novel may not be passed

by; illustrations done in colors from oil paintings by the Kinneys, marginal arabesques, whose pale green contrasts with the velvety black of initial lettering, are a delight to the eye and a credit to the publisher.

A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago  
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#### DR. LUKE OF THE LABRADOR

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"**D**R. Luke of the Labrador" belongs to that sad class of fiction, the novels that might have been. If the keen liking of the author for his scene and people made a novel, "Dr. Luke" would be a novel; if a quaint, naïve sort of passionate shyness in style made a novel, "Dr. Luke" again would rank a novel. If kindly, sympathetic depiction of a gentle, unsophisticated people made great fiction, great fiction we should have in Mr. Duncan's book. If a picture of life were to be found in the picture of gray headlands, storm-lashed by a freezing northern ocean, we should have a picture of life in "Dr. Luke."

A novel, however, must be something more than cohering scraps and sympathetic fragments; the evolution of literary form has brought us beyond the age of the fictional invertebrate. Mr. Duncan has chosen to disregard this obvious fact, and has attempted to construct a novel after the amorphous fashion of the antediluvian days of story-telling. As an effort in agglutinative composition, "Dr. Luke" is rather notably successful. As an organic, thoroughly-developed novel, it is a failure: from a well-organized novel, one can not knock off chunks indiscriminately without impairing the book.

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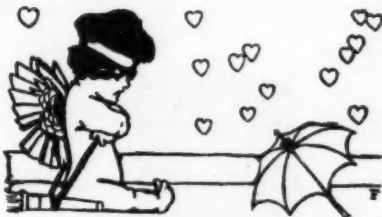
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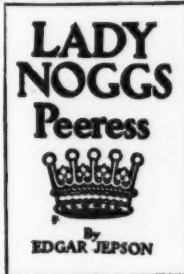
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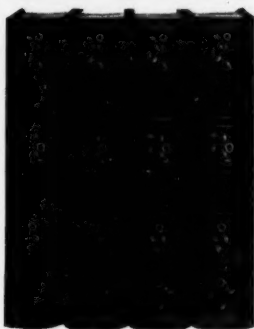
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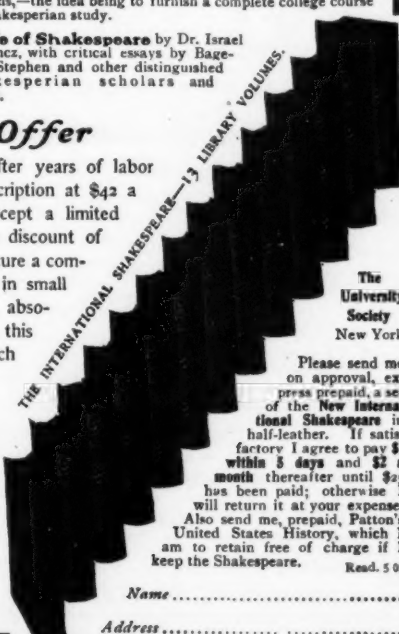
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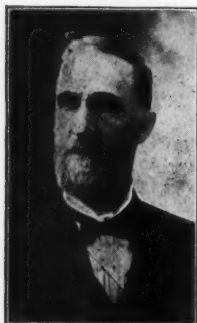
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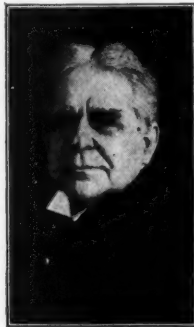
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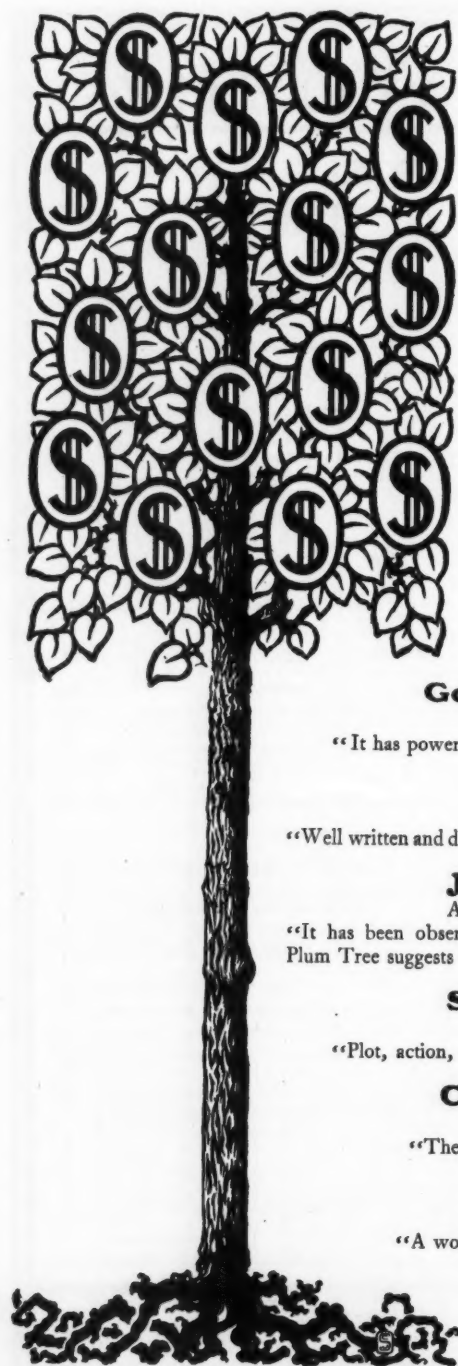
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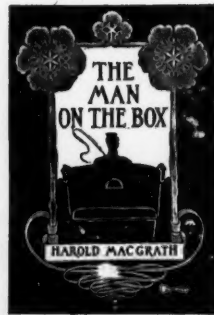
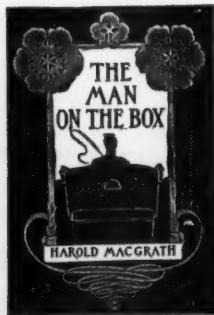
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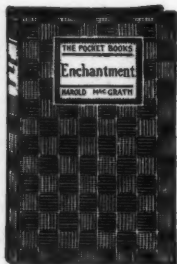
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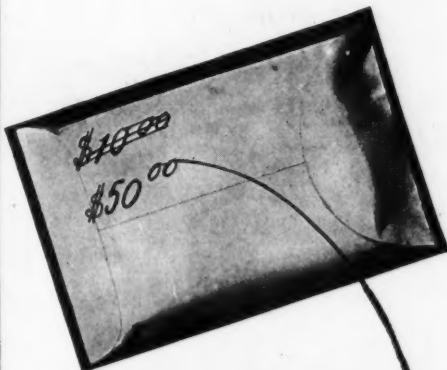
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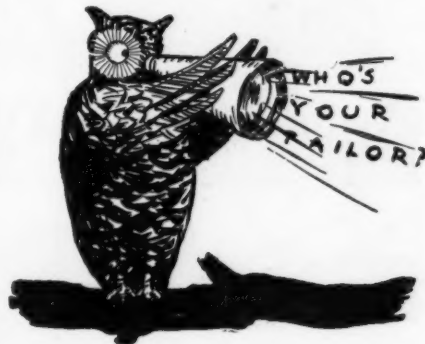
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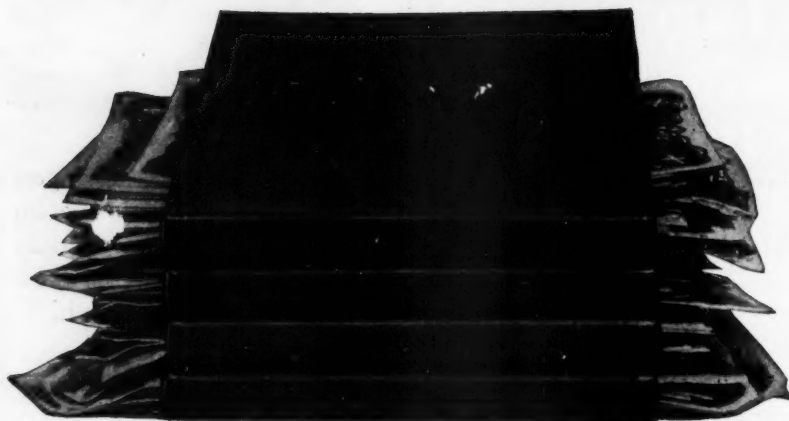
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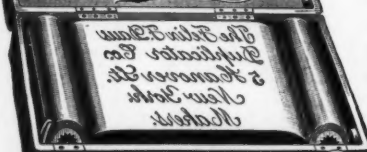
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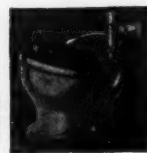
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the closet with a slant, the only sort of construction that is healthy, clean, comfortable. The NATURO is the only improvement made in Water Closets since the style YOU know was conceived. Aren't you interested in knowing "Why"? Write for book 9. It tells in detail, with illustrations.

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transforms correspondence  
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**THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER**  
WAS THE PIONEER  
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HAS  
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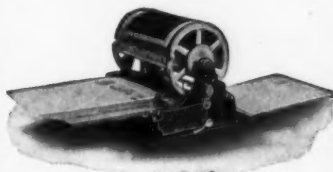
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# IN THIS MAGAZINE

**I**F you read the first installment of "My Own Story," by Caleb Powers, you will read the last one, which is in this number. It is an almost unbelievable record of judicial injustice. Yet Powers' statements are history, and we doubt if any one will be bold enough to question their accuracy.

J. J. Bell's exquisite little story, "James Carnachan, Bookseller," is not told in Scotch dialect. "Wee MacGregor" made Mr. Bell famous, but in his later work he has proved himself independent of dialect's aid. He has done nothing more human or appealing than this story of a devoted old book dealer.

Peter Niedermeier was a Chicago car-barn bandit. He had some interesting theories of life and death, many of which he put into practice. One was to kill his intended victim and then rob him. He called it "shooting the evidence." The graphic account of this young pervert makes one wonder anew about the laws of heredity and the influence of environment.

Just now, when it seems popular to attack the business man as a merciless and relentless monster, devoid of morals and ideals, it is encouraging to read such a clear, logical and ringing defense as David Graham Phillips makes in his article, "Is Business Degrading Us?" "And finally," he says, "in the cargo of merchandise, democracy and enlightenment always travel as stow-away missionaries; when the cargo is landed, they go ashore and begin to preach." Mr. Phillips' article is worth your while.

Wilbur D. Nesbit makes his living making other people laugh. He makes good in "The Tale of a Tangled Telegram."

Ovid Butler's is a new and unknown name among the story tellers. His "Widow at Zero" gives promise that it may be widely known before it is much older. His story is original and ends with a new turn.

"The Man of the Hour" draws to its delightful conclusion.

Gouverneur Morris happily accomplishes "Bobby's Return."

The poetry in the May number is the kind to read and the various departments are filled with things worth knowing.

# PENNSYLVANIA

## New York Short Line

### The Sight-Seeing Route to the East

Passengers over the Pennsylvania Lines may visit Washington and Baltimore without paying additional fare, if, when purchasing first-class tickets to Philadelphia and New York, they ask to have them routed via Washington. The fare is the same as via direct line. 'Ten days' stopovers at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

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### Direct Route to Seashore, Lake and Mountain Resorts

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## There Is But One Niagara

“So long as the waters of that mighty river thunder down to the awful depths below, so long as the rush and roar, the surge and foam, and prismatic spray of nature’s cataractic masterpiece remain to delight and awe the human soul, thousands and tens of thousands of beauty lovers and grandeur worshipers will journey over the only railroad from which it can be seen.”—COL. P. DONAN.

*The Michigan Central Summer Vacation Tours*, ready in April, contains all you want to know regarding your summer trip to Niagara, the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, Lakes George and Champlain, Saratoga Springs, the Catskills, Hudson River, Berkshire Hills, White Mountains, Poland Springs, Forests and Lakes of Maine, New England Sea Coast, etc.

Send four cents postage to O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

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These qualities, so travelers often say, are possessed in the highest degree by the Wisconsin Central Railway. Tell the agent to make your ticket read that way.



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Fastest trains and finest equipment with Parlor Cars,  
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**THE CHICAGO & ALTON**  
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**They keep the trains on time**  
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SUMMER VACATION, let us send you

### "MICHIGAN IN SUMMER"

a beautiful book of photos and brief word pictures of

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men will be interested in

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FISHING"

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# \$250 in Prizes

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You know which advertisements in this magazine you like the best—which in your judgment interest you most.

You can easily tell in a few words why the advertisement you like best, appeals to you—what there is about it that makes it better than the other advertisements.



You can also select the advertisement you like least—and tell why it does not appeal to you.

### The Three Advertisements You Like Best The Three Advertisements You Like Least

Tell us which these are and why you do, or do not, like them. Your own personal judgment is what we desire—not the opinion of experts, but the candid opinion of the men and women who are the readers of the magazines, and who are the ones the advertisements are intended to interest.

Select the best advertisement, same size as this one or larger, the best advertisement one-half this size, and the best advertisement one-fourth this size, then select the poorest three advertisements of these three sizes in the present issue of this magazine.

Cut out the advertisements, paste them on a sheet of paper about 8x11 inches in size, and write below the advertisements, in as condensed form as possible, your own personal reasons for making the selections, signing your name and address to each page.



The prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the best reasons for making their selections. The first prize will be \$100.00 in cash; the second prize \$25.00 in cash; the third prize \$10.00 in cash; the fourth, fifth and sixth prizes \$5.00 each in cash; the seventh to fifty-sixth prizes inclusive, \$2.00 each in cash, making a total of \$250.00.

**All answers must be received on or before May 15th, 1905, and the awards will be made the first of the following month, and the list of winners published.**

We can afford to make this offer because we are designers of advertisements, and it is worth the money to us to know what the public likes, and we have found no better way to secure this information than by making this prize offer.

The committee who will make the awards will be composed of three of the leading advertising experts in the United States—who have no pecuniary interest at stake, and whose judgment will be absolutely unbiased. Mention this magazine and address

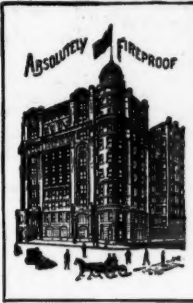
**The Bureau of Design, N. Y. Life Bldg., Chicago**



## DIRECTORY OF LEADING HOTELS

### Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th Street,  
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Seventh Avenue,  
Amsterdam Ave.  
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Cars pass the  
door.

Luxurious rooms  
for permanent  
and transient  
guests.

**Restaurant**  
a Feature.

**Exquisite**  
**Palm Room.**

**Art Nouveau**  
**Cafe.**

**Royal**  
**Hungarian**  
**Orchestra.**

"Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the  
World." Can offer few single rooms, with  
bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two  
people, \$60 per month.

#### TRANSIENT RATES:

One Room, with bath.....\$2.50 per day  
Parlor, Bedroom, with bath, \$3 and \$5 per day  
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with bath, \$5 and \$7 per day  
Every improvement known to modern in-  
geniuity.

Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belle-  
claire World."

MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor.

### Cincinnati's Destiny

The recent rapid growth of Cincinnati starts a wave across the country making her the hub of commerce in America. The great open West and the Panama Canal are shaping geography that way, and the people of Cincinnati are making a city for future needs. Cincinnati's Grand Hotel is already famous for the most magnificent rotunda in the world and is directly opposite the Union Station. The Gibson is further up town—both modern. Write for a free book, "A Bit to Eat."

The A. G. CORRE HOTEL CO.

C. A. BURKHARDT, Pres. and Gen'l Manager

## The SOMERSET



### BOSTON, MASS.

ALFRED S. AMER  
Manager

There is no hotel quite like the SOMERSET—fastidiously appointed with every known requisite for comfort, safety, and enjoyment. Delightfully located in Boston's exclusive, residential Back Bay section, accessible to railway stations, places of amusement, shopping centers (10 minutes by electric), yet free from the noise and disagreeable features of city hotel life. "A dinner at the Somerset," while passing through Boston, will be found most enjoyable. Our beautiful illustrated booklet will be mailed free on request.

UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT SUMMIT SPRING HOTEL POLAND, ME. JUNE TO OCT.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER MAGAZINE"

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ITSELF**

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**Perfect Food for Delicate Stomachs**

TARO-ENA surpasses all other foods for Babies, Mothers, Invalids, Dyspeptics and all delicate stomachs. It is the most satisfactory way of quelling digestive disturbances. It calms, nourishes and builds up.

TARO-ENA digests itself, digests milk, digests other food by its own natural digestant. It is pure, cooked, unsweetened Hawaiian taro meal—nothing added, nothing taken away. Children fed on it become rugged and happy; Invalids gain strength; Dyspeptics recover digestion. **Send 10c. for Large Trial Package**, including 32-page illustrated book on taro cultivation in Hawaii and "The Food that Digests Itself." 12 oz. size, 50c; 26 oz. size, \$1.00; 90 oz. size, \$3.00, at drug stores or by mail, prepaid. Any dealer can easily and quickly get Taro-ena of his jobber. Make him do it for you.

**FREE**—A beautiful picture, 8x29, of Diamond Head lava mountain, Hawaii, will be sent free for "Credit" from top of regular box.

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Is Your Sight Failing?

**All refractive errors, muscular trouble and chronic diseases of the Eye cured by scientific MASSAGE.**

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### FREE BOOK ON EYE DISEASES

**A Message of Hope to the Blind**

I WANT every one who has any form of Eye trouble to have my book. If you write, I will send it free of all charge. I will also diagnose your case, and advise you free of charge. I am interested in every case of eye disease.

I often receive letters from people who have been cured by following my advice and the instructions given in my book which did not cost them one penny.

If I can cure you without expense I will gladly do so.

My treatment is harmless and painless; my patients treat themselves in their own homes.

Col. J. O. Hudnutt, Station F., Grand Rapids, Mich., 81 years old, was cured of blindness from cataract by me in three months. Get my book and advice to-day. Address

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We have preached the gospel of prevention—of how much easier it is to "keep well" than to "get well."

We have urged the necessity of you, for your sake, keeping the system natural, strong, buoyant—**watching** for and dispelling the first symptoms of indisposition from any cause. No doubt you have said to yourself: "*How Glorious if I Only Could!*"

You can—you, yourself, must learn to understand the little barometers of pain and out-of-sorts feeling, early indicators of minor ills that frequently lead to serious ailments. *You yourself* must learn the lesson of

# ORANGEINE

## POWDERS

How they promptly relieve and quickly cure **Headache, Colds, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Blues, Tired, worn-out feeling, Brain Fog.** Thousands everywhere have found in Orangeine prompt offset to illness, natural regulation, building up of the system, without any trace of alcoholic, narcotic or drug effect.

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Mr. Wm. M. Hughes, the well known banker, of Newport, R. I., who first became acquainted with Orangeine, several years ago, through its Hay Fever efficacy, writes:

"My personal experience with Orangeine is now extensive. It has never yet failed me in giving the best of results. It has been used very constantly in my family and largely among my friends, and the verdict is 'Once used, never be without it.' After continued and constant use, we can only see most beneficial results from Orangeine Powders."

**25c Package Free for Acquaintance** You don't have to "try" Orangeine—it has been "tried" for you. But if you do not know Orangeine, and will get thoroughly acquainted with it, we will, on receipt of request, send you 25c package free, with full description of composition and widely attested human results.

Orangeine Powders are sold by progressive druggists everywhere, in 10c packages (2 powders); 25c (6 powders); 50c (15 powders); \$1 family package (35 powders); or by mail by the **ORANGEINE CHEMICAL CO., 15 Michigan Avenue Chicago.**

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### SPECTACLES A THING OF THE PAST

"Actina," a **Marvelous Discovery That Cures All Afflictions of the Eye and Ear Without Cutting or Drugging.**

There is no need for cutting, drugging or probing the eye for any form of disease, for a new system of treating afflictions of the eye has been discovered whereby all torturous and barbarous methods are eliminated. There is no risk or experimenting, as thousands of people have been cured of blindness, failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when eminent oculists termed the cases incurable. Below we print extracts from testimonials—such as are received by us daily.

Mr. A. O. T. Pennington, special agent Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Having used Actina for several years, I cheerfully recommend it for the cure of eye, ear and throat affections. It cured my mother of cataracts."

Susan Cardwell, Lincoln, Kansas, writes: "I am 73 years old. I was so blind I could only know persons by their voices. After using Actina I can now thread a needle without glasses."

Rev. W. C. Goodwin, Moline, Kas., writes: "My honest opinion of Actina is that it is one of the most marvelous discoveries of the age. It cured my eyes, and cured my wife of asthma."

Hundreds of other testimonials can be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment and self-administered by the patient, and is sent on trial, postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 333B, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely free a valuable book, Professor Wilson's Treatise on the Eye and on Disease in General.



It  
**Creates**  
a  
**Perfect**  
**Complexion**

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's

## Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

is as refreshing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Thoroughly cleanses the pores, refines and whitens. Removes blackheads, pimples, tan and freckles. Feeds the tissues. Used and endorsed by Adeline Patti and thousands of prominent ladies. Price \$1.00 at druggists or direct by express prepaid.

**SAMPLE and forty page book, "The Story of Your Mirror," sent FREE BOTTLE** Send 2c stamp for postage.

**MRS. GERSVAISE GRAHAM,**  
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## THE READER MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS

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**E**ARLY VINTAGERS of the Champagne district of France noticed the tendency of their wines to effervesce. It remained for Dom Perignon, a Monk of St. Peter's Abbey, Hautvillers, to discover, about 1670, how to control this effervescence, to preserve the quality as desired, until he obtained the rarest, most delicate of all wines, Champagne.

The fame of French Champagnes, plus \$8.00 duty doubling the price, makes some people think them worth more than

## Great Western

Extra Dry

In reply, we only ask that you try Great Western. Great Western Champagne actually has the fine flavor and rare bouquet found in French Champagnes. This is due to the long cultivation of Great Western Vineyards—the oldest in New York State. These soils have actually attained the chemical condition which imparts that quality hitherto found only in foreign goods.

Try Great Western—equal to foreign Champagnes, at half the price.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, RHEIMS, N. Y.  
Sold everywhere by Dealers in Fine Wines.



### MY FREE BOOK TELLS



- 1st. How money grows.
- 2d. How you can convert \$100 into \$358.83.
- 3d. How to choose between real estate and stocks.
- 4th. How to tell a good investment.
- 5th. How to choose your partners.
- 6th. How savings banks make their money.
- 7th. How to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely.
- 8th. How to guard against uncertain "prospects."
- 9th. How to invest small sums.
- 10th. How most people underestimate their saving capacity.

My book is NOT an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a general "talk" about investments, based upon my experiences and observations. It will interest you only in case you want to safely and profitably invest \$10 or more per month. If you want a copy drop me a postal saying, simply, "send 'How Money Grows.'"

**DO IT NOW, BEFORE YOU TURN THIS LEAF, BEFORE YOU FORGET**

*W. M. C. Oster*

Investment Department  
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PHILADELPHIA



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About the Hips and Abdomen



The EWING  
HIP and  
ABDOMINAL  
REDUCER

Worn with perfect comfort day or night. Beautifully made of light materials (weight 5 ounces) simple in construction; easily adjusted. No straps, steels or buckles. *Insures* correct proportions, graceful carriage and best results in fitting gowns.

Send 2c. stamp for instructive booklet

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IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER MAGAZINE"



Look for *Shawknit* on the toe



## A New Creation in Men's Half-hose

for a stocking combining unusual wearing qualities with style and comfort. The upper portion of this hose is made from fast black, *finely selected lisle yarn*; the sole is of *pure Irish Linen*, eliminating a feature objected to by many, of bringing the feet in contact with any dyed color. The price of this half-hose is 50 cents per pair, 6 pairs for \$3.00, delivered in an attractive box to any point in U. S. upon receipt of price. Sent express or postpaid providing your dealer will not supply you, and if, when ordering, you will mention his name.

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Respectfully,  
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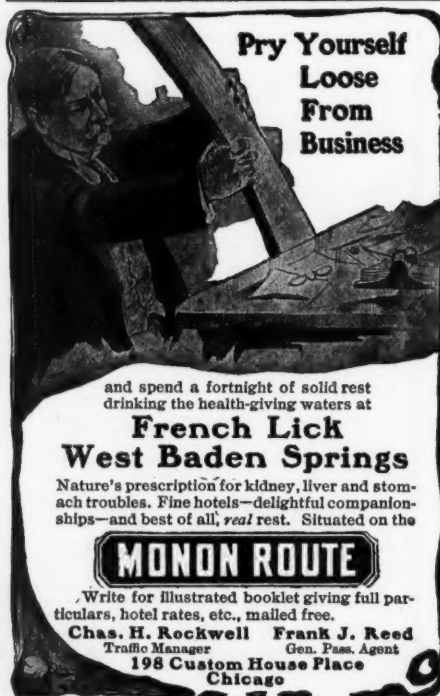
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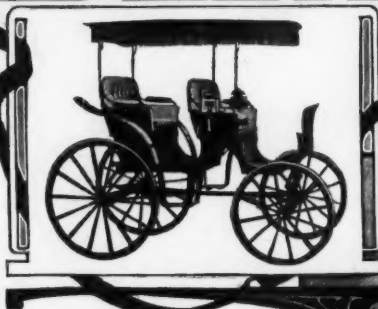
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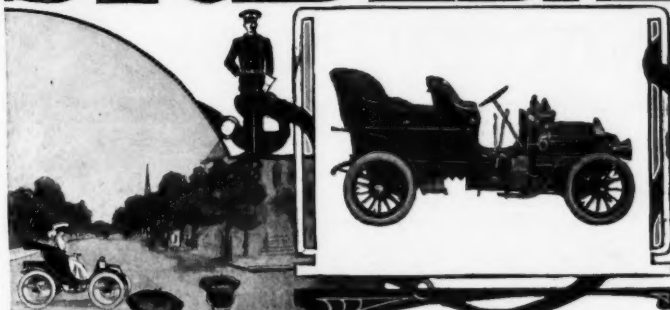
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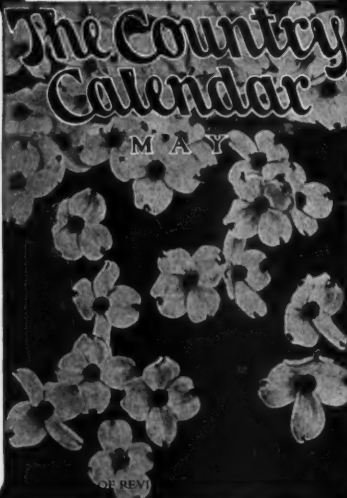
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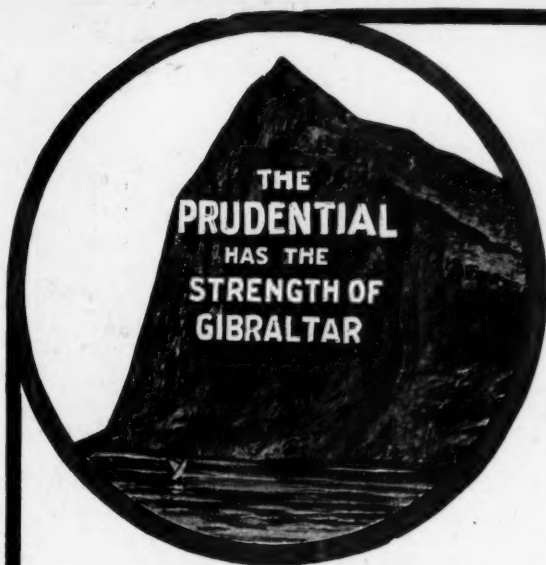
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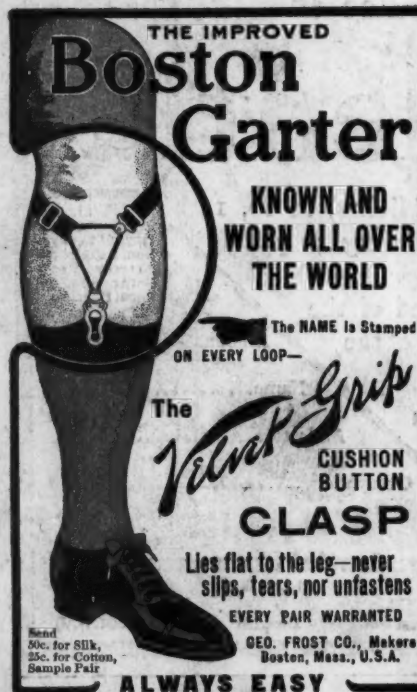


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